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A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF
ISABEL OF BAVARIA.

QUEEN OF CHARLES VI. OF FRANCE, AND MOTHER OF CATHERINE, QUEEN-
CONSORT OF HENRY THE V. OF ENGLAND.

*Embellished with a Whole-length authentic Portrait, engraved from an illuminated M.S.
now in the British Museum.*

ISABEL (Isabella or Isabeau) of Bavaria, Queen of Charles VI. of France, and daughter of Stephen II., Duke of Bavaria—Count Palatine of the Rhine, and Thaddea Visconti of Milan, was born in the year 1371. Frederic, the younger brother of the Duke, on several occasions had rendered important services to the French monarchy in the war then waging against the English, and the mutual friendly relations thus awakened between the royal houses of France and Bavaria, together with the need felt by the former of strengthening itself by an alliance with some of the Princes of Germany, (Richard II. of England having married the sister of the Emperor Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia) no less than the extraordinary beauty of Isabel, were powerful motives for the youthful King's guardians and uncles seeking the alliance on the death of his father Charles V.

Escorted by her uncle the Duke Frederic, Isabel, at the tender age of fourteen years, visited France under pretext of making a pilgrimage to our Lady of Amiens, in which city she first saw Charles, the Well-beloved, then only seven-

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teen years of age. The merit and charms of this northern Princess had been most lavishly vaunted forth; and though her natural loveliness needed little, by way of magnificence of attire or attention to the toilet, to enchant the youthful monarch at their very first interview, yet the decorations of Isabel's toilet were, nevertheless, of the most costly character, and laid the foundation in France, and, perhaps, throughout Europe, of that unbridled appetite for extravagant attire, which engrossed the very souls of most of the celebrated ladies of the French and other courts. The King's transports of love at first sight, will, then, cease to create wonder, and that with impatience he urged his uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, in the brief space of three days to complete the preparations for his union—the marriage was consequently celebrated at Amiens on the 17th. of July, 1385.

The youthful Isabel thought alone of pleasure, and a weak and prodigal husband, possessed too of one of the richest crowns of Europe, fed to the full, from an apparently exhaustless store, her greedy appetite for luxury and splendor, so that gallantry and voluptuousness were, together, the court atmosphere—polluted to a degree almost past credibility.

M. Alexandre Dumas has, in his brilliant chronicle,* the materials of which have been collected by him from the best sources, put us into possession of the highly interesting and graphic details of this Queen's entrance into Paris, upon the occasion of her coronation. We need, therefore, only add, that, in no wise anticipating the terrible woes Isabel was to bring upon the land, her appearance was hailed by the Parisians with lively transports of excessive joy, and every token of ardent and loyal devotion. Joust, feast and dance succeeded each other, until the latter, and most favorite amusement, degenerated into a species of nocturnal saturnalia, at which all the court appeared masked. There were scarcely any, says the *Chronicler of St. Denis*, who, under shelter of the mask did not practise unbridled licentiousness, and it is even thought, early as was the period, that this deplorable season of excess gave birth to the criminal attachment between the Queen and the ambitious libertine the Duke of Orleans, the King's own brother, the weakness of the monarch proving favorable to the practice of every species of disorder.

One of the many singular freaks of the eccentric Charles and his volatile brother Orleans, during a progress made in 1389 through the southern provinces, which was conducted with extravagant pomp, amidst scenes of the utmost licentiousness, is strongly characteristic of the reckless impetuosity of their youthful career. Amusing themselves for twelve days at Montpellier, until tired of the place, the king laid a wager with his brother of five thousand francs, which should first salute his wife, each of the princesses being then in Paris. The two brothers set out by different roads, travelling day and night each attended by only one follower. The king was frequently compelled to ride in a cart, in order to snatch hasty sleep. This royal race, in which Orleans was victor by a few hours, was performed on very bad and unsafe roads, and Charles having undertaken it in opposition to the advice and remonstrances of the very few sensible men of his court, evinces how eccentric a character he was,—giving himself up to the indulgence of every momentary whim. Although older than his brother, he was far less able to bear fatigue; for, though apparently possessed of athletic strength, he was really of a weak and delicate constitution, and of a frame ill fitted for violent or prolonged exercise. These observations relative to the king's physical temperament are well worthy of consideration, as delineating, probably, the cause of that melancholy infirmity which was so disastrous to himself and his country.

At such a court, where folly and crime went hand in hand, the sums hitherto appropriated for military expenditure were diverted to prodigal displays of empty pageantry; and popular aversion increased daily, until the public lost all respect for the royal family. Isabel and the duke of Orleans controlled every thing whether of pleasure or business, and reports of the most disgraceful character were publicly cir-

* See also another description in the *Memoir of Valentine of Milan*, mother-in-law of the 2nd. wife of Richard 2nd., which together with a splendid and authentic portrait of that princess, whom M. Alex., Dumas truly designates as one of the most graceful of historic personages, appeared in this Magazine for January 1840.

culated, while, as if confirmatory of them, the manners of the court grew daily more and more corrupt, and the French nation itself was scandalized, and ridiculed by foreigners. Again, whilst the French princes and lords were living sumptuously they little troubled themselves to pay the poor merchants who supplied their luxuries, who yet dared not require payment of their debts. When, then, every fitting occasion for festivity had been exhausted, invention was racked for pretexts by which the inordinate passion for show might be best gratified.

Though all classes murmured loudly at such grievous wrongs and abuses, none had the courage to complain to those in authority. On the day of Ascension, however, when the queen was present, during a sermon, delivered by Jacques Legrand, a learned Augustine preacher, then well known for his writings, some of which he had dedicated and presented to the dukes of Berri and Orleans, this monk made known the public grievance, expressing himself with great boldness and eloquence. After depicting, in detail, the vices and virtues appertaining to courtiers, and pointing out to those present what to shun and what to practise, he thus continued :—

“ Certes, I would fain please you, noble queen, but prefer your salvation to the dread of incurring your anger. Venus is the only deity who reigns supreme at your court. Riot and intoxication prevail day and night therein, mingled with the lascivious dance. This accursed and infernal train of vices besieges all who enter, enervating the morals and undermining the strength of many, and often hindering knights and esquires, made effeminate thereby, from setting forth on warlike expeditions, from fear of returning maimed in some of their limbs.”

The preacher next touched upon extravagance of attire, of which evil, Isabel, as before said, was the chief cause ; and after having strongly inveighed against it, he added :—

“ O queen ! I behold, amongst many other things, that which is spoken of to the shame of the court. If you will not believe me, attire yourself in the habit of some poor woman, walk through the city, and you will hear it broadly enough spoken of.”

The queen, as may be imagined, did not listen to the homily with much pleasure. The ladies too of the royal household told the preacher that they were exceedingly surprised that he had had the temerity so to hold forth :—

“ And I,” said he, “ am still more surprised that you dare commit so much wickedness, and even worse than that of which I have spoken, of which I shall take care to speak whensoever the queen may next favor me with an audience.”

“ An officer of the queen’s train passing him at the moment, then exclaimed : “ If they heed my advice, they will fling this wretch into the Seine.” The monk, despising his menace, replied : “ for the commission of such a crime one need only to live under a tyrant like you.”

Some of the courtiers did not fail repeating to the king all that the monk Legrand had said—warmly dwelling upon the flagrant outrage committed against the queen. Contrary, however, to their expectation, Charles showed no signs of anger, but appeared pleased at what had passed, and ordered Legrand to preach before him, on the day of Pentecost, in his own oratory. The monk took for his text : “ Spiritus sanctus docebit nos omnem veritatem :” he spoke at first of the mystery of the Feast-day, then, reverting to the subject of morality, he said, that it was the bounden duty of a preacher openly to proclaim the truth, however rexalted the congregation. He next proceeded to relate in detail, how, in the courts of the princes and the household of the principal persons of the state, the divine precepts had been trodden under foot, the doctrines of the evangelists rejected ; faith, charity, and all the cardinal virtues forgotten : and concluded by especially reprimanding those who were charged with the affairs of the kingdom, affirming that the nation was ill and carelessly governed.

The king, hearing this, either of his own accord, or by the advice of some one near him, arose, and placed himself directly in front of the preacher. The latter was not a jot the more intimidated, and, addressing his discourse to the king himself, told him to turn to his own profit what he heard, and, if he failed, that it would bring the greater shame upon his counsellors who kept the truth as a sealed letter from him ; he further added that :—“ The chief care of the powerful nobility of our days,

is to frequent the baths, live in debauchery, wear rich coats finely fringed, richly laced and having hanging sleeves. This, sire, concerns you, likewise, and I tell you that it is exactly the same as though you were clothed with the substance, the tears and groans of the unhappy nation, whose plights I grieve to say, ascend even to the king of kings in accusation of such manifold injustice."

He spoke also of one whom he clearly marked as the duke, whose youth, he said, had given promise of better things, but who had incurred the people's maledictions by his shameless life, insatiable cupidity and insupportable oppression practised by him and his companions upon every one. In conclusion, he stated that he feared that, if such evil courses were longer persevered in, Heaven, which of its own will disposes of the crowns of kings, would ere long transfer the sceptre to a stranger's hand, or else deliver it up to many rulers.

Contrary to the desire and expectation of the dissolute courtiers, Charles highly approved of the preacher's zeal and faithfulness in his office; moreover judging it right and reasonable to reform the abuses which he had condemned. He was, however, prevented from carrying such good designs into effect by the dreadful malady which shortly afterwards assailed him. Meanwhile, the duke of Orleans and Isabel continued their dissolute and criminal courses; but a few days after this memorable exhortation an accident happened to them, which they seriously regarded as a warning from Heaven. Whilst taking the air in the forest St. Germain, the queen in her litter, the duke on horseback, a violent storm burst suddenly upon them; the duke to shelter himself from the rain, got into the litter. Scarcely had he entered it, ere the thunder and lightning so terrified the horses, that, becoming unmanageable, they fled at their utmost speed towards the river, all attempts to arrest their headlong course proving fruitless. Fortunately, just as the litter was on the point of being whirled into the river, the driver succeeded, against all expectation, in cutting the traces. The storm continued until the following day: during the morning the lightning struck the Hôtel Saint Pôl, and damaged the chamber of the dauphin. Sages were fully convinced that these repeated signs of celestial wrath ought not to be slighted, and they addressed the duke of Orleans forcibly upon the subject, who showed himself as sudden in his penitence as he was quick to relapse into evil habits; he took no offence, therefore, at this counsel, but stated his resolve to reform his life. As a commencement to so desirable a purpose, he caused it to be proclaimed throughout Paris that he was about to pay off all his debts, his creditors being required to present themselves at his hotel on a fixed day. Punctual to the appointment, they went in a body of upwards of eight hundred, carrying with them their long standing bills: the duke's good intention had, however, by that time evaporated, and his people mocked the poor gulled tradesmen, offering them a third only of their respective claims, telling them too, on their complaining of such treatment, that the duke had done them great honor in troubling himself about the matter. "Thus," says the monk of St. Denis, "the prince continued, notwithstanding his exactions, to furnish forth his household at others' expense."

Isabel, now in the heyday of her youth and power—her thoughts engrossed by inordinate passion for luxury, desired only to surpass all her sex in the magnificence with which she appeared at the diversions and pageants that wholly occupied the attention of the court. To carry to the utmost height of folly this profligate queen's phantasies, a *Court of Love* was constituted, upon the model of a sovereign court,—having its presidents, counsellors, masters of requests, *gens du roi*, advocates and all officers necessary to carry on trials. Men and women were cited before this tribunal; the forms of law were burlesqued, and maxims of gallantry and tenderness were, often, according to the blasphemous perversion of those days, supported by texts from scripture and the writings of the holy fathers which were applied with more or less fitness. In the lists of this anomalous society there were found, dedicating themselves to the goddess of Love, doctors learned in theology, priests, abbots, bishops, warriors, and even the gravest personages of the court, as well as the queen, princesses and ladies of the first dignity.

In the early part of the year 1392, Charles proceeded to Amiens to negotiate with the English plenipotentiaries a renewal of the truce with England. Their

reception afforded fresh opportunities for the getting up, of brilliant pageantry : and the dukes of York and of Lancaster, with their trains of more than twelve hundred horse, were entertained, during the whole period of their residence in France, at the kings' charge, with as much honor as could be devised. It was on the breaking up of these conferences that we hear the first allusion to that afflicting disorder which was to overcloud the remainder of Charles's existence ; and, even then, the expressions employed are ambiguous. " The king," says Froissart, " for lack of good guiding, fell into a fever and a hot malady, for which he was advised to try change of air ;" but if his illness at that time were connected, as probably it was, with his subsequent insanity, the mental affection does not appear to have been noticed by his attendants, and certainly did not impede his bodily powers, for after a month devoted to hunting at Gisors, in Normandy, he returned to Paris, " about the feast of Ascension tyde, in good health."

It can be little doubted that a distressing incident, during his residence in the capital, accelerated the progress of his latent madness, from the violent excitement occasioned by it. Pierre de Craon, an Angevin of noble extraction, had been high in favor with the late duke of Anjou, much of whose treasures he was confidently believed to have embezzled. In spite of this evil report, he found favor with the king and the duke of Orleans, till his treacherous revelation of an intrigue, which had been confided to him by the latter, occasioned his fall. He then threw himself entirely upon the protection of his kinsman De Montfort,* duke of Brittany, for whom, whilst resident at the court of Paris, he had always acted as a spy ; and he was easily persuaded by the duke's representations to believe that his recent change of fortune was attributable to the influence of the constable De Clisson. In order to avenge this private wrong, and to gratify his patron, De Craon " purposed a marvellous imagination in himself, and resolved to assassinate the constable in the heart of the capital." It seems doubtful whether he really communicated his projects to De Montfort ; but having assembled at his house in Paris forty retainers, " hardy men and courageous," he waited there in disguise till a favorable opportunity might occur for the perpetration of his bloody design.

De Clisson, on his return one night from a court banquet, was waylaid in the *Rue Culture St. Catherine*, and left for dead. Craon, when he struck his enemy, avowed his name, and, thinking that the blows which he had dealt were mortal, rode away with his company. The constable's life was, however, saved by a remarkable accident ; " he fell against the door of a baker, who chanced to be up and busy baking bread ; the door opened and he fell into the house, and, as the door was so low and so little, they that were on horseback could not enter in after him. God showed great grace to the constable, for if he had fallen in the street as he had in at the door, or if the door had been shut, he had been slain without remedy." The king, who was undressed and prepared for bed, hastened to his wounded friend on receiving intelligence of his disaster ; and when he received assurance from the attendant surgeons that the wounds did not occasion any jeopardy of death, he took his leave joyously, and said, " Constable, be of good cheer and care nothing, for there was never trespass sorer punished than this shall be upon the traitors that have done this deed ; for I take this matter as my own."

Pursuit was, however, hopeless : De Craon had many hours' start, and, although some of his minor agents were taken and executed, the chief criminal escaped ; and after a short abode in his own castle of Sablé, where he learned that the constable had recovered and that the king was intent on vengeance, he betook himself to a more secure asylum in the court of the duke of Brittany. De Montfort knew that he should provoke a war with the king by screening the assassin, nevertheless he assured him of protection, with words expressive of regret that the murder was incomplete. " Ah, sir Pierre of Craon," said he, " you are unhappy that you could not slay the constable when you had him under your hands !" Craon excused himself by stating that he was certain more than threescore strokes with swords and

* See the memoir of this Margueritte of Flanders, Countess de Montfort, with Portrait, No. 56—Sept. 1837.

javelins had been stricken at Clisson, but that he firmly believed "the devil was in it," and he thought "all the devils in hell did hold him out of his hands."

When Charles demanded the surrender of De Craon, the duke of Brittany denied all knowledge either of the outrage which he had committed or of the place of his retreat. The king roused to fury by a reply which he knew to be false, assembled an army for the attack of De Montfort, and summoned his uncles of Berri and of Burgundy, notwithstanding their undissembled reluctance to accompany his expedition. By the commencement of July, his preparations were complete, and he advanced by slow marches, at the head of a powerful force, upon Mans, declaring that he would not return till he had been in Brittany and destroyed the traitors that had put him to much pain and trouble.

While he rested for three weeks in Mans, as Froissart, from whom we borrow much concerning this passage of Charles's life, informs us, "he was sore travailed by daily sitting in Council, and also he was not perfectly whole; he was feeble in his brain and head, and did eat and drink but little, and almost every day was in a hot fever, so that he was greatly annoyed and pained. He was full of melancholy, also, and his spirits were sore troubled for the displeasure which he had for the Constable's hurt: and both his physicians and his uncles spied well his condition, but no man dared counsel him to postpone his expedition."

The day on which the royal cavalcade quitted Mans was oppressively hot, and the king was dressed in "a jack covered with black velvet which sore chafed him, he wore on his head a single bonnet of scarlet, and a chaplet of great pearls," a costume little, indeed, adapted to the season. As he rode through the forest of Mans, a poor man, bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, with a ragged white coat on his body," who seemed to be rather fool than wise, suddenly rushed upon his horse, and seizing the bridle, exclaimed, "Sir king, ride no further forward for thou art betrayed." The attendants struck this bold intruder so violently that he released the king's horse; then, as if regarding him as an idiot, the king, says the chronicler, "left him behind, and he was never seen after to man's knowledge."

This phantom of the forest has been ever a mystery to historians. Charles, like all other ignorant persons, was exceeding superstitious, a willing dupe of Magicians and Astrologers. Once during a thunder-storm, he was, indeed, so far overcome by terror, as to revoke an ordinance for the levying some tax, against which he believed the wrath of Heaven was thus openly manifested. It is not improbable, therefore, that this apparition of the stranger, of which no man can speak whence he came or whither he went, was a stratagem preconcerted either by De Montfort, or by the dukes of Berri, or Burgundy, to interrupt the enterprise, which they were all anxious to frustrate. Be this as it may, the words addressed to him greatly affected the king; they "entered his head whereby he was worse disposed in his health than he was before, so that his heart and blood were moved." Nevertheless, he passed onward sharply, and when, about mid-day, his company reached a sandy plain, both men and horses were greatly oppressed with heat. The king riding somewhat apart to avoid the dust, two pages followed immediately behind, one wearing a steel skull-cap, the other carrying the king's lance. From negligence or from drowsiness, the latter allowed his spear to slip from his hand, so that it's head, in falling, struck the scull-cap of his comrade, upon which it rang loudly. The king, startled at the noise, was roused from his musing, and, coupling the warlike clash with the words which had made deep impression on his fevered imagination, supposed that his enemies had already commenced the assault. Thereupon drawing his sword and clapping spurs to his horse, he rode furiously at the pages, thinking himself to be in battle, and shouting, "On, on upon these traitors!" The pages thinking the king displeased on account of the fall of the lance, stepped aside from the attack which they imagined to proceed only from a violent burst of anger; Charles then attacked the duke of Orleans, who was the nearest in the line. The astonished duke, turning round his horse, fled, and the king pursued him with drawn sword. It is probable that the duke of Burgundy was prepared for some similar explosion, from closely observing Charles's state of mind, for he called out at once, "Out harowe! what mischief is this? The king is not in his right mind; God help him! Flee away,

nephew, flee away, else will the king slay you !” The scattered company, attracted by these words and by the strange spectacle, now gathered hastily around, when the king returned to the charge, striking wildly and at random amongst them, till both himself and his horse were fully wearied. Froissart assures us that no one was hurt, although many were overthrown, for no man sought to defend himself, but when the king struck they fell down, before the cut or thrust actually reached them. M. de Sismondi, however, on the authority of the Monk of St. Denis and Juvenal des Ursins, affirms that a Gascon gentleman, the Bastard of Polignac and three other persons were killed. One of his chamberlains coming, at length, behind the king, suddenly secured his hands, dismounted him from his saddle, and took his sword away. He was immediately placed in a litter, and carried back to Mans in a state of total unconsciousness, speaking never a word, but rolling his eyes marvellously in their sockets.” During the night “the physicians had much ado” with the king, and particularly the lords of the Blood Royal.” The former on examination pronounced the malady to have been long engendering, and that they knew well before hand “weakness of his brain would sore trouble him, and at last show itself.” The latter hereupon loudly condemned those advisers who had encouraged the expedition into Brittany, and declared this sickness to be the result of evil counsel about which they resolved to speak at a more convenient season. At the castle of Crayell on the river Oise, where there is “good air and a fair country,” provision was made for the due attendance of the royal patient, and the dukes of Berri and of Burgundy hastened to Paris in order to assemble a council of the states, to determine whether the governance of the realm was to be vested in their hands or in those of the duke of Orleans.

No period of greater calamity presents itself in the history of France than that which is contained in the thirty years, between the first outbreak of insanity in Charles VI. and the close of his miserable reign. We are fatigued and distracted during it's course by the perpetual recurrence of atrocious crime ; by deeds of faithlessness, cruelty and murder ; by the unfeeling disregard which the powerful manifested for the welfare of their inferiors ; and the self-like tameness with which the people submitted to every act of oppression, except, indeed, on a few occasions when they were worked up to a fit of revengeful, yet unavailing outrage. The whole review of this period is extremely painful to humanity, yet there are in it some lessons of instruction. It teaches how largely public happiness is dependent upon private virtue ; and to how fearful an extent the well being of a community may be affected by the unrestrained indulgence of fierce and guilty passions in individuals.

The personages upon whom it was most natural that power should devolve during the king's incapacity, were, his queen in company with his uncles, or his brother. Isabel of Bavaria, at this period of her life, possessed neither ability nor inclination for government ; she was indolent and sensual, and loved her rank chiefly as it afforded her the means of indulging her pride and her appetites. Jean, duke of Berri, was a prince of narrow intellect, enslaved too by the most sordid avarice ; and Philip of Burgundy met with no formidable competitor save in his nephew, Louis of Orleans. When the king's insanity was declared, the whole realm was thrown into confusion. To prevent it spreading, the care of the royal sufferer's person was immediately confided to Isabel ; the government of the state to the duke of Burgundy.

The king, from time to time, during the remainder of his long life, recovered sufficient use of reason to show himself in public and to be exhibited in the puppet spectacles of Royalty ; and, during the intervals free from paroxysms, his personal authority was recognised as supreme. After some months of suffering, the great skill and diligent care of a physician, *maitre* Guillaume de Harseley, (whose praises Froissart has in some degree neutralised by representing him as the most niggardly man of his time), succeeded in restoring the king to sanity. Abstinence from all graver business was pronounced to be essential for the prevention of a relapse, and the long winter nights were accordingly devoted to festivity. But an unhappy occurrence, a practical joke committed by the thoughtless Orleans during one of the court entertainments projected for the king's recreation, tended materially to increase the virulence of his disorder.

The wedding of a young demoiselle of Isabel's household was celebrated with great pomp and joy at the Hôtel St. Pôl. The king entertained the queen and chief nobles in great state at supper; and when the tables were cleared, he eagerly joined in a masquerading device proposed by a relation of the bridegroom. Five young knights, with the king as their leader, disguised themselves like savage men in quaint habits of linen sewed closely to their bodies, and covered with flax, from head to foot, spread upon a coating of pitch, to imitate hair. In this array, unknown by any of the company, they entered the banqueting hall among the dancers, and excited, as may be supposed, much surprise. The entire group was linked together by a chain, from which, after the performance of some antic movements,* the king fortunately disengaged himself, and was occupied in light conversation with the Duchess of Berri, whose curiosity, regarding his name, he refused to gratify, when he was alarmed by piercing shrieks and a general confusion among the revellers. Some apprehension, it appears, had been expressed beforehand by one of the mummers, relative to the very combustible materials of which the dresses were composed, and strict orders had been given to range all the torch-bearers on one side of the saloon, and to prevent any person from approaching too near. The Duke of Orleans was not present when these injunctions were delivered; and in the thoughtlessness peculiar to his character, either being over-anxious to discover who the masqueraders were, or willing to amuse himself by creating alarm amongst the ladies, he held a torch so closely to one of the flaxen dresses that, accidentally, or intentionally he set it in flames. Only one of the unhappy youths was able to disentangle himself from his companions, and by jumping into a water-tub in an adjoining buttery he escaped with life, after having been severely burned. • Of the others, two died on the spot, and two after lingering through some few days of agony. The king at the first moment of danger declared his name to the Duchess of Berri, and was saved by the presence of mind with which she wrapped him in the train of her mantle; but the terror which he underwent occasioned, ere long, a new fit, and Guillaume de Harseley was not living to lend the physician's art.

On the failure of medical aid in behalf of the unfortunate Charles, recourse was had to many superstitious practices suggested by the crafty or the ignorant. Whenever a calm interval allowed removal, the royal patient was led to the achievement of some devout pilgrimage; and we read of vows which he offered to St. Michael, at his rock on the coast of Normandy; and again to St. Denis at St. Puy-en-Velay. If, however, as too frequently happened, the influence of the Saints attended not, resort was made to the less benign powers. Two Augustine monks, who, to their professed knowledge of simples, had added the reputation of dealing in magic, were summoned from Languedoc to attend the royal patient, and for awhile derived great credit by a temporary restoration of the sufferer. One of their medicines consisted of powdered pearls distilled in water, which the royal physicians approved *comme un remède en tout cas innocent*. Scarcely a twelvemonth had, however, passed, before a severe relapse destroyed the illusions of their quackery; and the impostors, who had brought the king nigh to death's door by making incisions in his head, were executed on the *Grève*, acknowledging their incompetency and degraded from their order. Notwithstanding this severity, we are told of an apparatus, probably connected with magnetism, which was framed at great expense under the direction of two sorcerers at Dijon. A huge iron ring was elevated in the most retired spot of a neighbouring forest on two columns of the same metal, and attached by twelve iron chains, to which were fastened the mayor of the city and eleven other agents selected from amongst priests, knights, esquires, counsellors and burgesses. The incantation proving unsuccessful, the wizards attributed their failure to religious scruples, which had induced the twelve assistants to sign themselves with the cross at the moment at which they entered the magic circle. The

* The Monk of St. Denis represents the whole of this revel as disgustingly licentious, and seems to consider the fatal accident with which it terminated, a just punishment for sin. Juvenal des Ursins describes the ball as celebrated in the Hôtel de la Reyne Blanche, which, in consequence of the tragic adventure, was ordered to be pulled down.

mayor, who from the very outset had been incredulous, put an end to their pretensions by consigning both the sorcerers to the flames.

In spite, then, of prayers, charms and potions, the king's phrensy invariably ran its course; and during his moments of fury the only person whom he recognised (not even excepting the queen), and to whose control he was willing to submit, was the Duchess of Orleans. The Italian origin of Valentine Visconti (daughter of the wicked Galeazzo of Milan) was, in itself, sufficient, in those times of moral darkness, to raise suspicion of forbidden practices against her; and this accidental influence over the lunatic monarch, was at once declared to be the result of some previous enchantment to which he had been subjected by her spells. Her removal from Court was the consequence of this slander, notwithstanding the bitter indignation expressed both by her father and her husband—the Duke of Milan having threatened France with war and offered mortal combat by a knight or knights (as stated in her memoir) against the accusers of his daughter.

The king, however, relapsed more frequently than ever into a state of imbecility; and while the accessions of phrensy were protracted during a continuance of several months, his intervals of self-possession rarely extended beyond three days. During the suspension of his personal functions, there existed no authorized government. The Duke of Burgundy, indeed, seized to himself the chief administration; a rapacious oligarchy pillaged the national coffers; poverty, famine, and contagion contributed to swell the amount of wretchedness; and superstition ascribed all these real calamities, together with the mysterious voices and the legions of contending stars, which fancy imaged in the air, to a Divine judgment which was heavily visiting France because she had withdrawn obedience from the Holy See. The duke of Orleans, master over the heart of Isabel, loudly protested against such disposition of the regency; he accordingly made that queen take part in a cabal in his favor, and the Duke of Burgundy saw himself constrained to yield up the domination to his rival. Matters speedily assumed a threatening aspect: the Duke of Burgundy marched with an army upon Paris—the queen and Orleans took refuge in Melun. There, united by fortune and common interest, they raised troops and strengthened their party to the utmost of their power. This was followed shortly after by a hollow peace, which served, however, only to whet the dagger of intestine war. The assassination of the Duke of Orleans, which took place in the month of November, in the year 1407, at the instigation of Jean-Sans-Peur, Duke of Burgundy, in the very heart of Paris, kindled into open flame the torch of discord. The queen's sorrow at the prince's unhappy death—that being on whom she had so criminally bestowed her affections—excited in her bosom the most conflicting feelings, and justly alarmed she hastily withdrew from the capital, where the faction of the Duke of Burgundy now became triumphant.

The page of history speaks but ill, indeed, for the moral feelings of those times when we add, that a murder so foul and treacherous excited but little horror; and the enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty evinced by all classes of her present Most Gracious Majesty's subjects on the occasion of her providential escape from the late attempt made upon her life, contrasts most favorably with the apathy shewn by the Parisians at the foul assassination of their monarch's favorite brother. Orleans, apart from the *license* of those days, possessed many shining qualities, which, in a prince, contribute to the attainment of popularity. He had a graceful and commanding exterior, excelled in the exercises of the ring and of the tilt-yard: with grace of manner, he was fluent of speech; but his pride, rapacity, and licentiousness had so disgusted the citizens of Paris, that when the subject of his assassination was under consideration, it rarely called forth other remark than satisfaction that "the knotted stick was at length planed!"†

Soon after that dreadful event, Isabel, profiting by an expedition which the Duke of Burgundy made into Flanders, returned to Paris with the royal family, and caused herself to be declared regent of the kingdom during the king's malady. From that

† M. de Sismondi refers these words to devices borne by the two dukes in some recent court fêtes; that of Orleans was a knotted stick (*un baton noueux*); that of Burgundy a plane (*un rabot*).

moment she thought only of rendering herself sole mistress of the state. To strengthen her authority, she procured a confirmation of the regency from a general deliberation of the parliament, the princes, and chief personages of the kingdom, and herself constituted a supreme tribunal for the dispensation of justice. All these measures, however, being ill concerted, opposed no effectual barrier to the aggression of the Duke of Burgundy, who had then just obtained a victory over the Liegeois, and once again he marched against Paris. The queen, whose luxurious mode of life and heartless prodigality had excited the hatred of the Parisians, a second time consulting her safety, withdrew with the king and royal family under the protection of the Duke of Brittany's troops, and sought refuge in Touraine, whilst the Duke of Burgundy took possession of the capital. Though the advantage of the contest remained with the latter prince, a peace was concluded at Chartres in the year 1408, and the king returned to Paris. By a timid policy, Isabel affected to shun the court, very rarely making her appearance in public; her aim being ultimately to sway all the three factions by whose contentions the unhappy land was then convulsed—viz. those of the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans (son of the murdered Louis), at the head of which latter was the formidable Count d'Armagnac, and that of the heir presumptive. Having attained the eminent post of Constable of France, the Count of Armagnac in turn arrogated to himself the supreme power. The queen, whose credit and influence grew daily weaker, was compelled to devour in silence, her hatred of that ambitious prince. Surrounded by enemies, the most formidable, or at least the most dangerous of whom was the queen, the count's first object, for personal safety, was to overcome Isabel.

Surrounded by a court, the members of which had been chosen solely on account of the reputation they possessed for gallantry, the profligate queen passed, at this juncture, a careless and voluptuous life in the Castle of Vincennes. She was suspected, and, it is said, not on slight grounds, of cherishing a criminal affection for her youthful grand-chamberlain, Louis de Bois-Bourdon, one of the bravest knights in the ranks of French chivalry. The constable, who had caused Isabel's every action to be watched by hired spies, had the boldness to open the eyes of the unfortunate monarch, and stimulate him to vengeance. Charles hurried to Vincennes with all speed, in order to surprise his unfaithful consort and seize upon the person of her minion. Bois-Bourdon was first secured, and, afterwards, being put to the torture, confessed everything. He was flung into the Seine during the night, enveloped in a leathern sack bearing this inscription: "*Laissez passer la justice du roi.*" The next step was to deprive the officers of Isabel's household of their posts, and whilst she was banished to Tours, her treasures were confiscated by command of the dauphin, backed by that of the constable. Such an exposure brought instant ruin upon the queen's cause, and produced between the indignant son and the incensed mother a hatred which nothing afterwards was able to allay. Isabel, treated as a captive at Tours, secretly occupied herself in devising means of breaking through her fetters. Soured by misfortune, irritated by restraint, and thirsting for vengeance upon the constable and her son, she hesitated not to bury the remembrance of her former feud with the Duke of Burgundy; and, giving way to the transports of a more recently kindled hatred, she cast her eyes upon the assassin of the Duke of Orleans, and unscrupulously made him the instrument to accomplish her revengeful desires. Determined to attempt anything, however desperate, towards the accomplishment of her projects, Isabel dispatched an emissary to the Duke of Burgundy with a letter which invited him to hasten to her deliverance. The duke, ever actively alive to his own interests, set out at the head of eight hundred mounted men-at-arms for the Abbey of Marmontier, wherein the queen resided. At the approach of the Burgundians, Tours surrendered, and Isabel having gained her liberty, took the road to Chartres accompanied by her deliverer. Having reached the latter place, she caused a proclamation to be made of the first acts of her administration, created a parliament, and had a die cast representing herself in the act of extending her arms imploringly towards France. In all the letters and ordinances issued in her name, she thus entitled herself:—"Isabel, by the grace of God, Queen of France, having, for the occupation of my lord the king, the government and admi-

nistration of the kingdom." From that moment everything became, as it were, double in France, and there existed a chaos perfect in public affairs. Isabel, pursuing her well-devised plan, fixed her court and established her parliament at Troyes, whence she issued her orders, in the quality of regent, to every part of the kingdom. The Duke of Burgundy having, by aid of treachery, effected his entrance into Paris, the faction of that prince gaining the ascendant committed a horrible massacre upon those of the Armagnac. Fortunately the dauphin managed to effect his escape, and crossed the Loire. Thus rescued from captivity by the daring Burgundy, with whom, for the first time since the assassination of the Duke of Orleans, Isabel found it convenient to unite, the two commenced a secret and most unnatural negotiation for gaining the alliance of England. Henry V. had too, at that time, sagaciously judged that the moment was arrived at which he might hope to profit by his victory at Agincourt and disembarking in Normandy with a powerful and well-appointed force, he speedily gained the mastery over its chief towns. Meantime, in another province, the civil contest was raging with undiminished fury; and the Count d'Armagnac (a very conspicuous name at this epoch, Charles the young Duke of Orleans having married his daughter) appointed constable, having disgraced the king's cause by his failure before the walls of Senlis, returned to the capital with a greatly diminished popularity. The grievous imposts and the severe punishments, which he had authorised, had long since generated secret discontent, and nothing prevented the outbreak of insurrection but the commanding and permanent presence in the city of three thousand Gascons and the vigilance of the provost, Tannegui du Châtel, a Breton of slender fortune, and one of his staunchest adherents. In spite of this wholesome control, a conspiracy was, nevertheless, organized: in the dead of night one of the gates of Paris was opened to a small detachment of Burgundians, who, as soon as their presence was known, were eagerly seconded in their outbreak by the *bourgeois*. Thereupon L'Isle-Adam, their commander, hastened to secure the person of the unhappy king, and, being successful, he lost no time in parading him on horseback amid the crowd, as if he willingly supported their cause, though in reality the passive and scarcely conscious lunatic was anything but a co-operator in the procedure. The royal presence is spoken of with very touching simplicity in the *Histoire Chronologique*; a work attributed to his secretary, Alain Chartier:—" *Puis le firent monter à Cheval et le menèrent parmy la ville de Paris, car à cette heure là il n'estoit pas bien sensible, et ainsi eurent tout le commune du peuple pour eux.*"

Armagnac, roused into activity by the increasing tumult, having disguised himself, sought concealment in the neighbouring shop of an artificer; but his hiding-place discovered, he was dragged to prison amidst popular execration, whilst there was afforded to Tannegui du Châtel just sufficient time to snatch the boy dauphin from his bed and hastily wrap him in his coverlid, for safety sake to carry him to the Bastille, in which fortress he was afterwards joined by such of his partisans as had made an equally fortunate escape. A few days afterwards, the city of Paris witnessed a bloody struggle, in which the Burgundians were driven from the Bastille with the loss of four hundred of their party. Tannegui du Châtel, despairing of the recapture of the city, conveyed the dauphin to Melun, and left the Bastille to its fate. Its little garrison, thus abandoned by their commander, was now forced to surrender, assured only of personal safety; and happy might they esteem themselves in obtaining those conditions; for, on the very day after their submission, a sanguinary massacre was begun, unparalleled by any except in the generation immediately preceding our own.

At the period of the recent overthrow of the Armagnacs, the Butchers, who had taken a prominent part, were, as soon as their enemies gained the ascendant, obliged to quit Paris, but had now with their party returned; and, thirsting for revenge upon those who had driven them out, they cared not by what artifices they brought down upon them the popular fury. Each night that the tocsin, according to custom, sounded, a report was spread that the Armagnacs were at the gates. When these alarms proved to be false, it was still confidently affirmed that L'Isle-Adam and his officers, instead of intending to bring the chief culprits to justice, had already been

bribed into forbearance, and were but temporising, until an opportunity should occur for their release. On the morning of the 12th of June 1418, a band of the vilest and most ferocious rabble assembled before the Hôtel de Ville, and having been stimulated by an inflammatory harangue from a pewterer named Lambert, they attempted to force the doors of the prison. Before L'Isle-Adam could muster his little troop, the throng had increased to sixty thousand men—comprising, indeed, a motley crowd, many being armed with only mallets, hatchets, or maces. Any endeavour to suppress their outbreak would have been certain destruction, and the Burgundians were compelled to retire, leaving the city entirely at the mercy of the populace. The tower of the palace soon yielded to their attacks. Among the miserable captives dragged into its court, their limbs torn piecemeal, were an officer named Maurignon and the Chancellor Henri de Maule : nor did the Constable d'Armagnac escape. Extending their blind rage even to his lifeless remains, some of these Butchers practised their art upon his corpse, by cutting a narrow slip of skin from the right shoulder to the left side, in imitation of the badge worn by his party.

From the Hôtel de Ville the mob next repaired to the prisons of St. Eloi and of the Châtelet. At the latter they found a list of the prisoners in confinement, and, summoning each by name, with a semblance of official regularity, they put each to death as he crossed the threshold of his cell. In this manner perished the Bishops of Coutances, of Senlis, of Bayeux and of Evreux, two presidents of Parliament, and several members of its chambers. Regard was shown neither to sex nor age by these brutal and murderous ruffians ; in one solitary instance, when defence was attempted, the dungeons were fired, and their inmates either suffocated or transfixed upon the points of spears as they leaped from the blazing roofs. This death-work ended, the dead bodies of the victims were dragged through the streets and subjected to outrages of which humanity forbids our description, though most of the particulars are narrated by the contemporary chroniclers. When, at length, all the victims were immolated, so that there remained not an Armagnac nor one suspected even of bearing that hated name within the city of Paris, a huge pit was dug in the Swine-Market, on the fourth day after the commencement of the massacre, into which the naked corpses were thrown indiscriminately, and without funeral rites. From four in the morning till ten on the following day the massacre had been continued, and the number of killed, admitted by their executioners to exceed four hundred, was estimated by their friends to amount to nearly three thousand.

It was not till a month after the completion of this horrible slaughter, that the duke of Burgundy could be persuaded to re-enter Paris, although his presence was so much needed for the restoration of tranquillity. At length Isabel, escorted by the triumphant duke, took the road for Paris under a guard of twelve hundred men-at-arms. On their arrival, they were welcomed with enthusiastic transports ; carols were sung before them as they advanced, and hands still red with Armagnac blood now scattered flowers in vast abundance, from the windows, upon the litter of queen Isabel. Burgundy himself was created Governor of Paris, and the chief offices in the state were bestowed upon his followers.

Thus mutually strengthening each other, the duke of Burgundy and Isabel cared no longer to preserve appearances, but, in a spirit of vengeance, sought the ruin of every partisan of the proscribed faction ; the thirst for blood having rather been increased than slaked by the copious torrents which had been shed, and, in the middle of the August following, the former horrors were renewed, and three hundred prisoners were by the insurgent populace dragged anew to slaughter. The duke of Burgundy saw, however, the ultimate loss of his own power unless this ferocious spirit were repressed ; and having succeeded in excluding some of the more active leaders without the walls, the pretext for pursuing a band of Armagnacs which ravaged the neighbourhood, he arrested, and capitally punished several of the other chief massacreers who remained within his grasp. The mob during this last rising had been headed by one Capeluche, the public executioner ; and, the duke, perhaps, acutely remembered the degradation to which he submitted, when compelled, in token of amity, to shake hands with this wretch. It is said that Capeluche was beheaded by his own assistant ; and that perceiving some mistake in the preparations which

were making, he deliberately rectified it; thus, it may be briefly said, dying in the very practice of those horrible duties which had, perhaps, been rarely exercised upon a more fitting subject.

Henry of England, meanwhile, amusing each party by negotiation, steadily pursued his scheme of conquest. France was, thus, at one and the same time, torn asunder by civil war and foreign incursion. The loss of Rouen, after six month's investment, and a defence worthy of a better fate, seemed, at length, to awaken in the two domestic factions some conviction of the necessity of making common cause against their common enemy. The Armagnacs, finding a new leader in the Heir Apparent, had assumed the name of *Dauphinois*, and between them and the duke of Burgundy, as well as between both those parties and the English, a short suspension of arms was arranged, as preliminary to more definitive negotiation.

The Dauphin was, however, surrounded by all that remained of the Armagnac faction; men trained to hate the name of Burgundy, who had moreover vowed revenge for the murder of the duke of Orleans, and those too whose friends and nearest and dearest relatives had fallen in the late Parisian massacres. It was not possible, therefore, that, resentment, so deeply rooted, could, on a sudden, be changed into sincere and cordial amity; and a deed of blood was meditated by them which has seldom been exceeded in villanous treachery.

The Dauphin Charles was, at this time, approaching his seventeenth year; his intellectual powers were very circumscribed and his temper fickle. To what extent he was acquainted with the foul intention of his Armagnac retainers has never been fully or satisfactorily explained, but it is not easy to acquit him of, at least, a criminal knowledge of their design. Chiefly by the persuasion of his mistress, the lady of Giac, whom the conspirators had found means to gain over to their interests, the duke of Burgundy was reluctantly induced to hold a second conference with the Dauphin. A bridge over the Seine, at Montereau, was named as the place of meeting; in its centre was fixed a barrier, and the approaches on either side were so constructed as to admit the passage at the same time of but few attendants. Some obscurity, as may be expected, attaches to the details of the transaction; but it seems as if some endeavours had been unavailingly made by several among his followers, in whom reasonable causes for suspicion had been excited, to awaken a foresight in Burgundy. When the princes met, they renewed their oaths of mutual friendship, and the duke of Burgundy, touching the shoulder of Tanneui du Châtel, who formed one of the Dauphin's retinue, employed words of unlimited confidence since *he* was a party in the negotiation. It is believed, however, that Châtel's was the first hand raised against the duke as he bared his head and bent his knee to Charles. The victim was speedily despatched by the bystanders;—one or two of his suite who attempted resistance encountered a like fate; and the remainder were surprised and either overpowered or dispersed by the Dauphin's troops.

The news of this savage murder was, on the day following, received with deep sorrow and indignation in Paris, and the chief inhabitants having assembled before their governor—the Count de St. Pôl, bound themselves by oath to pursue the assassins to extremity. Philippe, Count of Charolois, the only son of Jean-Sans-Peur, hastened from Ghent at the first announcement of the assassination, and, in the extreme of revenge, devoted himself unceasingly to exclude the Dauphin from the succession and rather transfer the crown to the brows of a foreign conqueror than permit it to rest on the head of the murderer of his father. The queen Isabel, who had invariably shown a most unnatural enmity against her son since the seizure of her jewels and treasure, encouraged these views; and a general truce, for three months, from which the Dauphin and his party were, however, excluded, was signed with the English.

Thus Isabel, for a third time, saw the selected object of her criminal affections perish by assassination, yet this last catastrophe served only to fill her mind with a tygress fury, which was thenceforward uppermost in her soul, lulling every other warring passion within her evil heart. Stifling the dearest feelings of woman's nature, and abjuring her character as a mother, in the king's name she addressed to every city throughout the kingdom a fulminating mandate against the Dauphin and

his accomplices, marking them as the murderers of the duke of Burgundy; and taking part with the young duke, Philippe *the Good*, she vigorously co-operated with that prince, already pledged to deliver France into Henry's hands, to forward the interests of the king of England. "So now," says Holinshed, "there was great expectation of slaughter and bloodshed, but no hope for the most part of tranquillity and peace. France, therefore, what with overthrows given by the English, and division amongst themselves, was very sore afflicted; insomuch that one misery riding on another's neck, the whole land was in danger of desolation by civil dissention and mutual mutinies."

Shakspeare in his play of Henry V. has drawn a far more forcible picture of the wretched state of unhappy France at this epoch:—

——All her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own fertility;
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies: her hedges even pleached,
 Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,
 Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,
 That should deracinate such savagery:
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,
 But hateful docks, with thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country;
 But grow like savages—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And every thing that seems unnatural."

In the year 1420, the "warlike Harry," of England, repaired to a conference at Troyes, with Isabel and the young Burgundian prince, and there concluded the famous treaty by which it was determined that the King of England should espouse Catherine, daughter of Charles VI. and Isabel; that after the death of Charles he should succeed to the crown; and that meanwhile he should govern France in the quality of Regent, on account of the incapacity of its afflicted monarch. The articles of this treaty, it will be seen, tended equally to violate the rights of nature and of the French nation, but free consent was, nevertheless, given by a base parliament. Accordingly, the two kings, the queen, and the young duke of Burgundy, made their entrance into Paris, and were there received with extraordinary exhibitions of magnificence. Nevertheless the brilliant court of Henry V. speedily eclipsed all that France could then boast of, for Charles reigned only beyond the Loire, under the auspices of the Dauphin, his son. Scarcely, however, had the treaty of Troyes been signed, ere Isabel became an object of horror and detestation in the eyes of the French, so that when in the year 1422, Charles the VI., at the end of two short months, had followed our gallant king Henry V. to the tomb, Isabel remained, alone, as it were, with her shame and remorse—detested of the French, aban-

[THE COURT

doned by the duke of Burgundy, and despised by the English who overwhelmed her with every mark of extreme insult—telling her even to her face, that Charles VII. was not the son of her late royal husband. Every day, in fact, some fresh insult was added to the over-whelming opprobrium heaped upon her, so that even in the heart of France, that France of which she was once the idol, she felt the want of necessities of every description, yet she awakened the compassion of none who were eye-witnesses of her privations, dragging on in misery, wretchedness and obscurity, a languishing and dishonorable old age. The dread of beholding her son once more established upon the throne unceasingly haunted her mind,—for such an elevation would be to her the herald of dreadful punishment. At length that event so much feared by Isabel was realised by the treaty of Arras, which effected a reconciliation between Charles VII. and the duke of Burgundy, and gave a death-blow to the unhappy queen, so that within the space of ten days after its signature, she expired at the hôtel Saint Pól in Paris, on the 30th September 1435, and was buried without pomp at St. Denis, near the tomb of Charles VI. Afterwards a sculptured monument of marble was erected over her remains. Such was the end of that unhappy queen who, laden with contempt and overwhelmed with detestation, has lived in the memory of man but to be scourged by the pen of each successive historian.

Well, indeed, might the pious hand which placed the inscription upon Isabel's tomb—*CI GIST LA FEMME DE CHARLES VI. add—PRIEZ POUR ELLE !* As to her lord Charles the VI. he reigned forty-two years, and died at the age of fifty-four. By Isabel his queen he had twelve children, of whom four only survived him,—three daughters and Charles VII. his successor. He had also one natural daughter by Odette de Champ Divers, who was called *la petite Reine*. Such then is all that it is necessary to add of the personal history of the unhappy consort of Isabel ; this reign abounds with remarkable events some of which well deserve remembrance, so pregnant are they in useful lessons both for old and young.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF ISABEL OF BAVARIA, QUEEN OF CHARLES VI. OF FRANCE.

ISABEL is here represented wearing a high short-waisted gown of rich brocaded silk, whose long hanging sleeves, sweeping the ground, are superbly lined (*en revers*) with ermine ; over the shoulders falls a linen collar, in shape exactly resembling those worn by modern ladies, the waist being confined by a ribbon sash. It was this vain and luxurious queen who made the various styles of the horned and heart shaped head-dresses fashionable throughout Europe. The basis of those singular, and, in some instances, monstrous forked *coiffures*, which prompted both the satirical effusions of poets and the denunciations of the preachers of those times, consisted of a gold caul or net-work, the hair being gathered within at the sides. In that simple form it has been denominated the reticulated head-dress. The foundation was sometimes merely covered with a kerchief or veil as worn by Christine of Pisa : this of Isabel is, however, of more elaborate structure, and consists of a roll or pad of rich stuff called a *bourrelet*, richly studded with jewels, and is made to assume the depressed form of the heart-shaped turban, over which is twisted a muslin veil, only one small lock of hair being shown in the centre of the forehead—one of the more moderate adaptations, and is susceptible of a by no means ungraceful contour : that of Violante of Milan, however, is by far the most beautiful.

At her coronation, Isabel is stated to have worn a heart-shaped head-dress of exceeding size; and, as the story goes, she carried the fashion to such an extent, that the doors of the palace of Vincennes were obliged to be altered to admit the queen and the ladies of her suite when in full dress; this, however, might relate to the steeple head-gear, which succeeded the horned or heart-shape, which was worn, as the name implies, of a portentous height. Juvenal des Ursins, speaking of the dissolute manners and extravagant attire which prevailed in the palace of Queen Isabel, says, that in the year 1417, notwithstanding the wars and political storms, the dames and demoiselles *menaient un excessif estat*; that their head-dresses were composed of marvellous horns, high and wide; that they had on each side, instead of *bourrelets*, two great ears*, so large that, when they wished to pass through the door to another chamber, they were obliged to stop and turn themselves sideways. A curious variety of the *bourrelet*, combined with a high cap, is seen in the portrait of Jacqueline de la Grange.

All this display of costly eccentricity in dress contrasts somewhat strangely with the scarce use made of linen garments. Delaure tells us that in the reigns of Charles V. and VI. the use of body linen was very uncommon; that shirts made of serge were those only in use, and that Isabel was taxed with unheard of luxuriousness for having two linen chemises in her wardrobe.

In the work of a Norman knight, who compiled a treatise on dress for the use of his three young daughters, about the close of the fourteenth, or beginning of the fifteenth century, we have the horned head-dress more clearly described. The writer introduces a holy bishop declaiming from the pulpit against the fashionable follies of the fair sex, whom he accuses of being marvellously arrayed in diverse and quaint manners, and particularly with high horns. The prelate then, gravely, with more zeal perchance than learning, attributes the cause of the deluge to the pride and the disguising of the women, who, he tells us, were thereby led astray into the paths of vice. But, resuming the former subject, he compares the ladies of his day to horned snails, harts and unicorns, and proceeds to relate the story of a gentlewoman who came to a feast, having the head so strangely attired with long pins, that her head-dress resembled a gibbet, and so, adds he, "she was scorned by all the company, who ridiculed her taste, and said, she carried a *gallows* upon her head." This description tallies well enough with a fashion observable in this reign. The reticulated head-dress, spreading out on each side, might, when covered with a veil, be fairly enough assimilated to the cross-tree or square gibbet of those times, and when the veil or kerchief is thrown over one of the heart-shaped head-dresses and suffered to sink in the centre, it may also be called horned. All the remonstrances from the pulpit, the admonitions from the moral writers, and the satirical reflections of the poets, failed to conquer the prevalency of this fashion. Lidgate, the monk of Bury, who lived in the reign of Henry VI., has written a long ballad upon this subject, beginning—

"Off God and kynde procedith al bewte,
Craftte may shewe a foreyn apparence
But nature ay must have ye sovereyntie
Thyng countirfit hath none existence
Twen gold and gossamer is gret difference
Twe metal requireth none allay
Unto purposes by cleer experyence
Bewte wyl shewe though hornes wer away."

(Harleian MS., British Museum.)

The last line is the burden of the poem, throughout which "ditty against *forked coiffures*" the worthy monk endeavours to persuade ladies to lay aside their horns, which, he insists, are no addition to their beauty—for beauty, adds he, will show

*See this portrait in the *Lady's Magazine* for 1837.

itself though horns be cast away. The French MS. before quoted contains many strictures upon the female costume of the period. The writer inveighs against the superfluous quantity of fur on the tails of the gowns, and on the sleeves and the hoods; adding, that the use of great purples and slit coats was introduced by wanton women, and afterwards adopted by the princesses and high ladies of England, and with them he wishes it may remain. He laments that the love of useless fashions was so prevalent amongst the lower classes of people, saying, "there is a custom now amongst serving women, of low estate, which is very common, namely, to put fur on the collars of their garments which hang down to the middle of their backs. They put fur also upon the bottom, which falls about their heels and is daubed with the mire," &c. What would he not say to the fashions of the ladies of the present day, whose dresses—intended solely for spacious saloons—dragged along the streets, are like the patent broom, which was some time ago invented to secure its own dust in a sort of box above the broom; so do their ample and trailing dresses, first sweep the paths, and next suffocate, doubtless, their very limbs with the dust, which has no possible means of escape right or left. Nor do we think, if censure were abroad, would the puppet breasts of the New City Police, which exceed in size and ugliness anything we ever beheld, stuffed enough indeed to kill a whole regiment of soldiers with laughter whose appearance they have with a vengeance endeavoured to surpass, and other similar dandies of the male sex escape the well-merited lash.

But to return to our knight;—to deter his daughters from extravagance and superfluity in dress, he recounts a legend of a knight who, having lost his wife, applied to a hermit to ascertain if her soul had taken an upward, or a downward direction.

The good man, after long praying, fell asleep in his chapel, and dreamed that he saw the soul of the fair lady weighed in a balance, with St. Michael on one side and the devil on the other. In the scale which contained the soul were placed the good deeds of her life, and in the opposite one her evil actions; and beside the scale lay her fine costly clothing in the care of a demon. The devil then said to St. Michael, "the woman had ten divers gowns, and as many coats; and you well know that a smaller number would have been sufficient for every thing necessary, according to the law of God, whose law condemned greater care of the body than of the soul; and that with the value of one of these gowns or coats no less than forty poor men might have been clothed and kept from the cold, and that the mere waste cloth in them would have saved two or three from perishing;" so saying, the foul fiend gathered up all her gay garments, rings and jewels, and flung them into the scale with her evil actions which instantly preponderated, and St. Michael immediately left the lady and her wardrobe at the devil's disposal.

The satirical effusions of such writers appear, however, to have no other effect upon the ladies than to induce them, in the true spirit of contradiction, to justify to the fullest extent the odious comparisons of their censors. Paradin the historian of Lyons speaks of the horned head-dress as it was worn in that city, in the following manner: "It consisted of a mixture of woollen cloth and silk, with two horns resembling turrets; and was cut and pinked after the fashion of a German hood, or crisped like the belly of a calf." But, at the time of his writing, this attire seems to have been on the decline: the more fashionable one he thus describes; "the ladies ornamented their heads with rolls of linen, pointed like steeples, generally half, and sometimes three quarters of an ell in height." These were called by some, great butterflies, from having two long wings on each side resembling those of that insect. The high cap was covered with a fine piece of lawn, hanging down to the ground, the greater part of which was tucked under the arm. The ladies of a middle rank wore caps of cloth, consisting of several breadths or bands twisted round the head with two wings on each side like asses' ears; others, again, of a higher condition, wore caps of black velvet half a yard high.

Addison, in the *Spectator*, has a pleasant letter on this subject, comparing the steeple *head-dress to the *commode* or *tower* of his day; and, following Paradin, he

* Varieties of this much satirized attire are seen in the portraits of *Margueritte of Flanders*, No. 56, in this, the *Ladies' Magazine*, Oct. 1837; *Euryante de Nevers*, No. 71, *Court Magazine*, Jan. 1839.

says, "the women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher, had not a famous monk, Thomas Conecte by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous *commode*, and succeeded so well, that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, so many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was renowned, as well for the sanctity of his life as for his manner of preaching, that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people, the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit and the women on the other; that they appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He thus so warmed and animated the people against the monstrous ornament that it lay under a kind of persecution, and whenever it appeared in public was pelted down by the rabble who flung stones at the persons who wore it. But, notwithstanding this prodigy vanished whilst the preacher was amongst them, it began to appear some months after his departure: or, to tell it in Monsieur Paradin's own words, "the women that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as soon as the danger was over."

To return to the subject of the portrait of the vain and profligate queen who was the originator of many of those monstrous fashions in head-gear:—Queen Isabel is seated on a scroll couch of modern form, placed on a raised step, whilst Christine of Pisa* presents her with the goodly sized and strongly clasped volume of her works, from an illumination in which our portrait has been engraved; the arms of France and Bavaria quartered *per pale*, appear in a lozenge upon the wall of the apartment behind the queen. This curious and valuable MS. has been already fully described in the Memoir of Christine of Pisa.

See Memoir and Portrait No. 87, in this Magazine for May 1840.

ISABEL OF BAVARIA,

By M. Alex. Dumas.

QUEEN ISABEL'S ENTRY INTO PARIS.

At day's earliest dawn on Sunday, August 20, in the year 1389, an immense concourse of persons had assembled on the road leading from St. Denis to Paris, eagerly awaiting the grand procession which was to conduct the Lady Isabel daughter of Duke Stephen of Bavaria, queen of France, into the capital. Marvellous had been the reports concerning this fair princess; since Charles the VI. had fallen passionately in love with her at their very first interview, on a certain Friday, when the enamoured monarch would scarcely allow his uncle of Burgundy till the following Monday to make the requisite preparations for so important a marriage ceremonial. This alliance had moreover been hopefully anticipated throughout the kingdom, the late monarch Charles V. having, on his death-bed, expressed an earnest desire that his son should intermarry with a princess of the house of Bavaria, in order to counterbalance the influence acquired by Richard II. of England, in consequence of his having espoused a sister of the king of Germany. This liking of the young prince had, therefore, happily seconded the last wish of his father, and the royal bride had also been pronounced likely to give heirs to the crown; notwithstanding these happy auspices, prophets of evil, of whom there is no lack at the commencement of a new reign, were not secretly wanting on the present occasion; and by them it was predicted that this union would turn out unhappily—Friday being a day of ill omen for a nuptial interview; nothing had, however, yet occurred which seemed likely to confirm their gloomy forebodings; and had they dared to have uplifted their voices on the day when our recital commences, such ill-omened tones would have been speedily silenced by the loud and joyous clamouring of a thoughtless multitude.

As the principal personages who figure in this Chronicle, were summoned either by their birth or dignities to attend or follow in the suite of the queen, we shall without delay take our place in the procession which is awaiting the arrival of Louis, Duke of Touraine, brother to the king, whose appearance has already been delayed half an hour; as some say by the cares of his toilet whilst others whispered certain scandalous surmises. Thus we shall make acquaintance with men and things, and put forth a sketch after the fashion of the old writers, such as Froissart, the monk of Saint Denis and Juvenal des Ursins. The concourse of Parisians crowding the road of Saint Denis on the Sabbath day in question, was beyond all former precedent as great indeed as if assembled by some special command; for the high-way was blocked up by men, women and children, in multitude like grain in a corn-field; and at every impetus the compact multitude undulated to and fro the slightest movement here or there instantly communicating itself to the entire mass.

At the hour of eleven, the crowd in front sent forth loud shouts accompanied by a general movement—the first gratifying indication to allay the general impatience that a something new was at length about to take place. Now there appeared the Queen Jeanne and the Duchess of Orleans, her daughter, preceded by a posse of sergeants. These worthies, briskly striking the people with their wands, right and left, opened at length a passage through this expansive sea, and, to prevent its too rapid junction upon the royal ladies, in twofold files, protecting each side, the chief burgesses of Paris mounted on horseback followed to the number of twelve hundred. Those chosen to form this guard of honor were clothed in long robes of green and murrey coloured silk, wearing on their heads large hoods, the long ends of which either fell upon their shoulders or floated like streamers on the air whenever a breath of wind chanced to freshen the heavy atmosphere of a sultry summer day, rendered doubly oppressive by thick clouds of dust raised by the countless feet of men and horses. Driven backwards by this movement, the people

spread into the fields which on either side skirted the road, so that the middle of the way ultimately formed, as it were, the bed of a canal, the banks of which were represented by the bourgeois of Paris, while the royal *cortège* was enabled, with calm dignity, to roll on uninterruptedly within its bed. This manœuvre had been more easily effected than might at the first have been imagined, for there existed in the minds of the people assembled to meet their young king, a feeling of love and respect which influenced them as much as mere curiosity; and though sovereignty had sometimes deigned to stoop to the people, the people had not then aspired to possess themselves of sovereignty. The well-disposed citizens, therefore, submitted to this species of unceremonious expulsion without remonstrance, and fell back with ready and willing cheerfulness; and, as the fields were lower than the public road, they strove, by running forwards, to obtain some elevated station from which a peep at the show might be commanded. The trees and houses, scattered here and there, adjacent to the road, were the first to be invaded, and the former, from their lowest to their topmost branches, far beyond any offering which dame nature had yet bestowed upon them, were speedily laden with strange fruits, of every season and of various ages from the blooming urchin of three years growth, to the hoary patriarch; whilst the latter were filled with new and unaccepted tenants—from the ground-floors even to the very roofs. Those who lacked courage for such aspiring attempts were content to occupy the roadside banks in the rear of the bourgeois; women gazed on tiptoe, children were mounted on their father's shoulders; each individual, falling into his place whether good or bad; some peering over the hoods of the bourgeois, whilst others were fain to peep humbly between the horses' legs. The sensation caused by the passage of these royal ladies (now repairing to the *palais de justice* where the king awaited them) had scarcely subsided, ere the queen's litter, so long and anxiously expected, was seen issuing from the principal street of St. Denis.

So great was the curiosity of the multitude to behold this youthful princess, who had not yet reached her nineteenth year, and on whom depended so large a portion of the kingdom's happiness, that no wonder if the first glances caught by them of Isabel were far from confirming that reputation for beauty which had heralded her arrival. Her's was a beauty of peculiar character which needed more than a distant or transitory gaze, arising principally from the startling contrast formed by fair hair, of an almost golden hue, with eye-brows of ebon darkness—conflicting traits indicative of northern and southern races—which, united in the person of this individual—daughter of Duke Stephen of Bavaria and Thaddea of Milan—filled her heart with the ardent passions of a young Italian, and, at the same time, stamped her brow with the haughty dignity of a German princess. Her person, in these her youthful days, in other respects was faultless; a sculptor could scarcely have desired proportions more harmonious as a model for Diana bathing. Her face formed a perfect oval. The narrow robe and tight sleeve displayed to advantage the symmetry of her arms and figure; and the hand, which, probably, through coquetry more than listlessness, was thrown over her litter door, as it rested on the rich stuff which tapestried the carriage resembled a bas-relief of alabaster on a ground of gold. The remainder of her person was entirely concealed by the pannels of the litter; but none who beheld the upper part of a form so sylph-like and so delicately moulded could doubt of its being supported by the limbs of a fairy and feet of like delicate proportions. The sensation of surprise excited on beholding her singular complexion, subsided almost as soon as it arose; and the glance of her eye, at once so ardent and soft, speedily assumed that fascinating empire, which poets have made the fatal and characteristic beauty of their fallen angels.

The queen's litter was escorted by six of the first nobles of France, the Dukes of Bourbon, Touraine and Bourbon riding in front; the former being none other than the king's younger brother, the youthful and handsome Louis of Valois, four years afterwards Duke of Orleans, which name he rendered so celebrated by his wit, his amours and his misfortunes. The year before he had married the daughter of Galiazzo Visconti, that most graceful of historical personages poetised under the name of Valentine of Milan, whose beauty (see our portrait 82) was, nevertheless,

insufficient to avert the wandering flight of this royal and golden-winged butterfly. Indisputably he was the handsomest, richest and most elegant noble of the French court. All who beheld him were forced to acknowledge that youth and joy were his peculiar possessions—that he seemed to have received life for the express purpose of enjoyment, and, fully, he enjoyed it; that misfortune might, indeed, overtake him; but that he would never take willing share with misfortune; and, in fine, that that careless page-like or picture head, with its fair locks and blue radiant eyes, was never made to keep a weighty secret, or brood upon a saddening thought, since either the one or the other must inevitably escape through lips as rosy and incautious as those of woman: on this occasion, with a grace peculiarly his own, he wore a remarkable costume, made expressly for this pageant. It was a robe of black velvet lined with scarlet silk, down the sleeves of which ran a line of embroidery, representing a large rose branch, the golden stem clothed with emerald leaves, from the midst of which there peeped forth roses of ruby and sapphire, eleven on each arm; the button holes, in revival of an ancient order instituted by the kings of France, were surrounded by an embroidered wreath of broom, the pods being formed of pearls. One skirt of his robe, that which covered the knee farthest from the litter, was entirely hidden by a dazzling golden sun the device of the then reigning monarch, and subsequently assumed by Louis XIV.; the other (on which the queen as if to read its hidden emblem had ever and anon been seen to cast her eyes), represented a young silver lion chained and muzzled, and held in a leash by a hand emerging from the clouds, the motto being *whither I will*. This superb costume was rendered complete by a hood of crimson velvet, entwined in the folds of which was a magnificent chain of pearls, the ends falling as low as those of the hood itself and serving as a plaything for the duke's unoccupied hand, as, conversing with the queen, he rode beside her litter.

The Duke of Bourbon we shall but slightly notice, he being one of those princes only celebrated in history as ancestor or descendant of the great.

Now in the rear came the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry—the king's uncles. It was this same duke Philip, who sharing the dangers of King John of France at Poitiers was the companion of his captivity in London, and well deserved, whether on battle field or in prison, the surname of *Bold* given to him by his father and confirmed by Edward III. of England, on occasion of a certain repast, when Edward's cup-bearer having served his master before the French monarch, the youthful Philip boxed his ear, exclaiming, "Sir knave! who taught thee to serve the vassal before the liege lord?" The other was that Duke of Berry who shared the regency of France with the Duke of Burgundy during the king's insanity, and who, by his excessive avarice contributed quite as much to the ruin of the monarchy as did the Duke of Orleans by his extreme prodigality.

Next came Peter of Navarre and the Count d'Ostrevant: as, however, these individuals are but little concerned in the following narrative, we shall at least defer mention of them at present.

Behind the queen came the Duchess of Berry, her richly decorated palfry led by the Counts de Nevers and de La Marche,—the latter destined to be eclipsed by his companion; for this was that Count of Nevers, son of Philip, and grandfather of Charles, who afterwards became John of Burgundy. His father was named "the Bold," his grandson "the Rash," and history reserved for him the appellation of "the Fearless."

The Count de Nevers, married the 12th April, 1435, to Margaret of Hainault, was then about the age of two-and-twenty; without being tall, his figure was robust and admirably made; his eye, though small and of a clear blue, resembling that of a wolf, was threatening and determined; his smooth long hair was of that violet blackness, more like, than anything else, to the plumage of the raven; while his closely-shaven beard displayed a full and clear complexioned countenance, the picture of health and strength. The careless way in which he held the bridle of his steed bespoke the confidence of an experienced horseman—for young as he was, and though his knightly spurs were yet to be won, the harness of war sat easy upon him since he had ever inured himself to the extreme of privation and fatigue. Firm

alike towards others and himself, patient of thirst and hunger, cold and heat, even as a statue he might be said to be actually exempt from all the infirmities of human nature. By hauteur towards the great, and affability towards his inferiors he continually spread the seeds of hatred amongst his equals, and acquired the popularity of the multitude: accessible to the attack of every violent passion, he could nevertheless conceal with Spartan resolution, the play of emotion within his own bosom—that cuirass-covered bosom, whose movements, enclosed by a rampart of steel, no human eye could penetrate—where yet that volcanic fire which, though seeming to slumber, was nevertheless, for ever preying on his vitals till a moment presented itself for favorable outbreak: then woe to the unhappy head on which^{*} fell the dark, bellowing and all-consuming lava of his wrath.

Strangely contrasting with the dress of Louis of Touraine was the simple habit of Jean de Nevers: his robe of violet colored velvet, shorter than ordinarily worn, with open and hanging sleeves, was entirely destitute of embroidery or ornament; a steel girdle confined it round the waist, from which depended an iron-hilted sword; the outer garment, opening at the breast, displayed a close tunic of sky-blue silk, the front at the throat being encircled by a ring of pure gold, instead of a collar; his hood was black, its folds confined by a single diamond.* We have dwelt thus particularly on the persons of these two last named nobles, whom we shall continually meet on either side the king, because in connection with the melancholy and poetic Charles and the impassioned Isabel they will figure as very prominent personages in our portraiture of this unhappy reign. Through them, indeed, it was that France became split into two factions, each of which, as it were, became animated by a separate existence—the one contending in the name of Orleans, the other in that of Burgundy, and each so completely identified with its leader, that its partisans loved with his love, and hated with his hate—forgetful of all besides—even of their king, who was their lawful sovereign and master, no less than the land in which they were born.

On one side of the road, and not following in the ranks, mounted on a white palfrey, rode Valentine of Milan, of whom previous mention has been made. This princess had but recently quitted her own smiling Lombardy for that France wherein everything bore so novel and wealthy an aspect. On her right, walked *Messire* Pierre de Craon, the duke's chief favorite, dressed in a costume nearly resembling that of his friend by whom it was presented to him. Nearly of the same age as the duke, he, also, was extremely handsome, and there sat on his countenance an air of careless gaiety; yet a scrutinizing observer would have discovered stormy passions which lurked under his gloomy eye, and have pronounced him one of reckless will, whether in following up objects of love or of hate; one, in short, from whom everything was to be dreaded as an enemy.

On the left of the duchess, wearing his iron armour with as much apparent ease as though it had been but a velvet habit, was the Lord Olivier de Clisson, Constable of France; his raised vizor displayed the frank and loyal countenance of an old soldier, while a scar, extending across his forehead, (a bloody token of the battle of Auray) proved that the sword he wore, richly ornamented with *fleurs de lis*, had been won, not by favor and intrigue, but by good and faithful service. In fact, Clisson, a native of Brittany, had been brought up in England, but returning to France at the youthful age of eighteen, he had enlisted himself in the ranks of the royal army.

We shall now content ourselves with simply naming the other persons who followed in the grand procession: these were the Duchess of Burgundy and the Countess de Nevers, conducted by *Messire* Henri de Bar and the Count de Namur. The Duchess of Orleans, who was mounted on a beautiful palfrey richly decorated,

* This diamond, under the name of *de Sancy*, has since been numbered amongst the jewels of the French crown; it was found at the battle of Granson, amongst the treasure of Charles the Rash, and falling into the hands of the Swiss, was sold in 1492 at Lucerne for the sum of 5,000 ducats and thence passed into Portugal, in the possession of Don Antonio, prior of Crato. This last descendant of the disenthroned branch of the Braganza family went to Paris and there died; the diamond was then purchased by Nicholas de Harlai, Lord of Sancy, his title being derived therefrom. The last estimate made of its value amounts to about £76,833.

led by Jacquemart de Bourbon and Philippe d'Artois:—the Duchess of Bar and her daughter, accompanied by Charles d'Albret and the Lord de Coucy, whose motto, at once the most modest and imperious of all those adopted by the chivalry of the period, sets forth his bearing and his pretensions :

“ Ne suis ni prince ni duc aussey
Je suis le Seigneur de Coucy.”

So also will we pass over the array of lords, dames, and highborn damosels who followed mounted on steeds or palfreys or seated in covered litters, briefly remarking that when the foremost part of the procession (that immediately surrounding the queen) had reached the fauxbourgs of the capital, the pages and esquires who brought up the rear were only just proceeding forth from St. Denis.

The young queen was greeted all along her route by shouts of “Noël, Noël,” a cry equivalent to “*Vive le roi*,” for the religious multitude could find no word so expressive of joy as that which recalled to mind the commemoration of the birth day of the Lord. It is almost needless to add that every eye among the spectators was fixed either upon Isabel of Bavaria, or Valentine of Milan, while the glances of the women were divided by the respective attractions of the Duke of Touraine and the Count de Nevers. Arrived at the gate St Denis the queen halted—a grand spectacle having been there prepared for her entertainment. There was constructed a sort of high altar covered with blue satin, overspread by a sky bespangled with golden stars, while in the clouds of this mimic heaven appeared children clad as angels, and singing in melodious concert with a beautiful girl by whom the virgin was represented. On her knees she held a little child, image of the infant Jesus, having for a plaything a mill formed out of a large walnut; from the upper part of this sky hung escutcheons bearing the arms of France and Bavaria quartered, the whole being illuminated by that brilliant golden sun, which we have before spoken of as the king's device. The queen was much astonished at this spectacle, and bestowed great praise on the contrivance. When the angels had concluded their hymn, and the queen was supposed to have thoroughly examined every thing, the back of the altar, opening, displayed the wide street of St. Denis, covered like an immense tent, every house being tapestried with silk and camlet, as if, says Froissart, the “hangings had been procured for nothing, or that it had been at Alexandria or Damascus.” The queen restrained her steps for an instant, apparently hesitating ere venturing into that capital, (where nevertheless she was expected with so much impatience) or wholly confiding herself amongst that populace by which her progress had been welcomed by such extraordinary demonstrations of love and admiration. Young and beautiful as she was, the centre and the object of this great pomp and all these vast rejoicings, a direful presentiment might, then, perhaps, have told her of a future day when her lifeless body, cursed and execrated by the city she was about to enter, should be carried out of it on the shoulders of a boatman, charged by the porter of the Hôtel St. Pôl to consign to the monks of St. Denis all that remained of the great Isabel of Bavaria! Again, however, she proceeded on her way, but turned visibly pale, when, clearing the dense crowd by which the street was choked up, she passed between those walls of flesh and bone, which in a state of rebellion could have crushed at once queen, horses, litter, nay even the whole of the gorgeous paraphernalia of the ceremonies of the day. No such untoward accident, however, occurred—the burgesses kept their ranks and the procession soon arrived before a fountain, hung with blue cloth and adorned with golden lilies; the fountain was surrounded by carved and painted columns, to which were suspended France's proudest escutcheons. Instead of water it poured abundant streams of spiced wines and hypocras, perfumed by the choicest of Asiatic scents. Around the columns stood a bevy of lovely girls holding brimming goblets of gold and silver, who gracefully tendered them to Isabel, and to the princes and nobles of her suite as they successively rode up to the conduit. From the hand of one fair damosel the queen accordingly received a cup, and having paid the compliment of raising it to her lips, immediately returned it; whereupon the Duke of Touraine, eagerly snatching the cup from the girl into whose hands it had been returned, appeared to seek out the place where the queen's lips had rested on its edge, and

pressing his upon the same spot, he swallowed, at one draught, the liquid which his sovereign lady had only breathed upon. The color which had just forsaken her cheeks now instantaneously suffused the queen's whole face and neck : there was no mistaking the duke's action, which, how quickly soever performed, had not escaped observation, and so great notice had it awakened, that scarcely any other subject was discussed during the evening at court, where all, however, though differing on other points, agreed in pronouncing the duke as exceedingly presumptuous for having dared to take such a liberty with the wife of his sovereign and master, and, at the same time, they looked upon the queen as unaccountably indulgent for having given no other token of her disapproval of his⁶ presumption than by her dubious blushes.

A new spectacle soon diverted general attention from the foregoing incident. In front of the convent *de la Trinité*, which the procession had just reached, a sort of stage was erected for the representation of Saladin's passage at arms. Christian men were, accordingly, drawn up on one side; Saracens on the other—while in each party were to be recognized the most distinguished persons of that famous era : the actors were clad in the armour of the thirteenth century, bearing the devices and escutcheons of those nations and masters they represented. At the back of the stage was seated Philip Augustus, the French Monarch of the period referred to—the peers of his kingdom standing around him. At the moment when the queen's litter halted before the stage, Richard Cœur de Lion stepped forth from the ranks, and, kneeling on one knee before Philip of France, demanded his permission to fight the Saracens. Philip Augustus having graciously assented, Richard arose, rejoined his companions, ranged them in order of attack and rushed onwards to encounter the infidels ; thereupon ensued a furious conflict which ended in the rout of the Saracens—some of the fugitives escaping through the convent windows, on a level with the stage, which had been purposely left open. A number of them were, however, made prisoners and by King Richard conducted before the queen. Isabel courteously entreated for their liberty—and detaching a golden bracelet from her arm bestowed it on the victor as their ransom. “ Ah ! ” exclaimed the Duke of Touraine (resting his hand upon the queen's litter), “ if I had but known the recompense in store for the conqueror, no actor but myself should have played the part of Richard ! ” Isabel glanced at the bracelet which yet adorned her arm, but checking the involuntary movement that betrayed her thoughts—“ My Lord Duke,” said she, you are weak and senseless ; such fooleries are well enough for players and buffoons, but ill become the brother of a king.”

The Duke de Touraine would, doubtless, have answered, but Isabel gave signal for departure, and, turning aside, entered into conversation with the Duke de Bourbon, without again noticing her brother-in-law, till arrived at the **Porte aux Peintres*, the second gate St. Denis. On this spot appeared the representation of a magnificent castle, and, as at the first gate, a starry heaven, in the midst of which (with shame be it spoken) there were seated in full majesty the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; while around the Trinity, young children were, in harmonious chorus, chanting the *Gloria* and *Veni Creator*. At the moment when the queen passed, the gate of Paradise was thrown open, whence issued forth two angels with golden glories and painted wings clad in blue and rose color ; they held a beautiful crown of gold adorned with precious stones, and gliding up to the queen placed it on her head as they sang the following stanza :—

“ Dâme enclose entre fleurs-de-lys,
Vous êtes royne de Paris
De France et de tout le pays—
Nous en rallons en Paradis.”

And according to the purport of the last verse, they reascended into heaven, whose gate again closed upon them.

In the meantime, other personages were awaiting the queen, of whose presence it was deemed necessary to apprise her, lest she should be startled by their unex-

* Demolished during the reign of Francis I.

pected appearance, a consequence which, but for this precaution, was not unlikely to have ensued. These were deputies of the six merchant companies, bearing a canopy, who came in virtue of an ancient privilege which entitled them to accompany the kings and queens of France on their entrance into Paris from the gate St. Denis to the royal palace. They were followed by representatives of the different trades, clad in characteristic habits, and personating seven mortal sins: pride, avarice, idleness, luxury, envy, anger and gluttony; contrasted with these were the seven Christian virtues, faith, hope, charity, temperance, justice, prudence and fortitude, while beside them, and forming a separate group, were quaint impersonations of death, purgatory, hell and paradise. Though so prepared, the queen could not help manifesting some repugnance at placing herself in the midst of this motley and formidable-looking group of masqueraders, and as for the Duke of Touraine he was exceedingly enraged at having to relinquish the place he occupied beside the royal litter; but these embodied privileges of the people were entitled to claim their places on either hand of royalty. The Duke of Bourbon and the other nobles, obedient to the custom, had already abandoned the carriage and resumed their places in the ranks. Isabel now found it needful to turn towards the impetuous Touraine, who still obstinately retained his place at her litter door: "My lord," said she, "is it your pleasure to yield your place to these good people, or do you wait our permission to retire?" "My queen and lady, it is your mandate I await, and more than that, a look that would give me power to obey it." "My lord and brother," said Isabel, inclining towards him, "we may possibly not meet again this evening; but remember that to-morrow I shall be not only Queen of France, but Queen of the Jousts, and that this bracelet will be the recompense of the knightly victor." The duke bent even to the pannels of the queen's litter. Those who beheld this action from a distance, saw nothing in it but one of those marks of profound respect which every subject, even a prince of the blood, owes to his sovereign; but some of the nearest spectators, those able to command a view of the narrow space between the horse and litter, fancied that the lips of the duke were pressed with greater ardor, and rested longer on the hand of his fair sister-in-law than the rules of etiquette would have rightly permitted. Whatever the fact, when the duke raised himself on the saddle, his countenance was visibly radiant with joy and happiness; Isabel forsaken of her kindred and nobles, now drew together the lappets of her head-dress making them serve the purpose of a veil; and a parting look being exchanged through this accommodating gauze, the duke set spurs to his horse, and gained the place by his wife which had all this while been occupied by the Constable de Clisson. Now, the deputies of the six Merchant Companies having arranged themselves by threes on either side of the royal litter, in order to support the canopy over the head of the queen, the Christian Virtues and the Mortal Sins followed in their train, and, (faithful in our description,) behind these, in solemn pace, becoming the seriousness of their characters, followed Death, Purgatory, Hell and Paradise.

The procession then resumed its march. A strange incident presently, however, occurred to disconcert these arrangements. At the corner of the *rue des Lombards* and that of St. Denis, a great bustle was created by the appearance of two men mounted on one horse; the crowd was, indeed, so great as to excite wonder by what manœuvre these novel equestrians had arrived at the spot they occupied. They seemed to fear neither threats nor the loud murmurs which issued from the lips of the unfortunate populace, whom they as unceremoniously as mercilessly overthrew, braving even the sergeants, who vainly endeavoured, by menaces and blows, to arrest their progress. Thus they continued to advance in spite of every obstacle, returning with usury, on the right side and on the left, the blows heaped upon them, as their broad-breasted steed thrust back or pierced through the crowd, and, like a gallant vessel, pursued his slow but steady way through the human ocean that reclined on his onward track. Having thus boldly reached a station which enabled them to view the procession, it was hoped that they would have been content to have quietly watched its progress, but at the moment of the queen's passing, he of the two horsemen who held the reins, appeared to receive some secret order from his comrade. Promptly obeying, the latter immediately inflicted unceasing blows

with his stick on the heads and tails of two horses belonging to the burgess guard, by whom their progress was delayed :—one advanced, the other drew back, and, in this moment of surprise, an opening was made in the line. The brace of riders now darted at once into the midst of the procession, passing only two paces ahead of the Duchess of Touraine's palfrey (which startled at this sudden onset would certainly have unhorsed the lady Valentine if the Sire de Craon had not opportunely seized the bridle of her prancing steed), and made their way towards the queen, upsetting Paradise upon Hell, Death upon Purgatory and the Christian Virtues upon the Capital Sins. They had now succeeded in reaching the royal litter amidst the hootings and curses of the crowd, some regarding them as mad, others as evil disposed, but were speedily pursued by the Dukes of Bourbon and de Touraine, who suspecting their ill designs towards Isabel, advanced with drawn swords in her defence. The queen herself was greatly alarmed at this confusion and uproar, its cause being yet unknown to her; and when she perceived the two intruders between the merchant deputies who were holding the canopy and litter, she was about to recede, when the hindermost horseman addressed a few words to her in a low voice, raised his hood, detached from it a thick golden chain enriched with diamond *fleurs de lis*, passed it around the neck of the queen, who bowed in gracious acknowledgment of the gift, and setting spurs to his horse immediately cleared the crowd with the quickness of a flying arrow. The Dukes of Burgundy and Touraine, who rode up almost at the same moment, having seen nothing of the late occurrence, except that these men had the queen in their power, brandished their swords and shouted, at the utmost pitch of their voices :—"Death, death to the traitors!" So dense, however, was the crowd that there seemed to be but little difficulty in overtaking the strange horsemen who, indeed, were wedged in with the multitude in the *Rue Saint Denis*. Every body was, therefore, looking momentarily for some serious catastrophe, when the queen seeing what was going on, half rose in her litter and extending her arms towards her brother-in-law and cousin earnestly exclaimed—"My lords, what are you about to do! It is the king!"

The two dukes instantly stopped, and now themselves fearful lest some harm might befall their sovereign, stood almost upright in their stirrups, and holding their swords authoritatively towards the crowd exclaimed,—"My lords and gentlemen, it is the king!" adding as they doffed their hoods, "Honor and reverence to the king."

The king, for it was, indeed, Charles VI. seated on horseback behind *Messire* Charles de Savoisy, answered these words by raising his own *aumusse* or hood; and in the long chesnut locks, the blue eyes, the mouth somewhat large, but displaying a set of magnificent teeth, in the elegance of figure, and, above all, in the air of amiability characterising his whole deportment, the people at once recognised that sovereign whom, in spite of all the misfortunes which befel them during his disastrous reign, they never abandoned, and upon whom they continued to bestow the appellation of *Bien Aimé*, conferred upon him on the day of his accession. Loud shouts of "Noël! Noël!" now resounded on every side: the squires and pages shook the banners of their masters, the ladies waved their scarfs and kerchiefs, whilst that compact mob, like a gigantic serpent whose enormous length filled up the *Rue St. Denis* seemed endued with double animation and rolled its motley rings with new activity, as each individual made an effort to see the king; but profiting by the path which respect had opened for him, when he no longer preserved his incognito, Charles VI. had already disappeared.

More than half an hour had elapsed ere the disorder caused by the above incident had subsided, and the crowd was still too much agitated to allow of the procession being readily formed again into order. *Messire* Pierre de Craon taking advantage of this interval, maliciously remarked to the lady Valentine, that her husband, who had it in his power to shorten the period of this stoppage by resuming his official station by her side, was, on the contrary, doing his best to prolong it by talking with the queen; thus preventing her litter from advancing. Valentine of Milan strove to meet this observation with a smile of apparent unconcern, but a half suppressed sigh escaped her bosom, as she replied with a voice, whose emotion she vainly endeavored

to conceal,—“ *Messire Pierre*, you who are his friend, why not say this to the duke himself.” “ Ah lady,” he answered, “ that is the very thing I would avoid, unless by your express command ; would not his return deprive me of the privilege conferred by his absence—that of alone watching over you ? ” “ My sole and rightful guardian,” responded the now indignant wife, “ is the Duke of Touraine, and since it is only my order you await, go speedily, and tell him that I beg him to resume his place beside me.” *Pierre de Craon* bowing, spurred onwards to convey the lady *Valentine's* message to the duke. Just as they were both returning towards her there arose a piercing cry amidst the crowd, uttered by a young girl just fainting, from pressure and heat. This was so common an accident on such public occasions, that the distinguished personages above named did not deem it worthy the slightest attention and resumed their places near the duchess of Touraine, without even casting their eyes towards the quarter whence the sound had issued ; the procession then set forward ; but in a short space of time its progress was again arrested.

At the gate of the *Châtelet de Paris*, there was a wooden erection representing a castle and painted in imitation of stone, each corner being flanked by two round turrets, on the top of which appeared sentinels completely armed ; the grand apartment on the ground floor of this castle was open to the public gaze, as if the intervening wall had been entirely removed ; within this chamber was a curtained bed, as richly decorated as the king's in the *hôtel Saint Pôl*, and on this bed, representing Justice, reclined a young girl personating *Saint Anne*.

So many luxuriantly green trees had been planted around this castle that it seemed to stand in the centre of a thick forest ; within the wood were to be seen a number of hares and rabbits, while multitudes of birds of vari-coloured plumage flew from branch to branch, to the great astonishment of every beholder, each wondering by what method creatures naturally wild had thus been rendered tame and gentle. But how much more did they marvel when a goodly white hart, as large as those kept at the *hôtel du roi*, was seen issuing from the wood—so ingeniously constructed as to appear endued with life and motion, its limbs being put into action and its eyes and mouth made to open by the aid of a boy hidden within its body. Its antlers were gilded with gold, a diadem resembling the royal crown encircled its neck, whilst on the chest hung an azure escutcheon bearing three golden *fleurs-de-lis*—the arms of the king. The noble animal advanced with dignified and graceful port towards the bed of justice ; then taking the symbolic sword in his right paw he raised and shook it. At this moment a lion and an eagle, symbols of strength and violence* issued from the opposite forest and endeavoured by force to seize the sacred sword ; whereupon twelve young girls, dressed in white, each bearing a chaplet of gold in one hand and a naked sword in the other—symbols of religion, in their turn, issued from the forest, and, surrounding the hart, placed themselves in a posture for its defence. The lion as well as the eagle after a few devices to seize their prey, slunk back into the forest. The living rampart by which justice had been defended, now opened, and the hart gently advancing knelt before the litter of the queen who patted and caressed him, as she had been in the habit of doing those belonging to the king. The above contrivance was pronounced to be exceedingly curious by the queen, and also by all the nobles of her suite.

Meantime the shades of night were obscuring every thing : during the whole way from *St. Denis* the procession had been compelled to move at the slowest pace, whilst it had been still farther retarded by the different sights prepared for entertainment along the line of route ; now, however, it was approaching *Notre-Dame*, whither the queen was bound, and only the *Pont-au-Change* had to be crossed, when, suddenly, although every power of invention was believed to be exhausted, a marvellous and unlooked-for-spectacle presented itself : a man clad like an angel, having a flambeau in each hand and supported by a rope of almost invisible fineness appeared above the towers of *Notre-Dame* ; and thence descending as if floating in the air, he settled, after a thousand expert evolutions, on the top of one

* Probably also symbols of England and the Northern powers.

of the houses nigh the bridge.* When the queen arrived at the spot, she nobly forbade him to return by the same perilous way by which he had descended; but he, knowing the motive for the prohibition, little heeded it, and reascending backwards in order to keep his face towards his sovereign regained the summit of the Cathedral tower and disappeared through the same opening whence he had issued. The queen inquired the name of this active and ingenious artist, when she was told that he was by birth a Genoese, and a complete master of such evolutions.

While this fairy-like feat was being performed, a number of dealers in birds posted themselves by the road side, and, as the queen passed over the bridge, they let fly a multitude of caged sparrows. This was in accordance with an old custom, emblematical of hopes conceived by the people, that at the commencement of a new reign, increasing liberty might rise on the wing.*

Arrived at the church of Notre-Dame, the queen found the Bishop of Paris, wearing his mitre and stole—the helmet and breastplate of our Saviour—standing on the steps of the portal; around him were assembled the higher clergy and the deputies of the University which under the title of eldest daughter of the king, claimed a right of assisting at the coronation. The queen alighted from her litter, the ladies of her suite following her example, while the knights and nobles consigned their horses to their pages and accompanied by the dukes of Touraine, Berry, Burgundy and Bourbon entered the church, preceded by the bishop and clergy singing hymns of praise to God and the Virgin Mary. On reaching the high altar, Isabel knelt devoutly, and having repeated her orisons made an offering to the Church of Notre-Dame of four pieces of cloth of gold, and the crown which had been placed on her head by the angels at the second *Porte-Saint-Denis*. Another, however, far richer and more beautiful, resembling, indeed, that worn by the king when seated on the throne, was presented to her in exchange by Messires Jean de La Riviere and Messire Jean Le Mercier: the archbishop holding this crown by the *fleur-de-lis* which surmounted it, the four dukes at the same time supporting it with their hands, placed it gently on the head of Isabel. Loud acclamations now resounded through the vaulted aisles, for it was not until such moment Isabel could be truly considered Queen of France.

The queen and her attendants having now left the church and again set forward, the procession was formed by six hundred serving men bearing wax tapers, whose clear blaze illuminated the streets with all the brilliancy of a noon-day sun. In such manner was Isabel conducted to the palace of Paris, where she was received by the enamoured king, having on his right the Queen Jeanne, and on his left the Duchess of Orleans. Hereupon the queen knelt before him as she had done at the altar, in token that as she had acknowledged God her sovereign in heaven, so she admitted the king to be her sovereign lord on earth. Charles having raised her, embraced her ardently, amidst redoubled cries of “*Nöel, ! Nöel!*” for well might the people be pardoned, if, on beholding so young and beautiful a couple thus united, they imagined them (which they wished them to be) the two guardian angels of France, descended from their seats of bliss to ensure the welfare of the kingdom of the lilies.

The nobles then taking leave of the king and queen repaired to their several hotels, with the exception of those persons who belonged to the royal household: meanwhile the populace continued to linger in front of the palace and repeat loud cries of “*Nöel! Nöel!*” until the last of the pages had disappeared along with the last nobleman who entered the palace. The gate was then closed, the lights which had so vividly illuminated the scene were scattered through every apartment, or were from time to time extinguished, and at length the crowd dispersed itself through the several diverging streets, which like veins and

* The above fact is related both by Froissart and the monk of St. Denis; but while Froissart names the Bridge St. Michael as the theatre of the performance, the *Pont-au-Change* is that named by the monk. Herein Froissart lies evidently under a mistake, it being impossible that a spectacle could have been got up on the Bridge St. Michael, which was on the other side of Notre-Dame, and consequently not on the queen's route.

† The custom is now obsolete, but the “hopes,” nevertheless, remain.

arteries are as life-conductors towards each extremity of a capital. Soon also the sounds of rejoicing which had echoed far and wide sank into a gentle murmur of distant voices which each moment grew fainter and fainter, and in the lapse of an hour's time all was silence and darkness—nothing being heard save that vague and indistinguishable murmur, which made up of nocturnal sounds might well be compared to the deep breathings of a slumbering giant.

We have been thus circumstantial relative to the entrance of queen Isabel into Paris and of the personages who accompanied her, together with the amusements provided for her on this highly interesting occasion, with a view not only of giving the reader an idea of the prevailing manners and customs of the period, but also for the purpose of tracing from their origin those fatal affections, those mortal hatreds, which, though small and weak as rivers at their sources, were nevertheless springing up around the throne to involve it in one common ruin. Henceforward we shall behold them impelled by every passing wind, swelling turbulently under the influence of every tempest, and leaving in their headlong course deep traces of their devastating influence throughout the land of France—during the whole of a long and unhappy reign, destined to be the sport and the victim of their inundations.

CHAPTER II.

ODETTE DE CHAMP DIVERS.

Great events are oft-times produced by trifling causes, and it is well for the historian as also the romance-writer, to trace the progress of such mighty changes from such insignificant beginnings; it is in fact impossible to sound the depths of the human heart, or to pierce into the bowels of history without being sadly convinced how very often the most frivolous incident, one perhaps totally overlooked in the multitude of the petty occurrences which with the multitude make up the sum of human life, may at the end of a certain lapse of time induce a catastrophe involving not merely individual existence, but the fate of an empire; it is, therefore, one of the most interesting of the studies of the philosopher, as well as of the poet, to fathom such depths—just as the enterprising traveller would descend into the crater of an extinct volcano and follow it through all its arteries, even to its base. It may however be true, that they who indulge too freely in such enquiries by long and ardent pursuit run the risk of gradually exchanging their former opinions for new ideas, and as their steps are illumined by scientific discovery, be either converted from belief into scepticism, or from irreligion into faith—one *seeing* nothing in the chain of events beyond the *accidental* caprice of chance, while another *beholds clearly* therein the wisdom of the Deity; and that which one man, like Ugo Foscolo, names "*Fatality*," another, like Silvio Pellico, calls "*Providence*;" and hence their utterance of the two only words which possess their complete equivalents, "*despair*" and "*resignation*." It is doubtless owing to such contempt for apparently trifling details and like subjects of curious research that so many modern historians have rendered the study of French history dry and fatiguing; for, as in the human frame, the most interesting portions of its structure are not those organs vitally necessary to existence, but muscles wherein consist strength, and the manifold interlacing of veins arteries and nerves by which nourishment is conveyed in every direction. Instead of the fault we have ventured to point out, we may possibly incur censure for following up our conviction, that, in the material organization of nature, no less than in the moral existence of man, in the succession of human beings, as well as in the events of life, nothing is abrupt—that no one step of Jacob's ladder is broken—that every species has its connecting link, and every circumstance its precedent and consequence. We shall, therefore, take especial care that the thread connecting insignificant events with grand catastrophes shall not be broken whilst held in our grasp, and with this clue our readers will be enabled to accompany us safely through the thousand windings of this Garden of Dedalus.

These remarks we deem to be necessary as prefatory to a chapter which may at first appear to contrast, strangely, with that just ended; and in a great measure unconnected with those which are to succeed it. It is true that our readers will be speedily undeceived, but we dread incurring a premature censure ere our chronicle can be judged of as a whole. Let us, therefore, speedily return to our subject.

If the reader will venture with us through the streets of Paris, all gloomy and deserted, as at the hour we left them at the end of the last chapter, we will transport him to a corner of the *Rue Coquillière* and the *Rue du Séjour*; where we shall scarcely have time to conceal ourselves, ere we see issuing from a private door of the Hotel de Touraine (afterwards the Hotel d'Orleans), a man wrapped in one of those large riding cloaks, the hood of which serve completely to conceal the wearer's face whenever he desires to remain unknown. This man, after staying to count the hour—ten strokes of which sounded from the great clock of the Louvre—doubtless thought that at that late hour it behoved him to be wary; so that, in order to be prepared for any unexpected attack, he drew his sword from its scabbard, bent it twice or thrice upon the stone sill of the doorway, as though to assure himself of its temper; and satisfied, probably, with the examination he had made, he walked carelessly up the street, striking forth sparks of bright fire from the pavement stones with the pointed steel as he hummed an old virolay of the châtelain de Coucy.

We will follow him into the *Rue des Etuves*, but with care, and slowly—for he stops and kneels down before the cross du *Trahoir*, there to offer up a short prayer; then, rising, he resumes the song he had so abruptly broken off, and proceeds along the broad *Rue Saint-Honoré*, sinking his voice into a lower pitch, proportionately as he approached the *Rue de la Feronnerie*. Having entered the latter street, he ceased his ditty altogether, crept silently by the wall of the cemetery *des Saints-Innocents* for a third of its length, then, rapidly crossing the street at a right angle, he halted before a little door, at which he gave three gentle taps; his coming was apparently expected, for, slight as had been the summons, it was thus answered:—"Is it thou, *maître Louis*?" and upon a reply in the affirmative, the door was softly opened, and closed immediately he had stepped across the threshold.

Greatly hurried as this personage may have at first, appeared to be, and whom we have just heard addressed by the name of *Maitre Louis*, nevertheless, he had no sooner entered than he stopt short in the corridor, returned his sword into its sheath, and, flinging upon the arm of his female introducer the full-sleeved cloak in which he had enveloped himself, appeared attired in a plain but elegant costume—that of an esquire belonging to some noble house. It consisted of a hood of black velvet, a *just-au-corps* of the same material and color, slit open from the wrist to the shoulder to allow a tight sleeve of green cendal to be seen, and the whole was completed by close-fitting leggings of violet stuff, upon one of which was embroidered an escutcheon bearing three golden *fleurs-de-lis*, surmounted by a ducal coronet.

After divesting himself of his ample cloak, *Maitre Louis*, although he had neither light nor looking-glass, bestowed a minute's attention upon his toilette, and it was not until he had pulled down the waistband of his *just-au-corps*, so that it gracefully fitted his shape, and that he had ascertained that his fine fair hair fell perfectly smooth and square upon his shoulders, that he said, in a mild tone of voice:—

"Good night, nurse Jehanne; you watch warily; for the which many thanks. What doth your lovely mistress?"

"She awaits you."

"'Tis well—here I am. In her bower, is't not so?" he smilingly asked.

"Maitre—yes," was her brief reply.

"And her father?"

"A-bed," was answered.

"Good," responded *Maitre Louis*.

So saying, the point of his poulaine encountered the first step of the winding staircase which led to the upper apartments of the dwelling, and, though all around was wrapped in total darkness, he ascended the stairs like one well acquainted with its most intricate windings. Having reached the second landing, he perceived a light

streaming through a door which stood ajar ; he walked towards it on tiptoe, and, pushing it open with his hand, found himself in an apartment whose furniture betokened that its occupant belonged to the middle class.

The nocturnal visitor having entered unheard, was enabled to contemplate, for a moment, the graceful picture which presented itself within.

Beside a bed, the tester of which was supported by twisted columns, and the whole curtained with green damask, a young girl was on her knees before a *pricedieu* ; she was attired in a long white robe, whose hanging sleeves swept the floor and revealed at the elbows a pair of most gracefully rounded arms, terminating in white and taper-fingered hands, upon which, at that moment, drooped her head ; and her long fair hair fell thickly over her shoulders, following the graceful undulations of her shape, and descending like a net-work of gold to the ground : in this costume there was something at once so simple, celestial and ærial, that its wearer might have been deemed a denizen of some other world, if, ever and anon, a suppressed sigh had not announced her a daughter of earth, born of woman and, therefore, doomed for suffering.

Hearing her sobs, the intruder advanced a pace or two, but stopped short at seeing the pale and sorrowful countenance of the fair devotee, who had turned her face towards the door upon hearing the sound of his footsteps.

The latter arose, advanced slowly towards her young and noble-looking visitor who beheld her approach in silent astonishment ; for when she had come within a few paces of him she bent one knee upon the floor.

"What do'st thou, Odette?" said he—"what means this attitude?"

"It is," replied the young girl, gently shaking her head, "that which befits a poor child like me, when brought face to face with a great prince such as thou."

"Art dreaming, Odette?"

"Please Heaven that I were dreaming, my lord ; and that on awakening I might find myself as I was before I saw you,—with tearless eyes and heart untouched by love!"

"On my soul, thou art demented, or some one hath told thee a lie. Come, tell me all!"

So saying, he threw his arms round the young girl's waist and raised her up ; but she shrunk from close contact with the duke's person, repulsing him with both hands and holding herself backwards, but without, however, being able to disengage herself altogether from his fettering embrace."

"I am not mad, my lord," she continued, without attempting to make another effort to free herself, ineffectual as she was fully aware, it would be ; "and no one hath told me a lie. I saw you with my own eye."

"And where?"

"In the procession, speaking to our lady the queen ; and I recognized you, my lord, although you were so magnificently attired."

"But—thou art mistaken, Odette—deceived by some one resembling me."

"Yes—I have striven so to think, and had perhaps relied upon such conviction ; but another lord rode up and spoke with you, and in him I recognized one who came hither with you a few days since, whom you called friend, and who avowed himself as you did, a follower of the Duke of Touraine."

"Pierre de Craon?"

"Yes, so is he named, methinks . . . so I am told."

Odette paused awhile, and then continued sorrowfully:—

"You saw me not, my lord, for your gaze was riveted upon the queen : you heard not the shriek I uttered when swooning—thinking myself stricken with death, for the queen's voice alone struck upon your ear—and 'tis natural it should be so—all lovely as she is. Ah ! have mercy, heaven !—mercy !"

A flood of tears drowned the poor maiden's speech.

"Well, well! Odette, at length said the duke soothingly ; "what matters who I am, if I love thee ever?"

"What matters it, my lord," returned Odette, disengaging herself from his grasp.

"What matters it?" say'st thou—I understand you not."

But almost as the words escaped her lips, and as though fatigued with the effort, she suffered her head to sink upon his bosom, and gazing in the duke's face :—
 "What would have become of me," she said, "if, believing you my equal, I should have yielded in the hope that you would espouse me, when you so implored me, upon your knees? This very evening, on your arrival, had you found me dead—yet, speedily you would have forgotten me—the queen is so surpassingly beautiful!" . . .

"Come, Odette—'twas even so—I did deceive thee by telling thee I was but a plain esquire. I am the Duke of Touraine. 'Tis true.

Odette heaved a deep sigh.

"But, tell me, lov'st thou me not better richly decked and brilliantly equipped as thou saw'st me yesterday, than thus poorly and plainly garbed as now?"

"I, my lord, . . . I . . . I love you not."

"How! hast not told me so twenty times and more! . . ."

"I could love the esquire Louis, I could love him who is the equal of poor Odette de Champ Divers, I could love him, even to the willing rendering up my life blood: I would give it also, through duty, to my lord the Duke of Touraine. But what boots my life-blood to the noble husband of the lady Valentine of Milan, the gallant knight of the queen Isabel of Bavaria."

The duke was about to reply, when, the nurse at that moment entered, with terror depicted on her countenance: "Oh! my poor child," she exclaimed, running towards Odette, "what would they do to you?"

"Who mean you?" asked the duke.

"Oh! maitre Louis! mademoiselle is sent for."

"By whom? from whence?"

"From the court."

The duke knitted his brow.

"From the court?" He gazed on Odette.—"And who sends to seek her, so please you?" added the duke, darting a threatening look at Jehanne.

"The lady Valentine of Milan."

"My wife!" exclaimed the incautious Louis.

"His wife?" repeated Jehanne, astounded.

"Yes," his wife, "said Odette, leaning heavily upon her nurse's shoulder: "'tis my lord the king's brother, whom thou seest. He has a wife, and he has told that wife laughingly: "In the *rue de la Ferronnerie*, opposite the cemetery des Saints-Innocens, lives a simple girl who receives me every evening, whilst her aged father . . . Oh! wonderfully well she loves me! . . . and Odette burst forth into a bitter laugh of irony. "Such hath he told her,—and this is, doubtless, wherefore his wife desires to see me."

"Odette!" violently interrupted the duke, "may I die, if it be so! Rather would I have lost a hundred thousand livres than such a thing had happened! I swear it to you, I will know who hath thus perfidiously revealed our secret; and woe to him who hath thus dared to sport with me!" So saying he approached the door.

"Whither go you, my lord?" asked Odette.

"None in the hotel de Touraine hath the right to give orders save myself alone, and I am about to command those who wait below instantly to withdraw themselves."

"You are the master to do whatsoever you will, my lord; but these men will recognise you: they will tell the lady Valentine you are here, of which she may perchance be ignorant; she believes me more guilty than I am, and by this step I shall be irrecoverably lost.

"But thou wouldst not go to the hotel de Touraine?"

"On the contrary, my lord, I must needs repair thither. I will seek the lady Valentine, and, if she hath suspicion only, will avow all to her; then fall upon my knees, and she will pardon me. As for you, my lord, she will accord you pardon, likewise; and your absolution shall be even more easily obtained than mine."

"Do even as thou wilt, Odette," said the duke; "you are an angel, and always in the right."

A melancholy smile momentarily wreathed Odette's lovely mouth as she motioned to Jehanne to fetch her a mantle.

"And how go you to the hotel de Touraine?"

"The men have brought a litter," replied Jehanne, as she placed the mantle upon the fair shoulders of her young mistress.

"In every event, I will watch over you," said the duke.

"Heaven hath already kept watch, my lord, and I trust it will still accord me like mercy."

So saying, she bowed to the duke with respectful dignity; then, descending the stairway: "I am here, gentlemen," said she to the men who were in waiting; "I am at your command, conduct me whither you are bidden."

The duke remained for a moment silent and immoveable upon the spot where Odette had left him; then, rushing out of the apartment, he rapidly descended the stairs, stopped for an instant at the postern opening upon the street to ascertain what direction the men who bore the litter had taken, and perceiving it proceeding towards the *Rue St. Honoré* attended by two torchbearers, he turned round, ran at his utmost speed through the *Rue St. Denis*, passed into the *Rue aux Fers*, and crossing the *Halle-au-Blé*, reached the *hôtel de Touraine* time enough to see the cortège entering the *Rue des Etuves*. Certain of being some few minutes in advance of the litter, he entered by the private door whence we first beheld him issue, and gaining his apartment glided noiselessly towards a closet which adjoined the sleeping chamber of the lady Valentine, through a glazed aperture of which he could see all that took place within. The irritated duchess was pacing the room with impatient steps; at the slightest sound her gaze reverted to the entrance-door, and her dark and finely arched eyebrows, which formed such perfect curves when her features were placid, were contracted violently in the absorbing excitement of momentary expectation. The Lady Valentine was richly attired for the occasion, and a careful toilette set off her beauty to the utmost advantage; nevertheless, from time to time, she walked towards a mirror, forced her features to resume that expression of gentleness which constituted the prevailing characteristic of her physiognomy, then added some new ornament to her head-dress, as if doubly anxious to crush, alike by the dignity of her rank and her resplendent beauty, that female who had had the audacity to become her rival.

At length a slight noise in the ante-chamber struck her ear, she stopped to listen, carried her hand to her brow, whilst the other sought for support the sharp, high back of a carved arm-chair;—for there passed a mist before her eyes, and she felt her knees tremble beneath her. The door opened, and a valet announced that the young girl whom the duchess desired to see, awaited until it was her gracious pleasure to give her audience. The duchess by a gesture intimated that she was ready to receive her.

Odette had left her mantle in the ante-chamber; she appeared, therefore, in the same simple vestment in which we first described her; only that she had wound her long hair into a single tress, and, as she had found nothing in the litter wherewith to bind it round her forehead, it fell on one side over her bosom, descending as far as her knees. As soon as she was ushered into the apartment, she stopped on the threshold of the door which was immediately closed behind her.

The duchess remained mute and motionless before that white and pure-looking apparition;—wondering to find one, of whom, doubtless, she had formed an opposite idea, at once so modest and so dignified; at length, she felt that it was incumbent upon her to be the first to speak, for the embarrassment was entirely on her own side. "Approach," said she, in a tone of voice, whose emotion altered its natural mildness.

Odette advanced with downcast eyes but tranquil brow; when within three paces of the duchess, she bent one knee to the floor.

"Is it you then," continued the Lady Valentine, "who would wrong me of my lord's affection, and who thinkest afterwards that it needs but to kneel before me to obtain my pardon?"

Odette hastily arose on her feet, a burning blush suffusing her face and bosom.

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"I knelt down, lady," said she, "not to entreat your pardon, for, thanks to Heaven, I have no fault wherewith to reproach myself towards you. I knelt because you are a great princess and I only a poor humble maiden; but now that I have rendered that honor to your rank, I will address you standing: let your highness interrogate me. I am ready to answer."

So calm a demeanour was wholly unexpected by the Lady Valentine; and she felt at a loss whether to attribute it to the candour of virtue, or the effrontery with which vice attempts to imitate the latter in aspect; a momentary glance, however, at her soft and clear blue eyes, which seemingly permitted her inmost thoughts to be read therein, sufficed to convince her that that heart must be one of virgin purity. The Duchess of Touraine was innately good, and the impulse of jealousy in the lovely Italian's mind which had caused her to speak and act thus hastily and harshly having subsided, she held out her hand to Odette, saying, in accents of inexpressible softness: "Come hither."

This change in the tone and manner of the duchess wrought a sudden revolution in poor girl's heart. She had prepared herself for a display of wrath, but not for a shew of kindness: taking the hand of the duchess, she raised it to her lips.

"Oh!" said she, whilst sobs choked her utterance, "Oh! I swear to you, the fault was not mine. He came to my father's dwelling as a plain esquire, in the service of the Duke of Touraine, under pretext of purchasing horses for his master. I chanced to see him—I gazed at him without distrust, thinking him my equal: he came towards me and held me in conversation; never had I before listened to voice of man so soft, save in my infantine dreams, when 'tis said that angels hold discourse with us during the hours of rest. I was ignorant of aught concerning him, that he was married, that he was a duke and a prince of the blood. Had I known him to be your husband, lady, and had known you to be lovely and magnanimous, as I find you are, I should have quickly guessed he was but mocking me. But I have now told you all: he has never loved me . . . and I can love him no longer . . ."

"Poor child!" said Valentine, gazing steadfastly on her—"poor child, she imagines that one who has once loved him can ever forget him!"

"I said not I should forget him," replied Odette sorrowfully, "I said, only, that I would no longer love him! for one can only love one's equal—one can only love a man of whom one can be, in probability at least, the wife. Alas! yesterday! yesterday, when I saw him in that splendid cortège, so magnificently attired—when I recognised, feature after feature, that humble Louis whom I thought my own, and in that Louis duke of Touraine one who is your's alone—Oh! I swear to you, I deemed some working of sorcery had been practised upon me, and that my eyes deceived me. He spoke—I ceased to breathe or live that I might hear him. The voice was his—he spoke to the queen. Oh! that queen!"

Odette trembled convulsively, and the duchess turned pale.

"Do you not hate her—the queen?" added Odette, with an expression of grief which it is wholly impossible to depict in words.

The Lady Valentine abruptly placed her hand over the young maiden's mouth.

"Silence! child!" said she, "the Lady Isabel is our sovereign: Heaven hath given her to us as mistress, and we ought to love her."

"Tis what my father said," replied Odette, "when I was carried home after my swoon, and told him that I did not like the queen."

The eyes of the duchess fixed themselves upon Odette with an expression of extreme mildness and benevolence. At the same moment the young girl timidly raised up hers. The gaze of both met—the duchess opened her arms—Odette threw herself at her feet and embraced her knees.

"Now that I have nothing more to ask you," rejoined the Lady Valentine, "promise me never more to see him, that is all."

"That, unhappily, I cannot promise you, lady;—for the duke is rich and powerful, and may, if he remain in Paris, gain access to our dwelling; if I quit my home, he may follow me; I dare not, therefore, promise you never to see him again; but I can swear to you to die after having seen him."

"You are an angel," said the duchess, "and I hope for some happiness in this world, if you will only promise to pray Heaven in my behalf."

"Pray heaven for you, lady!—and are you not one of those fortunate princesses who have a fairy for their grandmother! You are young, beautiful, powerful, and have one on whom you may lawfully bestow your love."

"Then pray heaven that he may love me, that same one! . . ."

"I will endeavour so to do," was Odette's reply.

The duchess now raised a small silver whistle which lay on the table to her lips. At its summons, the same valet who had announced Odette again opened the door.

"Reconduct this young maiden to her home," said the duchess, "and be careful that no accident happen to her. "Odette," added the duchess, "if ever you have need of aid, protection, or succour, think of me and seek me, and at the same time she extended her hand towards her with sisterly affection."

"I shall hereafter have little need of anything in this world, lady," said Odette, in melancholy tones; but, believe me truly, that it will not need me to require your aid to have you in my remembrance," and bowing low before the duchess, she quitted the apartment.

Left alone, the Lady Valentine resumed her seat, and suffering her head to droop upon her bosom, she fell into a deep reverie. After some minutes, during which she had been wholly engrossed with her solitary musings, the closet door was quietly opened. The duke entered unheard, and advancing towards his wife so as not to be seen by her, he stooped over the back of the fauteuil upon which she was seated; finding after a moment or two, that she did not mark his presence, he lifted a magnificent necklace of pearls from his neck, and, suspending it above the head of the duchess, let it fall upon her shoulders. Valentine shrieked aloud, and, raising her head, perceived the duke behind her.

The glance that she cast upon him was rapid yet penetrating: but the duke was prepared for such investigation and he sustained it with the calm smile of a man wholly mindful of what had just happened; and, further, when the duchess looked downwards, he passed his hand beneath her chin, and, raising up her head, threw her gently backwards into the chair, thereby forcing her to look at him a second time.

"What would you with me, my lord?" asked Valentine.

"'Tis truly a shame for that land of the East," he said, quietly taking between his fingers the chain which he had just given his wife, and separating her lips with one of the pearls—"here is a necklace which was sent me as a wonder by the king of Hungary, Sigismund of Luxembourg; he thought to make me a king-like present, and lo, you! I have pearls more white and precious than are his."

Valentine sighed deeply: but, apparently, unmindful, the duke continued:—

"Know you that I have seen none comparable to you, my lovely duchess, and that I am, indeed, a happy man to possess so great a treasure of beauty? Some days ago, our uncle de Berry boasted so highly of the satin-like eyes of the queen, the which I had not yet remarked, that yesterday I profited by the post I held near her litter to examine them more at my ease."

"Well?" said Valentine.

"Well! I remember once of having seen two—but where, not very distinctly, 'tis true—which may boldly bear comparison with hers. Look at me now,—Ah! yes, it was at Milan that I saw them, in the palace of the duke Galiazio; they sparkled beneath a pair of the most lovely dark eyebrows that the pencil of a limner ever traced upon the brow of an Italian dame. They belonged to a certain Valentine, who has since become the wife of some duke of Touraine or other, and who, it must be confessed, merits not such signal good fortune."

"And think you that such fortune appears so great in his eyes?" asked Valentine, gazing at him with a mingled expression of love and sorrow.

The duke now took his beautiful lady's hand and pressed it to his heart; Valentine strove to draw it back; the duke retained it within his own, and, drawing a costly ring from his finger, placed it on that of his wife.

"What ring is this?" asked Valentine.

"A gaud that belongs to you of right, my lovely duchess; for 'twas you who
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made me win it. I must tell you all about it." The duke quitted the position which he had hitherto kept behind his wife's fauteuil, and seating himself upon a tabouret at her feet, he leaned both elbows upon the arms of the fauteuil. "Ay, won it," he replied "and from that same poor Lord de Coucy, again."

"How so?" asked the duchess.

"Oh! you shall hear—but I counsel you not to bear him ill will, because he pretended to have seen two hands at least as beautiful as your own."

"And where saw he them, I pray you?"

"Whilst buying a palfrey, in the *rue de la Ferronnerie*."

"And whose were they?"

"Those of a horse-dealer's daughter. You will guess that I denied it could be possible to do so; he perversely, however, maintained what he had advanced; so firmly indeed, that he staked this ring, I this pearl necklace upon the issue." Valentine looked at the duke as though she would read his inmost soul. "I, thereupon, disguised myself as an esquire in order to behold this marvel, and hid me to the dwelling of old Champ-divers to buy, at an absurd price, the two worst destriers that knight, wearing a ducal cornet, ever mounted by way of punishment for his sins. But, nevertheless, I saw the white-armed goddess, as the divine Homer would have called her. Coucy, it must be owned, was not so great a fool as I had at first thought him, and 'tis marvellous how so lovely a flower could have sprung up in such a garden. However, my lovely duchess, I would not confess myself conquered; like a brave knight, I upheld the honor of the lady of my thoughts. Coucy maintained his point. In short, we were going to ask my lord the king to authorise a joust to decide the matter, when it was agreed that it should be referred to Pierre de Craon, who, as judge of the field, is most expert in such affairs. Thus, we went together, by my faith, some three days ago, I believe, to the abode of this pretty child, and so, by my honor, Craon proved an excellent judge—for lo you! there sparkles the jewel upon your finger! . . . What say you to the tale?"

"That I have heard it already, my lord," said Valentine, still looking at him doubtfully.

"Ay, ay; how so? Coucy is too gallant a knight to have come hither to tell you such a secret."

"Therefore 'twas not from him I got it."

"From whom then?" said the duke, affecting a tone of perfect indifference.

"Your judge of the field."

"From Messire Pierre de Craon? Ah! . . ."

The duke's brow violently contracted, and his teeth gnashed one against the other, yet he speedily reassumed his cheerful air.

"Ay, I understand," continued he. "Pierre knows that I hold him as my intimate, and being high in my good graces, he would also obtain a place in your's—*à merveille*. But think you not that it is now somewhat late to be talking of these insignificant matters. Remember that the king expects us to dinner on the morrow, that the banquet will be succeeded by a joust, and that my devoir will then be to maintain at the lance's point, that you are fairest of the fair, nor will Pierre de Craon be then my judge." At these words the duke approached the door, through the staple of which he passed the covered bar, ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*, intended to fasten it within. Valentine's eyes followed him, and on Louis again turning to her she rose, and throwing her arms round his neck, "Oh! my lord," she exclaimed tenderly, "you will be, indeed, guilty should you deceive me."

CHAPTER III.

THE BANQUET AND JOUST.

ON the morrow, the Duke of Touraine arose betimes, and repaired to the palace, where he found his royal brother making ready for mass. The king, who had a fond affection for Louis, advanced with a smiling countenance to meet him, but per-

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ceiving the other's discontented look, his features assumed an air of extreme anxiety : holding out his hand and gazing upon him :—" Fair brother, what ails you :—tell me, for you seem greatly troubled."

" My lord," answered the duke, " there is good cause for it."

" Come," said Charles, " passing the duke's arm through his own, and leading him towards a window, " tell me ; for we would know it, and if it be that any one hath done thee wrong, it shall be our business to cause justice to be rendered you."

Thereupon the Duke de Touraine related to the king the event of the preceding night, adding how Messire Pierre de Craon had betrayed his confidence in disclosing his secrets to the Lady Valentine, and that with evil intent. When he perceived that the king took part in his resentment, he added :—" My lord, by the allegiance I owe you, I swear to you that if you do me not justice upon this man, I will to-day call him liar and traitor before the whole court, and that he shall die by this very hand."

" Thou shalt do nothing of the sort," said the king, " and that at our prayer :—is't not so ? But we will, ourselves, desire him, and this evening too at the latest, that he forthwith quit our hotel, since we have not further need of his service ; and the more so, that it is not the first complaint which has reached us against him ; and if we have hitherto turned a deaf ear in his favor, 'twas for your sake, and because he was one of your especial intimates. Our brother the Duke of Anjou—King of Naples, Sicily and Jerusalem—where stands the holy calvary," and here the king devoutly crossed himself—" if we credit him, has matter of grave complaint against him, in that he hath misappropriated considerable sums appertaining to his exchequer. He is, moreover, cousin of the Duke of Brittany, who holds our will of no account, and proves the same to us daily, since he hath accomplished nought towards the reparation which we demanded of him, on the score of our brave constable ; then, also, it occurs to us that this same evil-minded duke still continues to renounce the authority of the pope of Avignon, who is the true pope ; and that he continues, despite our prohibition, to coin monies of gold, although it be lawful to a vassal to coin copper monies only. Then, again," continued the king, warming by degrees as he proceeded, " I know, brother, and that from a good source, that his officers of justice recognise not the jurisdiction of the parliament of Paris, and, that almost amounts to the crime of high treason ; nay, that he goes so far even as to receive an unrestricted oath from his vassals without respect to my sovereignty : all of which things, and many others to boot, prove that the kindred and friends of this same duke cannot be my friends—this brings us back to the point, that you yourself, brother, have to complain against Messire Pierre de Craon, of whom I was myself beginning to entertain sad mistrust. Let there then be no present questioning, but this evening, signify your will towards him, as I will also cause mine to be notified. As for the Duke of Brittany, it is an affair of sovereign and vassal, and if King Richard of England accord us the three years' truce we have sought of him, although he may be sustained by our uncle of Burgundy, whose wife (Euriente de Nevers,*) is his own aunt we will soon see, I promise you, whether he or I be master of the kingdom of France."

The duke thanked the king, for he felt sensibly grateful for the part which he had taken in this his wrong, and was preparing to retire ; but as the bell of the Sainte Chapelle at that moment began to ring for mass, the king invited him to go and hear it, the more especially that, upon the present extraordinary occasion, it was to be said by the Archbishop of Rouen, and the queen herself intended to be present.

After mass, King Charles, Queen Isabel and the Duke of Touraine, entered the banqueting hall, wherein they found assembled and awaiting them all the nobles and ladies who, from their rank, dignity, or his good pleasure, the king had invited to dinner. The repast was served upon the great marble table ; and against one of the pillars of the hall had been placed the king's beaufet, magnificently laden and

* See this Portrait and Memoir, January 1839. No. 71.

decked with a profusion of gold and silver plate; the table was protected all round by barriers guarded by ushers and mace-bearers, so that none might enter save those whose office it was to serve the tables; yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, it was not without extreme difficulty that the service could be performed, so great was the pressure of the crowd admitted to witness the banquet.

When the king, the prelates and ladies had washed hands in the silver lavatories held to them by valets kneeling—the Bishop of Noyon, who was placed at the head of the king's table, seated himself; after him the Bishop of Langres, the Archbishop of Rouen, and then the king; the latter was attired in a surcoat of crimson velvet richly furred with ermine, wearing on his head the crown of France, and having beside him the Lady Isabel, crowned also with a diadem of gold. On the queen's right hand sat the king of Armenia, and below him, the Duchess of Berry, the Duchess of Burgundy, the Duchess of Touraine, Mademoiselle de Nevers, Mademoiselle Bonne de Bar, the lady de Coucy, Mademoiselle Marie de Harcourt, and last of all the Lady de Sully, wife of Messire Guy de La Trimouille.

Besides this table, there were two others, the honors of which were done by the Dukes of Touraine, Bourbon, Burgundy and Berry, and at which were seated upwards of five hundred lords and damosels; but the crowd was so great that it was not without the utmost difficulty that the servitors carried up the dishes.

"As for the viands, which were plentiful and sumptuous, it is not," says Froissart, "worth the trouble to mention them; but I must speak of some devices which were curiously arrayed, and would have given the king much amusement had those who had undertaken parts been able to have acted them."

This sort of entertainment which, at that period, divided the repast into two courses or portions, was much in vogue and highly esteemed: as soon, therefore, as the first service was ended the guests arose and were pressing as near as possible to the hall windows, where, seated upon benches and even tables placed for the purpose, they secured for themselves the best places possible. So great was the concourse, that even the balcony allotted to the king and queen was, like the rest, crammed almost to suffocation with ladies and gentlemen.

In the centre of the palace court, skilful artists had been busily employed for upwards of two months in erecting a wooden frame-work representing a fortress of some forty feet high and sixty feet long, including the wings: at the four corners of this castle rose as many towers, and one in the centre higher than the rest. This structure was intended to represent the mighty Troy, and the lofty tower the palace of Ilion; around the walls were painted upon pennons the armorial bearings of King Priam, the valiant Hector, his son, and kings and princes who had shut themselves in, expecting the enemy. This edifice was placed upon four wheels, and every manœuvre for its defence adroitly performed by men. Their skill and address was speedily put to the proof, for on two sides simultaneously advanced to assail it, mutually aiding one another, a ship and a pavilion; the latter represented the camp; the ship, the fleet of the Greeks; both were decked with the armorial shields of the most valiant knights who had followed Agamemnon from Achilles the swift of heel to the crafty Ulysses: there were full two hundred men in the ship and pavilion, and, from under the archway of the king's stables the head of the wooden horse was seen waiting in quiet expectation of being brought upon the scene. To the great disappointment of all present, the fête did not, however, proceed so far; for, at the moment when the Greeks, displaying signal bravery from their ship and pavilion, with Achilles at their head, assailed the Trojans, marvellously defended by Hector in the fortress, a tremendous cracking was heard, followed by most fearful shrieks and the utmost confusion: this was occasioned by one of the scaffolds before the *Porte-du-Parlement* giving way, and, in its descent, hurling down every one who chanced to be on it.

Then, as ever happens in such cases, each fearing the like accident was about to happen to himself, shouted aloud, as if such ill-fate had already befallen him, owing to which there arose the very greatest commotion in the crowd, for all being

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anxious to reach *terra-firma* at the same instant, rushed in a body to depart by the stairs which, in turn, gave way.

Although the queen and ladies who were upon the stone balconies had nothing to dread, terror did not the less seize upon them, amidst the panic uproar, and whether from groundless fear of a danger which could not reach them, or perhaps from a desire not to witness the scene of confusion which took place below, they hastily rushed backwards to regain the banqueting hall; but behind them was, as a thick hedge, a jammed-in body of esquires, varlets and pages; behind these latter were the crowd, who, profiting by the eagerness of the ushers and mace bearers themselves to reach the windows, had, in countless numbers, rushed into the apartment, the lady Isabel could not, therefore, make her way through the crowd, and overcome by the heat and pressure fell breathless swooning into the arms of the Duke of Touraine. The king instantly commanded the spectacle to cease, and to gain space, the tables were removed on which the second repast had been set, the barriers surrounding them were knocked down and the guests in the hall were enabled to sit somewhat at ease. Notwithstanding all this ill foreboding and alarm no serious accident happened: the Lady de Coucy had indeed been rather roughly squeezed, and Queen Isabel remained yet unrecovered from her swoon, but afterwards on carrying her to a back window, which was broken for the freer admission of air, she recovered.

Greatly terrified, the lady Isabel expressed a desire to leave the hall immediately, for it was now discovered that some of the spectators in the court-yard had been killed, and that others had received wounds more or less serious during the late disastrous occurrence.

The queen thereupon mounted an open litter, and accompanied by the lords and ladies who formed a cortège around her of upwards of a thousand equestrians, she thus departed straight to the hôtel Saint Pol; whilst the king took boat above the Pont-au-Change, and was rowed up the Seine with the knights who were about to take part in the joust over which he was to preside.

Upon reaching his hotel, the king found a splendid present which had just been brought for his acceptance by forty of the principal citizens of Paris, and by them presented in the name of their fellow burgesses; they were all uniformly and richly dressed. Their present was carried on a litter, covered with transparent crape of silk, through which might be seen the magnificent things within it: these consisted of four flaggons, four porringers and six plates, the whole of massive gold, and weighing one hundred and fifty marks.

When the king appeared, the bearers of the litter, who were dressed as savages, placed it on tressels in the centre of the apartment, and one of the burgesses who accompanied it kneeling down before the king, thus spoke:—

“Very dear lord and noble king, your citizens of your good town of Paris present to you, on the occasion of the joyous commencement of your reign, the plate that is contained in this litter, and such like is, at this moment, presented to our lady the queen and to the lady duchess of Touraine.”

“Many thanks, my good people,” replied the king; “these presents are fair and rich, and we shall remember us on all occasions of those who have made them.”

Two similar litters awaited the queen and the lady Valentine at their palaces: that destined for the queen was carried by two men disguised, one as a bear, the other as a unicorn; and it consisted of the model of a ship in gold, two large flaggons in gold, two comfit boxes, two salt cellars, six cups and as many saucers, all of pure and massy gold; twelve lamps of silver, two dozen of silver porringers and the same number of silver cups; the whole weighing three hundred marks.

The third present was carried in like manner to the duchess of Touraine by two men representing Moors, having their faces blackened, wearing white turbans as though they had been Saracens or Tartars and richly clad in silk brocade. The litter was covered and ornamented, like the others, with gauze, and contained a large flaggon of gold, two comfit boxes, two large dishes and two salts all of gold: six jugs of silver, six plates, twenty four porringers and the like number of cups and

saucers; the whole weighing two hundred marks. The entire value of the articles given amounted, says Froissart, to more than sixty thousand crowns of gold.

The burgesses, in offering these magnificent presents to the queen, entertained a hope of gaining her good graces and deciding her to remain during her accouchement in their good city of Paris—and to obtain by that means some diminution of the taxes with which they were so heavily burdened; but it happened just the contrary: for when the period of her delivery arrived, the king carried away Isabel: the *gabelle* was increased and the standard was still further lowered of the silver money of four and twelve deniers which had been current since the reign of Charles V., so that, as this coin was chiefly in the hands of the humbler and poorer classes, there was among them the greatest want of the common necessities of life, from their not being able to pass such monies at the former value!

These costly presents did not fail to afford the queen and the Lady Valentine high gratification; they graciously thanked those who had brought them; and then made themselves ready to repair to Saint-Catherine's-field, where lists had been erected for the knights, and galleries for the ladies.

Of the thirty knights who were selected to display their prowess upon the occasion and who were called the knights of the golden sun, from their bearing for device upon their shields a radiant sun; twenty-nine were already waiting in the lists, armed *cap-à-pié*. On the entrance of the thirtieth, every lance was lowered by way of royal salute—it was the king.

Almost at the same instant, a loud shouting announced the arrival of the queen, who, on ascending the gallery, took her seat upon an estrade, having on her right hand the Duchess of Touraine, and on the left, Mademoiselle de Nevers.* Behind the two princesses, stood the dukes Louis and Jean, exchanging from time to time a few brief words, with that frigid courtesy familiar to those whose position compels them frequently to conceal their thoughts. The queen had no sooner taken her place, than all the other ladies, who were eagerly waiting for such signal, spread themselves in a dazzling stream through the inclosure which had been reserved for them, and which in a few moments glittered radiantly with parti-colored stuffs of gold and silver brocade, studded with diamonds and other precious stones.

The next moment the knights, to whose lot it had fallen to engage in that day's joust, put themselves in order, one after another, having the king at their head; after him rode the royal dukes, then twenty-six other tenants marching according to their dignity. Each, as he passed before the queen lowered his lance's point to the ground, the Lady Isabel courteously returning each knight's salutation with a graceful bow.

This evolution ended, the tenants divided themselves into two troops; the king taking the command of one and the constable the other. Charles led his own to the foot of the queen's balcony, whilst Clisson retired to the opposite extremity.

"My Lord of Touraine," then said the Duke de Nevers, "have you not a mind to mix amongst those noble knights and break a lance in honor of the Lady Valentine?"

"Cousin," answered the duke drily, "the king, my brother, has allowed me to be the single tenant of to-morrow; 'tis not in a mêlée, but in a joust—'tis not against one, but singly against all comers that I would uphold the beauty of my lady and the honor of my name."

"And you may add, my lord, that both the one and the other should be sustained with other arms than the childish toys made use of in such sports,"

"Therefore, good cousin, am I ready to sustain them with those wielded in mortal combat. At the entrance of my pavilion will hang a shield of peace and a shield of war: those who touch the former will do me honor; those who strike upon the latter will do me pleasure."

The Duke de Nevers bowed with the air of a man who, having gathered all he wished to know, desired that the conversation should there stop. The Duke de Touraine who did not appear as though he had understood the object of the questions,

* Every lady whose husband had not yet been created a knight was then called *Mademoiselle*.

carelessly occupied himself in playing with one of the lace streamers depending from the queen's high steeple head-dress.

The next moment the trumpets sounded ; and at this summons announcing that the mêlée was about to commence, the knights buckled their targes round their necks, fixed themselves firmly in their saddles and placed their lances in rest to be in readiness when the last flourish should die away, and the judges of the field shout together from both sides of the lists, "*laissez aller.*"

Scarcely were those words uttered, when the noonday sun became obscured by clouds of dust through which it was almost impossible to discern the onset of the combatants. Then followed the startling clash attending their encounter, while the lists assumed the appearance of a glittering stormy sea, rolling in waves tipped with mingled steel and gold, or ever and anon crested by some white floating plume resembling the ocean's foam. Little, however, in this first encounter, could be discerned the prowess of the contending champions ; nor, until the trumpets had sounded a truce and each party had retired to their tents was it known on which side lay the advantage. Eight knights, armed and mounted, remained around the king. A momentary thought had crossed his mind that he would forbid Pierre de Craon to enter the lists on account of the displeasure he entertained against him : yet he afterwards remembered that the withdrawal of a champion must necessarily disorganize the arrangement of the mêlée, an even number being of paramount necessity on these occasions.

The constable was accompanied by only six persons ; all the others had either been dismounted, and had thus forfeited the right of re-engaging, or, having been borne back to the barrier before their adversaries had been pronounced defeated ; the honor then of the first encounter belonged to the king who had maintained, on his side, the greater number.

The esquires and pages attendants upon the knights taking advantage of this interval of repose, busied themselves in watering the lists for the purpose of laying the dust ; a proceeding approved equally by the ladies and the knights who, inspired with new courage at the thought of their prowess being henceforth duly watched, seen and applauded, now summoned each his esquire to re-adjust his armour, re-bridle his steed and buckle anew his targe for a fresh encounter.

The signal was not long delayed ; again the trumpets sounded to the charge, again each lance was laid in the rest, and at the words "*Laissez aller,*" the contending parties (now diminished to half the former number), rushed against each other.

Every eye followed the king and Messire Olivier de Clisson who were now opposed to each other. They met in mid lists, the king receiving his adversary's lance on his shield so firmly as to shiver it ; violent as was the shock, the old soldier still bravely kept seat in his saddle, and his noble horse, thrown slightly on his haunches, instantly recovered himself when touched by the spur.

The constable, at the commencement of his career, had so placed his lance in rest as to direct its aim against the king ; but when within arm's length of his adversary, he had taken care to raise its point, in token that, whilst highly esteeming the honor of tilting with his sovereign, he considered a blow levelled against his person, even in sport, an infringement of due respect.

"Clisson, Clisson," said the king laughing, "if you do not wield your Constable's sword more skilfully than your champion's lance, I must certainly withdraw its blade and leave you possessed only of the sheath ; in good sooth, I would counsel thee to attend all future tournaments armed only with a reed, for I warrant it will do as good service as your lance, unless you wield it better."

"Sire," replied Clisson, "even with a reed would I fearlessly encounter the enemies of your highness, over whom, by God's assistance, I should hope to triumph ; for the same love and respect towards your royal person which has made me fearful, to attack, would give me courage in its defence. For the way in which my lance may be henceforth borne against all comers, save your highness, judge, Sire, yourself, and that speedily."

In accordance with these words of the constable, Messire Guillaume de Namur, after having unhorsed Messire Geoffray de Charny, had retaken the field, and was

then seeking another antagonist; but all were otherwise engaged, and though he might have gone to the aid of those of his party, who were most distressed, he disdained so unequal a context. At this moment he gladly heard the voice of the constable, exclaiming, "With me, Messire de Namur, if so it please you!"

Guillaume bent his head in token of having accepted the challenge, fixed himself firmly in his saddle, placed his lance in rest, shortened his rein and ran against Messire Olivier, who having put his horse to the gallop met his adversary half way.

Messire Guillaume had directed the point of his lance against Clisson's head and with so true an aim that the Constable found himself unhelmeted at the very moment his own lance had struck the centre of his adversary's shield. Guillaume de Namur was too good a horseman to lose his seat, but so violent was the Constable's attack, that the saddle girths broke and the rider was thrown two paces forward. Loud acclamations quickly arose from every quarter while each fair lady in the gay assemblage waved her scarf in token of approbation. Not a nobler feat had, indeed, been that day performed. Clisson, perceiving that his little troop was hardly pressed, would not delay by providing himself with another helmet, but rushing bare-headed into the melee, broke his lance on that of Messire Jean de Harpedanne whom he in turn instantly unhelmeted: then drawing his sword, he pressed his adversary so fiercely ere he had time to recover him, that he was driven backwards, close up to the very barrier.

Messire de Craon and the Lord de Beaumanoir now alone contended. As for the king, ever since his encounter with De Clisson, he had been content to remain a spectator of the joust: so also the Constable, each awaiting the result of the strength between his own last champion and the opposite party. The odds seemed in favor of the Lord de Beaumanoir, when his sword was broken on his antagonist's. Lance and sword being the only authorized weapons, and the Lord de Beaumanoir having broken both, now in utter despair was compelled to make the signal whereby he confessed himself vanquished. Pierre de Craon thought himself now in the possession of the field, when, turning round, whom should he behold at only ten paces distance but his old enemy Clisson looking at him with unembarrassed air, and ready to contend with him for the honour of the day.

A red huc tinged the face of Pierre de Craon, which was visible notwithstanding his visor, for skilful as he was in exploits of chivalry, he knew the iron hand against whose prowess he had now to contend; he did not, however hesitate an instant, but giving full rein to his horse, bent low upon his saddle, grasped his sword in both hands, and rushed upon the Constable. After two gyrations of his glittering blade, it descended like a huge hammer on an anvil upon the shield with which Clisson guarded his uncovered head; but thick as was the targe and plated with steel, it would have furnished but sorry protection against De Craon's blow, had his sword been sharp, instead of blunted according to the custom when fighting with weapons of courtesy; as it was, the Constable seemed as little shaken by his opponent's thundering blow as though it had been stricken from a willow wand in the feeble grasp of childhood.

The veteran now charged Pierre de Craon who, carried onwards by his spirited steed past his adversary, had already put himself in a posture of defence. De Clisson's mode of attack was simple; with his own sword he turned aside that of his antagonist, then clenching his weapon in both hands, as though he disdained to use the blade, he inflicted a stunning blow with the pommel on De Craon's helmet which was crushed as though beneath the stroke of a mallet, while its wearer, extending his arms, fell senseless to the earth. The Constable then approached the king, dismounted, and holding his sword by the point presented its hilt to the monarch, thus declaring himself vanquished and yielding to the king the honor of the day; but Charles, who fully appreciated the unaffected and loyal courtesy of the veteran's action, also dismounted, embraced Clisson and conducted him amidst universal plaudits to the foot of the queen's balcony, where he was warmly congratulated as well by Isabel and others as by the Duke de Nevers, who, though he held no good will towards the constable, was too good a jousting himself not to admire the noble feats he had just witnessed. At this juncture, a cavalcade was seen to stop

before the door of St. Catherine's Church, and the chief dismounting from his horse, entered the lists. He wore a riding dress soiled with dust, and kneeling before the king presented him a letter sealed with the English monarch's arms:—Charles opened it: it contained the treaty agreed to by King Richard and his uncles, which treaty was to be kept on land and sea for the space of three years, namely from the 1st of August, 1389, to the 19th of the same month in the year 1392. The king instantly read it aloud; and the arrival at this moment of such ardently desired news seemed a new presage of the happiness all hoped from a reign commenced under such auspicious circumstances. The lord of Chateaufort, the bearer of these welcome tidings was, therefore, highly complimented by the court; and the king, at once to do honor to the messenger and express his satisfaction at the message, invited the former to the royal table, and that without even permitting him to change the dusty apparel of his journey. On the evening of the same day, the hotel of Messire Pierre de Craon, near the cemetery of Saint Jean, was visited by parties charged in the names of Charles and his brother to declare that henceforth his services were dispensed with. Though still suffering in body and mind from his recent fall and the blow he had received, the mortified Pierre (with all his household) quitted Paris that very night, taking the road for Anjou, where he possessed a large and strongly fortified castle named Sablé.

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOUST A L'OUSTRANCE.

THE next morning at daybreak, heralds wearing the livery of the Duke de Touraine, preceded by trumpeters, were seen parading Paris, and in every square and open space, reading aloud letters of defiance dispatched within the last month to every quarter of the French kingdom, besides the principal cities of England, Italy, and the German empire.

The announcement of a joust, wherein the first prince of the blood* was to be tenant of the lists, had long furnished the topic of universal discussion. The king's counsellors had indeed offered all the opposition in their power to the duke's intention, which he proposed executing on occasion of Madame Isabel's entrance into the capital; and even Charles, himself, a well-skilled admirer of these chivalrous sports, had endeavoured to dissuade his brother; but the latter answered that his compact had been made in the presence of the ladies of the court; so that the king could not disallow the obligation of a pledge thus taken, and therefore reluctantly accorded the desired permission.

Knightly sports of this sort were rarely attended with danger, as the combatants seldom used other weapons than those of courtesy, and the shield of war forming the *pendant* to that of peace, suspended in front of the tenant's pavilion, was only so placed, to signify that its master would not shrink from other enterprise, or refuse any defiance. Sometimes, however, it happened that individuals burning with secret hatred, would enter the lists as seeming friends, and then suddenly throwing off the mask, seize the opportunity thus afforded them to engage in mortal instead of mimic combat; and as a provision for such contingency sharp weapons, and a steed caparisoned with all the panoply of war were ready within the pavilion.

The Lady Valentine lacked nothing of the chivalrous enthusiasm of those times; yet she looked with considerable inquietude to the issue of this day's proceedings: regarding the decision of the council as particularly judicious, since their calm resolves coincided exactly with her wishes. The duchess was deeply meditating on this subject, when she was startled from her reverie by an announcement that the young girl, after whom, on the preceding evening, she had sent, was again awaiting

*The Princes of the blood royal did not at this period hold the same position as in the reign of Henry IV.; for they were only regarded as the first gentlemen in the kingdom—partaking in no degree of the sacred character which already invested the person of the Sovereign.

her pleasure in the ante-chamber. The Lady Valentine had already advanced a few paces towards the door when Odette entered.

The lovely girl looked, if possible, more graceful and beautiful than ever : but a shade of deep melancholy clouded her ingenuous brow.

"How now, Odette?" said the duchess alarmed at her paleness, "what cause gives me the pleasure of so soon again seeing you."

"You have been so good to me," replied Odette, "that I would not that the convent grate separated me from the world, ere bidding you farewell."

"How! my poor child," enquired the Lady Valentine in a tone of commiseration, "are you then about to take the veil?"

"Not yet, lady, for my father has made me promise that I will not take the vows during his lifetime, but I have entreated him so long and so earnestly, sometimes weeping on his bosom, sometimes praying at his feet, that, at length, he has permitted me to retire, as a boarder, to the convent *de la Trinité* of which my aunt is the superior; and I am going thither now." The duchess took Odette's hand kindly in her own, saying, "this is not all you have to tell me, is it?" for a painful expression of mingled fear and sadness yet lingered in the poor girl's eyes, as she hesitatingly answered—"No, I would wish to speak of——" "Of whom?"—"Of whom then should I speak, but of him? For whom entertain fears—but for him?"

"What is it that you apprehend?" eagerly asked the Lady Valentine.

"Forgive me, ah! my lady, forgive poor Odette for speaking—to you—of my Lord the Duke of Touraine; but, yet, if any danger . . ."

"What danger?" interrupted the duchess, "tell me what you mean! Your words and manner terrify me!"

"Holds not the duke this day a passage of arms?"

"Even so, yet what of that?" said the Lady Valentine.

"Why," replied the timid Odette, "there came yesterday to my father's house (you know my father is reputed for keeping the best war-horses in the city of Paris)—well, there came yesterday some men who asked to see the best trained and most powerful war-horse which he had to sell, and my father inquired if it were intended for this day's jousting: they answered in the affirmative, and, further, that it was for the use of a stranger knight who would be one of the combatants. It will be a joust *à l'outrance*, then?" pursued my father, "To be sure, it will, replied they, laughing, and a pretty rough one too!—Their cruel jesting made me tremble, I secretly followed them with my eyes and continued to watch them as they selected the most powerful of all the horses in my father's stables, and fitted on him a war chamfron"—Odette paused, weeping—"Oh! lady, tell it—tell this to the duke, warn him of the threatened danger—bid him use his utmost courage, his utmost skill to avert this death-charge." "Yes," she continued (falling on her knees before the duchess), bid him, for *your* sake, defend himself, for *your* sake who are so beautiful, and so fondly love him—speak to him, as I am now speaking to *you*, thus, on your bended knees, entreating with uplifted hands; speak to him as I would were I you!"

"Thanks, my child, thanks," exclaimed the duchess.

"And tell his squires," resumed Odette, "tell them to choose him out the strongest armour!—"When he visited Italy to bring you thence he, doubtless, procured a suit of far-famed Milan steel,—and pray you lady, warn him that his helmet be securely clasped. Then, in case you should behold him—but no, it is impossible that the Duke of Touraine, the bravest, the noblest knight in France—what was I about to say?—Ah! lady, but if you should behold him sorely pressed, (since doubtless his enemy will use unfair advantage), then, lady, I pray you implore the king—(the king will be there, will he not?)—yes, implore the king to end the joust; for my father tells me that he has the power to do so. The judges of the field have only to throw their batons between the combatants and put an end to so untoward a joust which cannot in any other way be prevented; and I, meanwhile" . . . here Odette paused.

"Well, and what meanwhile would you do?" asked the duchess in a more deliberate tone.

"I will shut myself within the convent walls, since my life is now devoted to God, where my duty will require me to pray for all men; for my sovereign, his brothers and his kinsfolk. There prostrate on the holy pavement, I will pray for him; I will pray God so to do, if it pleaseth him, to take my life (I have nothing else to do), in exchange for his—and who knows but God may hear me? You, lady, will pray, too, and your prayer will be doubtless heard, before mine, because you are a great princess, and I only a poor simple girl—farewell, lady, farewell."

Saying this, Odette arose, kissed the hand of the duchess with respectful fervor, and withdrew.

The Lady Valentine lost no time in repairing to her apartments, but an hour had already elapsed since he had sought his tent, in order to select, betimes, his choicest weapons and his armour of best steel.

At this period the duchess was summoned to accompany the queen who awaited but her presence to proceed directly to St. Catherine's-field.

The preparations for this day's joust were on the same spot as on the preceding day, with this difference, however, in the arrangements, that the duke's tent was pitched within the arena immediately below the king's balcony: it was surmounted by a pennon emblazoned with his arms and communicated with a large wooden erection occupied by the squires and horses four in number, three intended for jousts of peace, the fourth caparisoned with the panoply of war. On the left of the tent was hung the duke's unemblazoned war-shield, the sole device being a knotted stick with these words, "*J'offre le défi*;" on the right the shield of peace, displaying in its centre on a azure field, three golden *fleurs-de-lis*, the arms of the princes of the blood. At the open extremity of the lists, and communicating with a field adjacent to the court, was a door intended for the entrance of the knights.

The king, queen, lords and ladies of the court having taken their respective places, a herald preceded by two trumpeters advanced and read aloud the duke's letters of defiance with an additional clause, inserted by the judges of the field, relative to the conduct of the joust, and importing that each knight or squire who might touch the shield of peace would only be permitted to break too lances; whereas, those who struck the shield of war were under no limitation as to the number of the weapons which they chose to use.

This proclamation ended, the judges of the field—Olivier de Clisson and the Duke de Bourbon stationed themselves on either side of the enclosure, the trumpets sounding a flourish of defiance. At these dread sounds the lady Valentine turned deadly pale.

One moment only of anxious silence however, ensued, at the expiration of which the flourish of trumpets was answered by a single one, without the lists through whose entrance was seen advancing a knight, with raised visor, whom all immediately recognised as Messire Boucicaut the younger;—the duchess breathed again freely.

Messire Boucicaut, one of the best and bravest jousts of the period, bowed low in acknowledgment of the flattering tokens of approbation which greeted his appearance, and advancing up to the queen's balcony, gracefully saluted her, lowering his lance till its point touched the ground; then closing his visor, he gently struck with the handle of his lance the Duke de Touraine's shield of peace; and putting his horse to the gallop gained the opposite extremity of the lists.

At this moment appeared the duke himself, completely and splendidly equipped, his targe buckled around his neck and lance in rest. The duke's armour was of the finest Milan steel enriched with gold; his steed's caparisons were of crimson velvet with silver bit and stirrups; and his cuirass was of such fine material and exquisite workmanship, that adjusting itself to every movement of its wearer, it seemed supple as a mail haubergeon or a linen surcoat.

Messire Boucicaut was greeted warmly at the moment of his entrance, but reiterated shouts of applause, long and loud, hailed the graceful *entrée* of the duke nor ceased until the latter had closed his visor; then followed the trumpet's bray, lances

were placed in rest, and as the signal words "*laissez aller*" resounded through the lists, each knight spurred sharply forwards and they encountered each other with the utmost power of their impetuous steeds. Both lances struck upon their opposing shields and were splintered by the shock, which though sufficiently violent to throw the noble horses backwards on their haunches, their riders yet maintained the most perfect balance, and momentarily turning round they received fresh lances at the hands of their squires.

Scarcely were the combatants ready for this, their second course, ere the trumpets sounded anew; whereupon they ran upon each other more swiftly and more impetuously, if possible, than before; but, this time, each changed the direction of his lance's aim: both struck the visor, unhelmed the one the other and passed onwards: then facing about they exchanged courteous salutations. It was impossible to have maintained so just and perfect an equality; this course, therefore, was looked upon as having conferred equal honor upon each.

The bare-headed knights leaving their esquires to pick up their helmets then rode out of the lists—Messire Boucicaut by the door through which he had at first entered; whilst the Duke de Touraine disappeared under his tent.

A buzz of approbation accompanied the latter to the entrance of his pavilion, for so great was the beauty of his figure that with his long fair hair, blue eyes, soft in their expression as those of a child, and dazzling complexion, he looked, in port as well as feature, like the warring archangel St. Michael.

The queen stooped low and long from out her estrade to watch the duke's departure from the arena upon which he had figured to such extreme advantage, and the Lady Valentine remembering what Odette had told her, gazed on the queen with a look in which a terrible presentiment was painfully depicted.

In another instant, the trumpets announced that the duke was in readiness for a fresh course; the summons remaining some minutes unanswered, the spectators wondered whether so noble a passage was so soon to terminate from the want of tenants, when another trumpet was heard sounding a foreign flourish; at the same instant the entrance gates were flung open, and a knight made his appearance with visor closed and targe firmly buckled around his neck.

The lady Valentine felt a tremor pervade her whole frame; for she did not recognise the person of this new combatant, and the dangerous nature of the approaching encounter filled her trembling bosom with vague but agonizing fears, which each moment increased as she anxiously watched the approach of the stranger towards the royal pavilion. Arrived before it, he reined in his steed, lowered his lance to the ground (supporting it by his knee), then proceeding to dishelm himself, displayed the full yet handsome countenance of a young man about four-and-twenty years of age whose well moulded, but somewhat haughty lineaments, were wholly unknown to the greater number of the spectators. "Health to our cousin of Lancaster, Earl of Derby," said the king, who recognised in the stranger the kinsman of Richard of England. "Well he knows that the treaty just concluded with our royal brother, (whom God preserve!) was a passport little needed to ensure his welcome at our court. Our envoy Messire de Chateumorand, a messenger of good tidings, announced your arrival yesterday."

"My Lord," said the Earl of Derby, with fresh obeisance, "rumour has brought tidings to our island of the brilliant jousts and marvellous passages of arms now throwing lustre on your court, and, English as we are even to the heart's core, we have crossed the sea in order to break a lance in honor of the lovely dames of France. May we hope therefore that the princely Duke of Touraine will please to forget that we are but cousin to a king." The Earl of Derby pronounced these latter words in a tone of bitter raillery, proving, that even at this early period, his bold eye had already begun to measure the distance between himself and the throne, and solely with the view of stepping over it.

Having again saluted the king and the Lady Isabel, he readjusted his helmet, and proceeded to strike, with the handle of his lance, the duke's shield of peace. The color which, banished by fear, had so lately fled from the cheeks of the Lady Valentine, now tinted them anew, for her apprehensions were a second time dispelled

when finding that sentiments of national hate were not the Earl of Derby's incentive in attending this tournament; and ere the commencement of their course, the two noble adversaries failed not to salute each other with all becoming courtesy: the customary brief preliminaries ended, each combatant, at the trumpet's sound, rushed to the encounter. Their lances both struck in mid shield, but owing to their horses having crossed, the knights were compelled to drop their weapons; the squires of each immediately advanced to pick them up and present them to their masters; but on a well known signal, the English esquire offered the Earl of Derby's lance to the Duke de Touraine, while the French prince's esquire presented his master's to the English noble. This action drew forth acclamations of applause, being regarded by all as the *ne plus ultra* of chivalric bearing.

Each of the knights, again crossing the lists, resumed his post and replacing their lances in rest renewed the combat.

On this occasion the address of each combatant was better seconded by their steeds, whose charge was as direct as though one had actually purposed to split the other's forehead. The knights on their parts encountered each other as before on full targe, and with such force that their lances were shattered into a thousand pieces leaving but a stump in the hand of each opponent.

Having exchanged salutations, the Duke now re-entered his tent, while the Earl quitted the lists, at the door of which a king's page awaited him, charged with a message inviting him to take his place amongst the spectators on the left of the queen. The earl accepted the proffered honor, and presently afterwards appeared in the royal gallery, still wearing his armour, with the exception of the helmet which was borne by his page behind him. No sooner was the earl seated than the trumpets sounded a third challenge.

Prompt was the reply on this occasion, but it differed altogether from the preceding responses. The answer proceeded from one of those long trumpets used only in serious warfare, whose note harsh and terrible, was intended to strike fear into the ear of an enemy. All trembled at the sound, while the Lady Valentine exclaimed, as she crossed herself in terror: "God of Heaven have pity on me!"

Every eye was quickly turned towards the barrier entrance, which, opening without delay, a knight entered completely armed for a joust à l'outrance;—that is to say with a strong lance, a long sword capable of being wielded by one or both hands, and a battle axe; he had his targe buckled round his neck, his shield upon his arm; and his distinguishing device, as if in answer to that borne by the Duke de Touraine, (which, as we have said, was a knotted stick and "*je porte le défi*,") a plane, emblematical of the bearer's intention to smooth the knots off such stick, with the motto: "*je le tiens*."

So curious a rencontre naturally caused the gaze of all present to revert upon the strange knight who had given this mortal challenge, but his vizor was hermetically closed, no heraldic device was blazoned upon his targe, his helmet alone bore an ornament which conspicuously attested as well his birth as rank—it was a ducal coronet of pure gold. As he rode into the lists he caused his war-steed to capricole with all that graceful ease indicative of a knight long accustomed to bear arms; and arriving before the royal balcony, he bowed so low that his crest swept the mane of his destrier; then amidst a silence which the respiration of each palpitating heart seemed to disturb, he rode up to the duchess' tent, and, with his lance's point, struck a sturdy blow upon the war target of the noble tenant.

The death-threatening challenge resounded from one end of the lists to the other; the queen turned pale; and a shriek escaped from the lips of the Lady Valentine.

One of the duke's esquires now made his appearance at the entrance of his master's pavilion, and after a careful scrutiny of the weapons offensive and defensive, borne by the knight, saluted him, courteously: "My lord," said he, "your wishes will be acceded to;" saying which he retired.

The stranger knight having gained the end of the lists waited till the duke's equipments were complete. After the lapse of ten minutes the latter issued from his tent, clad in the same armour he had worn in the morning, but mounted on a fresh

and powerful horse—his arms, like these of his adversary, consisted of a strong iron-pointed lance, a long sword, and a battle-axe hung at his saddle bow ; all these weapons, corresponding with the beauty of his cuirass, were of marvellously rich workmanship and damascened with gold and silver.

At a signal from the duke, the trumpets sounded ; the combatants carefully steadied their lances, and spurring forwards at full speed bore down upon each another sustaining the shock of the encounter in mid lists.

Bravely, and in right good earnest did they combat the lance of the stranger knight, piercing through the small peep holes or bars of the Duke of Touraine's casque, tore it from his head and threw it some ten paces in the rear of his horse ; while the duke's weapon having pierced his adversary's shield through and through, reached the cuirass, and penetrating beneath the shoulder piece inflicted a slight wound on the left arm ; the lance was broken and a fragment of it left within the targe.

"Monseigneur Touraine," said the stranger knight, "I pray you to procure another helmet while I rid myself of this broken remnant of lance which inconveniences, though it has not hurt me."

"Thanks for your courtesy, *mon cousin de Nevers*, replied the duke, whose sharp-sighted hatred had enabled him to pry through his enemy's incognito, even before his voice betrayed his presence. "Thanks, good cousin ; most willingly do I grant you the time requisite for bandaging up and staunching the blood from your wound, but for myself, I shall continue the combat as I am." "Be it as you will, my lord : " returned the other, "but as it is full as easy to fight on with a piece of iron in one's targe as with an unhelmed head, I am perfectly ready to re-engage, the moment I have thrown away this lance and drawn this sword : " as the count spoke, he suited the action to the word, while the duke followed his example, and, loosening his horse's bridle covered his unprotected head with his shield ; his opponent meanwhile finding his left arm unavailing chiefly from the injury done to his armour, allowed it to hang uselessly by his side. The several squires who had hastened to their master's succour drew back on seeing them continue the combat.

The late pause seemed, indeed, but to have infused new daring into the breast of each opponent. The count reckoning on the temper of his armour, fearlessly exposed himself to his adversary's strokes while he aimed his blows without change of attack at the latter's uncovered head ; or, rather at the shield by which it was defended, while the duke with all the dexterity and address for which he was renowned, continually wheeled his horse round his opponent, feeling with his sword's point for such assailable spots in the count's armour as could not be attackable by the edge alone.—Now not a sound was heard save the clash of steel against steel, for the very life of the motionless and breathless spectators seemed as it were concentrated in the combatants themselves. All the sympathies, all the wishes thus expressed were, however, in favor of only one of the combatants, for ignorant still of the other's name, all prayed for the Duke de Touraine. Animated by the deadly nature of the strife in which he was contending, the light and careless expression of his countenance had wholly disappeared, and his eyes sparkled with extreme fury ; his fair hair streamed backwards from his face, and his lips, parted by strong excitement, displayed teeth of brilliant whiteness. The youthful warrior's aspect, no longer engaging, but grown fierce and reckless, excited a no less universal admiration though the hearts of the spectators were not with him ; while every sturdy stroke of his adversary's weapon was responded to by a thrilling shudder throughout the assembled gazers, as though each father were trembling for a son, each woman for her lover.

The protection hitherto afforded by the duke's shield was, indeed, each instant less, as piece after piece of shivered steel followed the sword strokes which pelted with the rapidity of heavy rain incessantly upon it ; so that ere long it was fairly split in twain, and the duke received on his brassard the blows hitherto intercepted by the buckler ; one fatal stroke, which he could not parry, at length reached his head and inflicted a slight cut upon his forehead.

Finding his broken shield now nearly useless, and his sword devoid of all power to pierce his adversary's armour, the duke backed his steed, and, casting away his

buckler with his left arm, his sword with the right, he made use of both in grasping the heavy battle-axe which had hitherto hung uselessly at his saddle-bow, and, rushing suddenly on the count dealt so sturdy a blow on his helmet that the visor clasps gave way; though not unhelmed, the face of the count was now, in turn, exposed, and, when his head moved, the casque itself fell to the ground: deep and loud was the cry of recognition which animated the whole body of spectators.

At this instant, and while in the very act of steadying himself in his stirrups to return his adversary's blow, the batons of the judges fell between them, and the voice of the king was heard above every other, exclaiming—"Enough, gentlemen, enough! . . .

On beholding the Count de Never's last blow and the blood streaming from her husband's forehead, the Lady Valentine immediately fainted. The queen, pale and trembling, thereupon seized the king's arm earnestly whispering, "End it my lord!—in the name of Heaven order them to cease."

Exasperated as they were, the combatants instantly desisted. The Count de Never's sword was re-suspended, and the duke of Touraine's battle-axe slung at his saddle-bow:—the squires of each approached their masters, and while those of the duke busied themselves in stanching the blood that flowed from his forehead, the count's drew from his target the fragment of lance whose point had reached his shoulder.

These operations over, and mutual salutations of cold courtesy exchanged between them, the Count de Nevers left the lists, and the duke de Touraine was advancing towards his tent for the purpose of obtaining another helmet, when the king, rising, cried in a loud voice: "Gentlemen, our pleasure is, that the joust be here finally concluded."

In consequence of such mandate, the duke directed his steps towards the royal balcony whence he was to receive the bracelet reserved as a prize for the tenant of the joust; arrived beneath the gallery, Isabel leant over, saying with a gracious smile, "Come up hither, my lord duke, for we would fain enhance the value of our gift, by fastening it ourselves around your arm."

The duke notwithstanding his hurt leapt lightly from his saddle, and a moment after kneeling before the queen, received the coveted bracelet which she had promised him: and while the Lady Valentine was wiping her husband's forehead to ascertain the extent of his wound, the king, turning towards the Earl of Derby, invited him to the banquet at the palace.

The duke approached the Lady Isabel, and, receiving the bracelet from her hand, hand met hand, and from that instantaneous touch may be dated the commencement of a criminal familiarity, their first step in the descending paths of guilt.

CHAPTER V.

THE FATE OF BETISAC.

THE fêtes and tournaments ended, Charles had leisure to turn his attention to affairs of state. At peace with foreign powers, and surrounded by allies, France was enabled to snatch a hasty slumber. On the East she was secure, since the house of Galliazzo Visconti was united to that of the lilies by the intermarriage of the Lady Valentine, daughter of the former family, with the Duke de Touraine; on the south, the king, through the lady Yolande de Bar, was united with the King of Aragon; the country on the west was in the hands of the Duke of Brittany, a vassal restless and unruly, it is true, but still no open adversary; while, (says our author), on the north, England, France's ancient and most deadly foe, feeling within her own bosom the nascent germs of civil war, was therefore glad for a season to let her long engendered hatred rest, and accord to her rival, as a favor, the three year's truce which was in fact, essential to her own interests. His provinces were consequently the chief, and indeed the only objects of the king's solicitude, and truly their state was such as to demand his immediate attention. Ruined by the successive administrations of

the Dukes of Anjou and Berry, drained, alike, of blood and money—the provinces of Guienne and Languedoc stretched out, in very pity, their wasted and imploring hands towards their youthful monarch. Messires Jean Lemercier and Guillaume de la Riviere, two of the king's most confidential advisers had, indeed, long urged their sovereign to visit the distant provinces of his kingdom, and the royal progress was at length fixed for the ensuing Michaelmas (anno 1389): its route was marked by Avignon and Dijon, and intimation was forthwith forwarded to the Duke of Burgundy and Pope Clement of such being the royal intention.

Accordingly, on the appointed day Charles left Paris accompanied by the Duke de Touraine, the Sieur de Coucy and numerous other knights, the Duke de Bourbon and the Count de Nevers being directed to meet the king at Chatillon-sur-Seine.

Arrived at Dijon, Charles was greeted by the Duchess of Burgundy who had collected round her a little court composed of those dames and demoiselles she believed to be most agreeable to the king; among them were Madame de Sully, Mademoiselle de Nevers, the lady de Vergy and various other chosen flowers culled from branches of the noblest families in France. Ten days were here consumed in a variety of fêtes and entertainments, after which the king took leave of his aunt, accompanying his adieu with many presents to the ladies of her court. The duke himself, embarking meanwhile in a large boat, descended the Rhone and reached Avignon almost as soon as the king himself.

Have you reader chanced ever to visit Avignon, the holy city? now a sad and mouldering relic of bye-gone greatness! Have you ever thus beheld her, her humbled head gazing upon its downcast fortunes reflected in the waters of the Rhone, as if vainly seeking the tiara which once glittered on her brow? Such is now what was once the proud courtesan of Clement VII.: a girdle of ramparts the gift of a grand-master of the order of Malta encircled her waist: the successive popes, John XXII., Benedict XII., Clement VI. and Urban V., had endowed her with a pontifical palace and Saint Bridget with a miraculous bridge. She could then boast of a gilded court made up of libertine cardinals and worldly abbesses; her days were passed in an atmosphere perfumed by the incense of religious fêtes and ceremonies, while each night, the melodious songs of Petrarch and the distant murmurs of the fountain of Vaucluse were the lullaby of her voluptuous repose.

The papal crown hurled by Colonna from the head of Boniface VIII., had been picked up by Philippe le Bel, to place it on the head of Clement VI., and it was this king who, with a view to uniting, in his own hand and that of his successors, spiritual with temporal power, conceived the gigantic project of depriving Rome of that Catholic sovereignty of which France was to be henceforth the seat. It was thus that Avignon received the sacred host of the Vatican; that the hand of Christ's vicar, the hand which binds and loosens, was stretched over the waters of the Rhone, and that the universal benediction *urbi et orbi* was first pronounced on the soil of France.

A mighty schism in the church was the consequence of this important change; Rome, at first appalled, had speedily resumed her courage and raised altar against altar, while the Christian world was thus separated into two parties; the one recognising the pope of Avignon, the other denying the existence of any pontifical chair save that in the city where St. Peter had first founded it. The rival popes themselves, far from remaining mere spectators of this civil war, in the success of which they were so deeply concerned, with true worldly wisdom became chiefs of the grand Christian armies, and while destroying their *temporal* power absolutely exhausted the dread mightiness of their *spiritual* thunders by incessantly launching their bolts at each another.

During the continuance of this great quarrel, the different nations of Europe, as they chanced to be in amity or at variance with France, recognised some the one, some the other, the pope of Avignon or the pope of Rome. The only monarchs now bending the knee before Clement VII. were those of Spain, Scotland and Aragon; and as these powers were only led to do so out of deference to the French king, the pope of Avignon naturally prided himself upon giving a brilliant welcome to the sovereign who alone supported his pretensions against those of his rival; and

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if at the fetes and banquet's given during Charles' stay, Clement, in virtue of his holy office, would dine at a separate table and take precedence of his royal guest, he soon strove to make him forget the supremacy of the altar over that of the throne, by presenting him with the nomination of a hundred and fifty benefices, to be bestowed according to his pleasure upon fifty poor clerks natives of his kingdom, endowing him also with the nomination to the bishoprics of Chartres and Auxerre; and, finally, by ordaining as Archbishop of Rheims, the learned Ferry Cassinel whom the king patronized, and who was subsequently poisoned by the Dominicans a month after the time of his being elected.

Charles, in exchange for these favors, engaged to furnish the pope with men and money against his rival, and promised on his return to France* that he would use every effort, even to the taking up arms, in order to destroy the existing schism. After eight days stay in Avignon, the king took leave of Clement and returned to Villeneuve.

There, much to the astonishment of his uncles of Berry and Burgundy, the king, thanking them for their good company, signified his wish that they should return home, the one to Dijon, the other to Paris; he himself purposing, nevertheless, to continue his journey to Toulouse accompanied by the dukes de Touraine and Bourbon.

The eyes of the king's uncles were now opened as to the true motive of this royal journey, and they clearly saw that his sole object was to institute an enquiry into the arbitrary government by which Languedoc had of late been so sadly desolated; and the more so since the king retained about him sundry persons esteemed to be faithful and true, some of whom the Duke de Berry regarded, though unjustly, as extremely inimical to him; although in truth they hated him not, personally, but were strongly opposed to the course of exaction and cruelty which he had practised upon those over whom he had rule.

Under these circumstances the two dukes quitted Villeneuve with heavy hearts. "What think you of this, brother?" said Monseigneur de Berry to Monseigneur of Burgundy, as they took their departure. "I only think," replied the latter "that our nephew is very young, and that his preference for youthful counsellors will bring down misery on his head; at present, however, there seems no remedy for this state of things; but a day of repentance will assuredly come, both for the king himself and those who now lead him at their bidding. As to ourselves, brother, let us return home. While we continue to be united, no one can injure us, for, next to the king, we are the greatest men in the French dominions.

Charles passed the following day at Nismes, and without further stay in this ancient Roman city, slept at Lund, dining on the morrow at Montpellier. It was here that the murmurs and complaints of his oppressed subjects first reached his royal ear, and here he was told that the further he proceeded, the more ruinous he would find the prospects of the country, his uncles, the Dukes of Anjou and Berry, its successive governors, having left it so despoiled that even the once rich and the most powerful inhabitants had not now wherewithal to dress their vineyards or till their farms. "Is it not, sire," said they, "a grievous and lamentable thing, to behold your children, stripped of all, or nearly all their possessions, paying five or six annual imposts, yet still continually crushed by some new tax before they are able to defray the old? Such, sire, is our lamentable position; the two lords, your uncles, having wrung from us no less a sum than 30,000 livres arbitrarily levied between the country of the Rhone and the Gironde. The Duke of Anjou, it is true, chiefly attacked those who were rich and powerful, but the Duke de Berry, his successor, spares neither rich nor poor; the full ears and the scanty are alike gathered into his garner. His chief instrument in these exactions is his treasurer,—a native of the city of Beziers, from which place he derived the name of Betisac; and this man gleaned always after his master, leaves not for the poor and oppressed people as much

* Avignon was not then considered France, but formed the capital of a separate state under the title of Constat.

as the farmer yields freely to the fowls of the air ; not so much, indeed, as the scattered grain which falls from the harvest-waggon.

In reply to these just complaints, the king promised, with God's assistance, to put an end to such abuses—declaring that he would deal as impartially with the dukes, his uncles, as though they were unconnected with him, and that as for their evil counsellors and agents he would strictly investigate and likewise severely punish their misdoings. Whilst making these promises and threats the king entered the town of Beziers where Betisac was then residing ; but carefully concealing the representations that had been made to him, he ostensibly devoted the first three or four days of his sojourn to fêtes and amusements while he employed persons secretly to commence the closest investigation ; on the fourth day, these inquisitors informed him that the charges against his uncle's treasurer were of a nature so serious as to involve nothing short of capital punishment.

When the king's council assembled, Betisac was by their order arrested in his own house and brought before his judges. The council table was likewise covered with a load of papers containing evidence of his exactions : " Look there, Betisac," said they, pointing towards them, " look and answer. What have you to say against these proofs of your evil practices ? "

At these words, a *greffier* commenced reading each paper separately to the accused, who, although thus taken by surprise found answers readily for all the charges ; those bearing his signature he was ready enough to acknowledge ; but then, as he said, having only acted under the orders of the Duke de Berry, *he* was the person, as his master, whom they ought to interrogate ; as for the other documents he utterly disclaimed them—" I know nothing at all about them, answered he, " ask the Seneschals de Beaucaire and de Carcassone, or rather the Chancellor de Berry, they may afford you better information." At this reply, the commissioners were sadly baffled, but while awaiting other evidence they sent the accused to prison. As soon as he was safely lodged therein, they repaired to his hotel, seized all his papers, brought them away and examined them at leisure. The number of exactions, and amount of the sums levied in like manner on the king's signiories and seneschalships, as shown by these documents, were so astounding that those who listened almost doubted the faithfulness of the report which they heard read ; Betizac was, therefore, again summoned ; and he freely acknowledged the authenticity and accuracy of the accounts, repeating, however, that he had been, as it were, but the channel through which this wealth had passed into the Duke de Berry's hands, adding, that the acquittances for all would be found in a certain part of his hotel, which he also named to them. Search was, thereupon, immediately made ; the acquittances were strictly compared with the original receipts and found in each case nearly to correspond. They amounted altogether to the large sum of three millions of francs !

The commissioners were astounded at such indubitable evidence of the Duke de Berry's exactions, and inquired of Betizac the use to which his master had appropriated such enormous wealth.

" My lords," he replied, " it is not possible that I should know ; a great portion has, I believe, been employed in the purchasing of castles, hotels, estates and jewels from the Counts of Boulogne and Etampes. The duke's mansions, as you know, are splendidly fitted up, and he has been so liberal to his valets Thibaut and Morinet that they are already rich men."

" And you, Betisac," enquired the Sire de la Riviere, " what has been your share of this plunder—a hundred thousand francs ? " " My lord," returned Betizac, " my master the Duke of Berry held his power of the king, I mine from the Duke de Berry ; so that, in truth, I have acted under the authority of the king himself, because I did not act save under sanction of the governor himself." With regard to my personal gains all I have acquired has been by the duke's permission, who wills that his dependents should be in good circumstances : my wealth, therefore, is lawfully acquired, and, justly my own, as derived from such a source."

" You argue fallaciously," replied Messire Jean Lemercier, " no acquisition of ill-
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acquired wealth can be fair and reasonable." The day's proceedings here terminated, and the accused was remanded to prison, whilst the commissioners reported to the king what he had urged in his defence, that he might therein use his royal pleasure.

"May Heaven grant him a right judgment!" exclaimed Betisac, who, bowing to his judges was reconducted to prison.

The welcome news of Betisac's imprisonment had, meanwhile, spread itself through the adjacent country, and the inhabitants flocked in shoals from all the adjacent parts into the city; amongst these could be numbered thousands of poor creatures whom the duke had plundered, and they positively forced entrance into the king's hotel, imploring for justice—children whom he had made orphans, women whom he had made widows, maidens whom he had wronged, swelled this crowd of supplicants; for their wealth, life and honor had each, in turn, fallen a prey to the relentless character of this dread noble. The very blood of his oppressed people seemed to rise before the king and cry for vengeance on the oppressor. Charles resolved therefore to satisfy its demand and ordered the council to pronounce the prisoner's sentence. The judges had already assembled for that purpose, when their proceedings were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of two knights, the Sires de Nantoullet and De Mespin. They had come to acknowledge, in the name of the Duke de Berry, all that Betisac had done, at the same time demanding of the king and council that he should be delivered up, saying that the duke himself was ready to meet any enquiries which the council or the king might please to make.

The council now found itself involved in an awkward predicament—nothing was more probable than that the Duke de Berry might sooner or later resume that ascendancy over the king which he had at this moment lost, and that it would, therefore, be dangerous to offend him: on the other hand, the crimes and oppressions of Betisac were of so palpable and flagrant a nature, that to let him leave his prison unpunished, would be a positive insult to the king's supreme justice. The members of the council suggested a middle course, which was to seize his property and estates, sell them and divide their profits amongst the poor, and by this means he would be reduced to the state of poverty and insignificance from which the Duke had raised him; thus urged the king's advisers, but Charles himself would consent to no such tampering with justice; saying that a punishment of the kind proposed might, indeed, satisfy those whom Betisac had merely deprived of wealth, but that the once happy families in which he had sown the seeds of shame and dishonor could receive no satisfaction, save by bringing the author of their misery to an ignominious death.

In the midst of these proceedings an old man presented himself before the council: he had learnt what was going forward, and now presented himself with an offer to convict Betisac of a crime so personal, indeed, that the duke, his master, would not take upon himself the responsibility of proceeding alone.

"What are the steps requisite for this purpose?" asked the commissioners.

"You must put me in prison with the criminal," was the reply; but the old man would enter into no further explanation, saying that as the affair was his own he would take the direction of the business entirely upon himself. This wish was immediately acceded to and he was led publicly to prison. The gaoler having received full instructions thrust him hastily into Betisac's cell and locked the door fast upon him. The old man now pretended to be unaware that the dungeon was inhabited, stretching out his arms and feeling before him as though his powers of sight were imperfect; then having reached the wall he rested himself against it, placed his elbows on his knees and his head sunk between his hands.

Betisac gazed with astonishment on this unexpected invader of his solitude and moved to attract his attention, but the old man was still motionless, as if his thoughts were buried in deep meditation; his companion then proceeded to address him, asking him whether he were not a recent occupant of their gloomy abode. The old man now raised his eyes and in a corner described his interrogator kneeling in the attitude of prayer. "Dare one," he inwardly asked, "one so guilty offer up a prayer? Again he shuddered upon finding himself so near a fallen creature whom he had promised to betray. Betisac repeated his question.

"Aye," replied the old man in a hollow voice.

"And what is the latest news in the town," asked his fellow prisoner in a tone of affected indifference.

Every body is discussing the fate of Bétisac."

"And what say they?" asked he, who was so deeply interested in the question.

"They say," was the reply, "that justice will at last overtake him, and that he will be hanged."

"Gracious God!" echoed Bétisac, in a state of phrenzy, springing hastily to his feet. The old man suffered his head again to fall between his hands, and the silence of the dungeon remained unbroken save by the laboured respiration of him who had just heard such fearful intelligence. For an instant he remained erect and immovable, but his limbs soon failing him, he leant for support against the wall, and with his hand dashed off the drops of mortal agony which were rolling down his brow. Then recovering from his stupor of fell despair, and without change of attitude, in a hoarse voice he continued, "Holy Virgin! is there no hope for him?" The old man remained silent as though he had not heard the question. "I ask you, is there no hope?" said his companion walking up to him and shaking his arm with phrenzied violence.

"Aye," calmly replied the old man, "there is one—the rope may break."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Bétisac wringing his hands: "what shall I do? and of whom can I ask counsel?"

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, steadfastly gazing at him, as though unwilling to lose the smallest trace of the despair imprinted on his victim's countenance.

"Ah! Ah! you then are the man whose name a whole nation execrates? Is not the weight of the last hours of such a life as your's heavy indeed to sustain?"

Bétisac sent forth a deep-drawn groan, as he exclaimed: "let them strip me of everything—furniture, money, houses, let all these be given up to the incensed crowd, so that they spare my life, even though I drag it on, chained hand and foot within the walls of this dreary dungeon,—life, dear life! 'tis still so sweet, so dear to me!" The wretched being now rolled himself with the contortions of a madman on the floor of his dungeon. The old man silently watched his movements until he saw him almost breathless and exhausted with the anxious writhings of despair. "And should there be one who could save you?" he asked:—

Bétisac raised himself on his knees and gazed at the old man as though he would have read the inmost workings of his soul, "How say you?" exclaimed he.

"That you have excited my compassion," answered the old hypocrite, "and that if you will follow my counsel, all will go well."

"Speak! speak, I entreat you, I am rich—my whole wealth—" "The old man interrupted him with a loud burst of laughter."

"Even so," he said, "thou hopest to redeem thy life with that gold which has tempted thee to its forfeiture, isn't not so? and then thou wilt think thyself acquitted both of God and man."

"No, no, I shall ever be as now a guilty wretch; I know it, and I repent me in very bitterness of soul—but you told me there was a means—what is it?"

"If I were in your place, which Heaven forefend! lo you! what I should do."—Bétisac seemed absolutely to devour each word as it fell from the old man's lips, who further added: "On being again summoned before the king's council I would continue to deny"—

"Yes, yes," said Bétisac.

"But I should say that, moved to repentance by another crime, I would desire rather to confess for the salvation of my soul; I would say that I had long erred against the faith of Christ, that I was a Manichean, a heretic,"—

"The which is altogether false," interrupted Bétisac; "I am a good christian, firmly believing in the Saviour and the Holy Virgin." The old man proceeded as though Bétisac had not spoken:—

"I would say, then, that I was a Manichean and a heretic and that such I would ever remain: then the bishop of Béziers would claim possession of me, for from

that moment I should fall under the jurisdiction of the church; that prelate would transfer me to the pope of Avignon; and, as our holy Father Clement is a great ally of my lord the Duke de Berry."—

"I understand," said Betisac, interrupting him. "Aye, aye, my lord of Berry will not permit that farther harm be done me. Ah! you are my saviour," and he would have instantly thrown himself into the old man's arms, but the latter repulsed him. At that moment the door of the cell opened to admit an officer who had come to reconduct the prisoner to the council chamber.

When Betisac found himself in presence of his judges, he determined to employ the artifice that had been suggested to him, and kneeling down with an air of humility, he asked permission to speak:—his request was immediately granted.

"Noble lords," said he, "in this my sore strait I have questioned my conscience, and I fear me that I have greatly angered heaven, not for the having pillaged and oppressed the poor; for thanks be to heaven, I therein only acted conformably with the orders of my master; but for the having erred against the Christian faith." The judges looked at one another with astonishment, "Yes," continued Betisac, "yes, my lords, 'tis even so, for my mind rejects belief in the mysteries of the Trinity and other tenets held by the Catholic church; nor do I put faith in the resurrection of the body."

A shuddering murmur of astonishment ran through the whole assembly. Whereupon the Sieur Lemer cier although his mortal enemy, thus cautioned him:—"Betisac, consider well what you have just uttered, for these are words which sorely wound our holy mother church and which may send you to the stake. Be on your guard, therefore."

"I know not," continued Betisac, "what penalty may attach itself to my words, whether of fire, or of water; but these opinions I have held ever since capable of reasoning on like matters, and such I shall continue to maintain while reason lasts."

Upon hearing this the judges devoutly crossed themselves, and fearing lest the salvation of their own souls might be endangered by listening longer, they ordered the culprit to be taken back to prison. On entering his cell, Betisac eagerly sought for the old man, in order to inform him how matters stood; but the aged visitant was no longer there. Heaven alone has therefore cognizance of what passed within the wretched prisoner's mind from that day until the morrow, but on that morrow he might, indeed, have denied his identity with the Betisac of the preceding evening. Eternal justice had, however, converted those hours into years, and in a single night his raven hair had become white as snow.

The king on being informed of the avowal made by Betisac was greatly astonished, and exclaimed, "*Sang Dieu!* we thought him only thief, and lo! he is heretic to boot; we deemed him worthy of the rope only, and now, it seems, he merits the flames. Well, be it so; he shall be both hanged and burned: and now, should our uncle of Berry be willing again to answer for his crimes, we shall see whether his friendship will extend even to the stake."

The news of the avowal made by Betisac soon spread through the town of Beziers; whereupon every street was filled with rejoicing crowds, for he was to the last degree hated and execrated by the populace: but none could be more astonished on learning the intelligence than were the two knights, who had come in the name of the Duke de Berry to demand possession of the culprit; they perceived at once that his case was hopeless, and concluded that he had been counselled to make such avowal by some fiendish enemy. However that might be, the king had pronounced his sentence; one only chance seemed therefore left, which was for him to deny on the morrow his confession of the preceding day. His friends consequently hastened to his prison, in order to counsel him regarding his defence: but the jailor told them, that an express order had been brought from the king by four sergeants-at-arms, prohibiting them and every one else, on pain of death, from holding speech with the heretic Betisac—whereupon, the knights exchanged with each other despairing looks—and regaining their hotel, mounted their horses, and returning to acquaint the Duke de Berry with the unsuccessful result of their mission.

On the morrow, about ten o'clock, officers arrived to take away Betisac from prison—perceiving that he was being conducted not before the king's council, but to the archbishop's palace, hope revived within his bosom. Arriving there, he found assembled both the king's commissioners and officers of the church, which sufficiently evidenced to his willing mind that there was a contest touching his case then going on between the temporal and the spiritual authorities. Shortly after his arrival, the Bailiff of Beziers whose prisoner he had hitherto been, thus addressed the ecclesiastics: "Messeigneurs, before you stands Betisac whom we render up to your jurisdiction as a heretic and declaimer against the faith: if his crime had fallen within cognisance of the king's court of justice, his case would have been therein adjudged; but, through his heresy, it appertains to ecclesiastical justice: award unto him that which his deeds deserve." Betisac believed himself saved. Hereupon the bishop's official demanded whether he were guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, and Betisac, seeing that the matter was assuming the favorable complexion which he had been led to expect, replied in the affirmative. The public were then admitted, and Betisac was called upon to repeat his confession in their presence, which he proceeded to do three several times, agreeable to the prompting of his aged adviser, and thrice the multitude heard his avowal—sending forth, in response, a dreadful roar like that of a lion smelling blood.

On a sign from the official, Betisac was again consigned to the custody of the sergeants-at-arms, who led him forth from the hall; when descending the steps, the eager crowd pressed around and hemmed him in, as though still fearful he might again escape their grasp.

Betisac, meanwhile, supposed that he was about to be conducted to Avignon.

At the foot of the staircase he found the old man his adviser seated on a projecting post; his countenance wore an expression of joy from which the prisoner drew a favorable inference:—"Aye, Aye," said the old man with a nod of recognition, "is it not so? does not every thing run smoothly? and he burst into a malicious laugh;" then mounting upon a projection from which he commanded a view of the crowd below, he shouted to Betisac: "Betisac, forget not whose counsel you are following; remember it is mine:" and, quickly descending from his elevation, he traversed, with all the speed his age permitted, a bye street leading to the public square. Betisac meanwhile was solemnly conducted thither along the main street still surrounded by the crowd, who, from time to time, uttered one of those appalling yells which once heard can never be forgotten. The culprit merely attributed these yells to the rage of the populace disappointed at the escape of its prey, at the same time wondering greatly that he had been allowed to quit the town unharmed. Upon reaching the palace square, however, a loud shout greeted his appearance, which was re-echoed by the multitude who had followed him.

The crowd now rushed towards the centre of the square where a pile had been raised, above which rose a gibbet, stretching its skeleton arm towards the main street; and from it depended an iron chain and collar. Betisac for a moment found himself left with his four guards only about him, so eagerly had all pressed forward to secure the best places around the scaffold. The whole truth in an instant flashed vividly upon the mind of the wretched man, and certain death under its most appalling aspect, presented itself to his view. "Ah! my Lord de Berry," he exclaimed, "your servant is too surely doomed; help! oh! help!"

The crowd answered this appeal by execrations loud and deep on his own head and that of the Duke; as the culprit sternly refused to advance, the sergeants lifted him in their arms and carried him towards the dreaded pile. Betisac now struggled and cried aloud that he was no heretic, and that he believed in the Saviour, born of the Blessed Virgin. He called to upon Heaven to witness the truth of his assertion, and reiterated his prayers for mercy, which the people only answered by loud shouts of scoffing laughter. Then he called piteously upon the Duke of Berry to rescue him, but each time his entreaties were drowned in shouts of—"To the flames with him! To the flames with him!" At last, the sergeant dragged him to the foot of the pile, around which a strong barrier had been constructed, and, leaning against one of its upright beams, he beheld the old man whose counsels he had so fatally followed.

"Accursed wretch!" exclaimed Betisac, perceiving him, "'Tis thou who hast brought me hither. I am innocent, my worthy friends," he continued, turning towards the crowd, "and there stands the malignant demon who has lured me to destruction. Help! good people, help!" The old man was convulsed with laughter.

"Come," said he, "it seems you have a good memory, at least, for you do not forget the friend who gave you good counsel at your need. As a last piece of advice, Betisac,—think of your soul's safety."

"Yes, good people," eagerly resumed the latter, hoping thereby to gain a respite; "yes, a priest, a priest!"

"And wherefore?" exclaimed the old man, "since he hath not a soul to be saved and that his body is condemned to the fire?"

"Away with him! away with him!" shouted the people.

The executioner now approached him. "Betisac," said he, "your death is decreed; evil deeds have brought you to this evil end."

Betisac stood petrified with horror, his eyes assumed an expression of stolidity, and his hair stood on end. The executioner taking him by the hand, led him towards the pile, obedient now as though he were a child, and, having raised him in his arms, the assistants opening the iron collar clasped it round his neck. The wretched culprit remained suspended without being strangled: at the same moment, the old man hastily seizing a resinous torch which was burning in a brazier near at hand, set fire to the pile, from which the executioner and his assistants immediately leapt down. Feeling the flames about to consume him, the ill-fated wretch recovered all his energies. Then, without uttering another cry, or again imploring mercy, he seized with both hands the chain to which he was suspended, and, drawing himself up by the main strength of his wrists, he gained the cross-tree of the gibbet, to which he clung with his hands and knees, holding himself as far aloof from the pile as possible. He thus kept himself out of reach of the fire whilst the lower part of the pile was being consumed; but the flames speedily extended to the topmost faggots, and like a creature endued with animation and intelligence raised its fangs upwards towards Betisac spouting forth from its all-consuming jaws sparks and smoke, until at length the monster seemed to curl itself around his every limb like a tongue of fire. The flames having now caught his garments, the unhappy malefactor uttered a shriek at the deadly caress.

An awful silence thereupon ensued amongst the multitude, as if nothing of this last dreadful struggle, of a created being with the elements of life and death, should be lost; and the piteous wailings of the one were heard intermingling with the triumphant roars of the other. In other words, the man and the element, the sufferer and his executioner, seemed to wrestle and struggle, with the most horrible contortions conceivable; but, after the lapse of a moment, the man yielded himself vanquished, his enfeebled knees could cling no longer to the supporting beam, his hands could no longer clasp the red hot chain, but uttering a loud and lamentable shriek and allowing himself to drop, he found himself, for a few seconds, again suspended in the midst of the flames. That misshapen mass, which had so recently wore a human form, struggled convulsively for an instant, then seemed as if its animation were nearly suspended, then remained motionless. A minute afterwards the ring, by which the chain was riveted to the gibbet, detached itself, the wood of the gibbet itself being now burnt through, and then, as if dragged down to hell for his heresy and crimes, the body of the malefactor fell and disappeared amidst the blazing mass.

Beholding this, the crowd dispersed in solemn silence, none remaining at the foot of the pile save the old man, who seemed a personification of the evil one awaiting to seize the soul of the condemned:—

THE GUILTY BETISAC HAD BEEN THE SEDUCER OF THAT OLD MAN'S DAUGHTER!

(We shall continue this interesting Chronicle in our next.)

MAGAZINE.]

E.—JULY, 1840.

THOUGHTS ON THE OBITUARY OF SPRING 1840.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

THE sweet season of flowers and green fields, balmy breezes and fair promises, has been always the most trying period of the year for the most interesting growth of humanity. The lovely and intellectual, of both sexes, those promising scions which filled the hearts of parents with boundless affection, pardonable ambition, and the best hopes they could cherish (so far as this life is concerned) have frequently found that the sharp winds of March and the false smiles of May were alike fatal—the garden and the grave have flourished together.

Our observations during the late pleasant months, have not however led us to think that many of the young and fair have been the usual sacrifice offered by our climate. We have seen far more of those in ripe years removed than of the younger, and of course feel more satisfied with a disposal which is in the true course of nature. Nevertheless! those who have been honored through a long life have a right to be lamented at its close, and in the case of near connection, the longer the tie, the more painful will be the stroke that severs it. It has struck us that a more than usual proportion of our old officers both of the army and navy, have fallen this spring, thereby not only making painful gaps in many a social circle, but depriving society itself of a class not likely to be soon re-animated, and which, as philanthropists, we cannot consistently wish to see restored. Glorious as they were in their day, invaluable to the country which their valor preserved, and dear to those blest by their virtues and honoured by partaking their names and sharing their fame, surely it is better we should honor them, and rejoice in them, than desire that the race of warriors should be continued, since we apprehend war alone could have made them what they were. Brave by nature, enterprising from principle, still the habit of thinking and combining rapidly, of venturing with prompt valour and undaunted resolution, of rendering unforeseen circumstances effective for intentional ends, of bearing, unblenched, horrible sights, and never quailing under the most mortifying disappointments; are all acquirements made by the actual habits of the warrior whose school is the battle field of either land or ocean. May centuries pass by! ere the folly, ambition and ferocity of the *few*, open such a school for the *many*, as we all know the close of the last century and the beginning of the present afforded—may we be eternally grateful to the many who took high degrees there and especially thankful that the president is still spared to us. May we strew flowers on every grave of the dead, and before the feet of the living, who have been thus distinguished, but may neither our children, nor their children, behold such another spirit arise

“Cry havoc and let slip the dogs of war,”

as that which once animated the clay* France is so anxious to enshrine.

The most distinguished of those now “gone down to the dust,” but whose me-

* Count Caffarelli, in his report to the Chamber of Peers on the bill to transfer all of Napoleon's remains, complimented England on her ready acquiescence in the demand of France, relative to this object. Orders were accordingly despatched by her Majesty's Ship Dolphin, to Major-General Middleton, Governor of St. Helena, to surrender the body of Napoleon to the French authorities.

In Alexander's Description of the Colonies of Western Africa, a curious circumstance is related relative to the late emperor's heart. He states that a military friend of his, who was at St. Helena when Napoleon died, told him a few years since, that he and others believed that the heart of “the mighty dead” had been removed by some of the suite in the following manner:—The young officer on guard in the room where lay the embalmed body, and the heart in a separate case, in readiness to be placed in the coffin with the corpse, was pressed by the French attendants to go into the dining-room, and partake of a collation. He imprudently did so; and when he returned to his post, the coffin was found screwed down. He remonstrated, and said that he ought to have been present when the body and heart were placed in the coffin. “Don't be under any uneasiness,” was the reply, “we did not like to disturb you at your meal, and have arranged every thing properly.”

From the above statement, it may at least be doubted whether the heart of Napoleon remains at St. Helena, or in the keeping of those who are said to have appreciated it.

[THE COURT

mory must live to the end of time, is that of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, G.C.B. to whose character is attached more of what we deem the chivalrous and enterprising, the passion for arduous achievement and personal encounter than, perhaps, any of his great contemporaries. We remember the time when his name was like the sound of a trumpet in the land, vibrating from the senate to the cottage, and stirring up alike gallant spirits among the high-born, and bold ones among the rustic population, and it will be concluded that the ladies of the land were not slow to discern his merits and applaud his prowess. It must have been in 1794 or 1795 when he was for a short time at Bath, and his "sayings and doings" formed the *ou dits* of the day, amongst the young and fashionable, the great and gay. To have a real turkish turban pinned by Sir Sidney Smith, was an acquisition to which the proudest might deem it an honor to aspire, and to receive from himself an account of the countries he had visited, the actions in which he had been engaged, was a pleasure every one envied. His subsequent imprisonment, in consequence of a most daring irruption into the very mouth of the enemy, filled the general heart with sorrow, and every refusal to exchange him from the French government, every real, or pretended, account received of his ill usage in the prison of the Abbaye, operated as a personal wrong and insult, felt through every nerve of the British Empire. When in the summer of 1798 his masterly escape became known, the rejoicings were commensurate with past sorrows, and the bells of every church in the island rang congratulatory peals—we well remember that some great engagement was expected at the time, and such ringing disappointed the graver politicians, who had hoped it was the harbinger of an important victory, not the escape of an individual; but yet the name of Sir Sidney neutralized ill-humour and charmed the buoyant and hopeful, who considered him invulnerable. I firmly believe no single man's return to his country and her service, has been so warmly received by his countrymen, since that of Richard Cœur de Lion.

We all remember (for our annals are full of it) how immediately he re-commenced his duties, and hastening to those seas, where the crusaders had exhibited all the energy of courage in days of old, proved its still surviving power, aided by the skill of science and the value of discipline—"the piping times of peace," as Richard III. calls them, has not made us forget the siege of Acre, the overthrow of Buonaparte's projects, the almost superhuman exertions of a mere handful of British sailors animated by the spirit of their resistless leader, who was every where "seen, heard, and understood." No! though his country has long lost him, and he has dwelt with the people from whom he once fled, yet she has not forgotten him, notwithstanding we grieve to learn that he was laid in a foreign land, and

"By strangers honored and by strangers mourn'd."

Why Britain lost his services when she most required them, and when, in the vigor of manhood and with the benefit of experience they must have been most valuable, is best known to court gossips and political manœuverers;—it is enough that his laurels were untarnished, though his comforts were diminished, and if woman inflicted the wound, woman was also appointed to heal it, for his marriage was most happy.

The Countess of Cork* claims our particular notice and our grateful remembrance.

* This venerable lady, daughter of John, first Viscount Galway, born May 21, 1746, was second wife of the late Earl of Cork, to whom she was married in April, 1786. The late countess bore a very prominent part in London society, owing much of her reputation in the fashionable and literary world, to her having endeavoured to infuse into the formal routine of high life in England (as it then existed) a portion of the wit and energy of Parisian réunions in the last century.

While still Miss Monckton, she made the house of her mother, Lady Galway, the point of rendezvous, where talent and genius might mingle with rank and fashion, and by giving a higher tone to the circles in which she lived, this distinguished lady contributed in no slight degree to thin the ranks of those fashionable votaries of gaming, who were wont nightly to surround the faro table, and her celebrated Sundry parties were the first in which more innocent excitement were substituted for those of play. The late countess dined out every day till within a week of her death, and only on the preceeding Thursday she seemed likely to complete the century she was within a few years of attaining—she had a strong repugnance to being thought ill, and would say "she was ready for death, but didn't wish to see him coming."

Living beyond the general span of advanced life, for she had entered her ninety-fifth year, and retaining not only her faculties but her senses, and a keen relish for society, she has probably enjoyed and diffused its pleasures more than any person upon record. Lady Cork, though pretty and agreeable, did not marry till she had entered her fortieth year; but previous to that time she had rendered her mother's (Lady Galloway's) house the *rendezvous* of the most distinguished persons of her day, and has the credit of being the first individual among the aristocracy who paid respect to literature and talent, and thereby gave a charm to fashionable re-unions they had never known before, and laid a foundation for improvement evident in the present day. To this opinion we do not give implicit credence, knowing as we must do, that men of high rank, (who were also men of learning and abilities), had long held close friendship with men of genius and science—witness the Earl of Southampton's love for Spencer—Lord Bolingbroke's intimacy with Pope—the Duke of Queensberry's with Gay, &c.; still it is possible that this good natured Countess was the first who invited her own sex freely to the small *recherche* dinner parties she was fond of giving even to the last, or the *soirées* which she desired to render as redolent of wit as the once celebrated *petits soupers* of the French noblesse previous to the great Revolution, for she had been a great deal amongst them. It was our good fortune once to spend a fortnight under the same hospitable roof with her, and our impression is, that she was the most lively and entertaining old woman that ever was known. Her memory (ten or eleven years since) was singularly retentive, especially of the "auld world" days of her youth, and she brought George III., his bride, and his court before you, in the most lively manner, though, sooth to say, there were few respectable persons in it besides the royal young couple. With Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Wilks, and the great lawyers of her day, she was not less familiar; their dress, features, manners, and tones, all seemed as present to her as if she had met them the week before, but with the exception of Dr. Johnson she did not appear to have felt any regard for them. "I want people to amuse my company, and whether they come from the puddle or the palace what care I?" was an expression she frequently used, and was certainly any thing but flattering, to those whom she had distinguished—it effectually kept the writer from ever availing herself of the invitation to visit her which her ladyship gave very pressingly, but it appears she continued to patronize, and with better effect than heretofore, since D'Israeli has depicted her most happily and truly, in his novel of "Love," and certainly done more than all her preceding *protégées* to render her memory interesting.

Though an excellent *raconteuse*, Lady Cork was not an eloquent one, for she retained much of the Berkshire dialect, and called every clergyman of her acquaintance indiscriminately a "passon." Her penetration was great, being sharpened by experience, and there was about her an air of such sincerity, you could hardly consider her as one who had lived in courts—she had a keen relish for humour, as most people have who possess it themselves, and she undoubtedly sought the society of talented, witty persons, as being herself one of their body, and desirous of being appreciated as such by them. I firmly believe there never existed a noble, or royal author who did not feel his distinction as an author, far more dear and valuable than that which he derived from his titles. A sense of personal power is power *indeed*—from it we have derived jockey lords, coaching lords, rowing dukes, and fancy amateurs without end. Where the strife for distinction is that of mind, it will always be found that the knowledge which exalts, also levels; and at the present period, when persons of very different outward circumstances are thrown together they yet coalesce very agreeably. We have now no fulsome, cringing dedications like those which were the disgrace of Dryden—no sycophantic flatterers to applaud folly or varnish vice—nor, on the other hand, is there adopted now-a-days that condescending air which mortifies whom it distinguishes; that caprice which is to-day all kindness, and to-morrow has forgotten your existence. We trust that the present race of poets have adopted Beattie's advice in the Minstrel—

"Know thy own worth, and reverence the lyre;"

and that servility to the great, will never again degrade those who are in truth the *greater*. Whilst they do themselves justice and their patrons also, it is not likely the latter will forget their claims, since it is certain, whatever may be their other qualities, they are well educated, and if also sensible and observant, will know the value of literary people to themselves. There is indeed no lack of talent, learning, energy, and even genius, in the English aristocracy of the present day, and the most exclusive system might include many of brilliant wit and most extensive information; but these will be the very persons most inclined to look beyond the distinctions of rank and the ceremonies of circle, to embrace kindred minds and enrol themselves among the brotherhood who are candidates for immortal fame.

That the times in this respect are much improved since the Countess of Cork mustered lords and lions, threescore years ago, there can be no doubt; and so far as she contributed to their mutual pleasure, she ought to be held in honor. We cannot, however, forget that her maxim was, "all persons of inferior rank who are admitted to the assemblies of the great must either *fiddle* or *toady*," an alternative I trust not often acted upon in this day, whatever it may have been in days which she has known. Those who live nearly a century with their eyes open must see a great deal, and there is a wonderful fluctuation in the fashions, manners and opinions, even in a quarter of a century.

It is about that time since Lord Byron sported the doctrine (for he did not originally broach it), that small hands and feet were peculiar to the aristocracy, and hence all the ensuing class of imaginative writers have adverted to this distinction as an established fact, down to the beautiful Mrs. Maberly, who talks of "high bred hands and feet" as being small and "of peculiar appearance." Now "with all deference," (to use the language of the Provost of Edinburgh respecting the Queen), "if Mrs. Maberly is a woman, as I take it she is," she ought to know that the child of her humblest dependant enters life with a skin as fair, soft and fine in grain, as that of those beautiful creatures to whom the gift of nature is perpetuated by care, and that the form and size of the infant's hands and feet are not regulated by the state in which labour has produced coarseness and size to that of its parents, but by the form of their limbs at the time when they also entered life. Let any person look into a poor-house, or an infant school, in the most unhallowed haunts of the metropolis, and this fact will be undeniable; very plain children, with faces marked by the characters of vice and folly will be found; but their hands, though dirty, will be fair and delicately formed, their feet will have the gipsy heel, the pink instep, the arched sole and the well-turned ancle. I do not send the reader to the Foundling Hospital for specimens, because it is probable that many of those innocent creatures owe their existence to aristocratic fathers, embued with the propensities of the stately ostrich, and willing that delicate editions of their noble hands shall earn their bread by the mallet or the forge, or meet infamy here, and perdition hereafter, by picking and stealing—no! this is a page in the book of nature which he that runs may read, one which no woman can be ignorant of.

Are there no clerks in the Bank of England with small delicate hands and well-formed feet? I trow, if we sought we should find many, and, amongst them, some vain enough of the circumstance—some, to whom St. Stephen's could furnish shoes that would be cradles, and gloves like those which Sterne tried in vain to purchase.

That a handsome man among the highly educated will be more handsome than a rustic beauty, there is no doubt, and Willis may be right in supposing, that the women of rank have their heads placed finely on their shoulders in consequence of their great grandmother's pride, though it is much more likely to have arisen from the pains taken from their cradle, and the wisdom displayed in their feeding and training, which is always best in the best families.

We have wandered strangely from the dead to the living, from corpses to caudle cups, from the great and the distinguished, to the weak and the despised, but cannot regret breaking a lance in behalf not only of millions of our fellow creatures, as yet unmarked by the fetters of poverty and toil, but of nature herself, who although she makes many noblemen noble, after her own glorious fashion, does not make them

with six fingers and six toes like Goliath of Gath, or diminish their extremities until a Wellesley could not grasp a sword nor a Herbert wield a pen ; for unquestionably if such an effect took place in the good old lady's freaks, the diminution must be in proportion to the antiquity and grandeur of the parties. Under such circumstances the progeny of our lovely Queen and her illustrious husband must have hands and feet resembling the nose of Aunt Dinah's husband, "little more than a mark"—no, no, we trust there will be hands to sway the sceptre, and feet that may stand firmly from generation to generation.

That the female aristocracy of this country are pre-eminent in personal beauty and grace, no person for a moment would think of denying, but there is also a great deal of beauty and grace out of the aristocracy—there are many gentlewomen in the land whose ancestors have considerable pretensions, though they have not happened to be ennobled, and there are many learned lawyers and divines who will come to be ennobled, let their ancestors have been what they might. Can any human being suppose that the descendants of these men shall experience a personal change, dependant on physical causes, because they obtain nobility from their sovereign ? As it was not bestowed on their hands, but their heads, I ween the former will be little affected by it. The royal touch may cure the evil (though few in this sceptical age admit it), but that a *tulle* though of the highest, a *ribbon* though of the scarcest, should mould the plastic form of a fragile and helpless being, so as to impart a distinctive mark of superiority from its birth, although such distinguished creatures wear no charmed life nor positive virtue, appears to us a folly the darkest of the dark ages could not sanction—is it not also a blasphemy ? imputing to man a power known only to his Maker, and contrary to the usual course of his providence. We all know that likeness will exist* many centuries in families ; for a time seem to vanish yet return ; and although this is noticed amongst the great only, we cannot doubt its existence amongst the poor—but since "in the chances and changes of this mortal life" the poor may become rich and even great, by the gratitude of their country, the favour of their sovereign—their merit or their fortune—when does the time come that their features change, their complexions alter, their eyes assume the brightness of their fortunes, and their nails become pink and bind their aristocratic fingers like a shell ? Till that period arrive we may say with a divine poet (though the son of a butcher):

Mind, mind alone ! bear witness earth and heaven,
The living substance in itself combines
Of beauteous and sublime ———

* The present Duke of Marlboro', about twenty years ago, was strikingly like the first duchess at the end of five generations, and of course extremely handsome.

SONNET

On the late atrocious attempt on the life of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

Perish the traitor who would madly raise
His hand against the Sovereign of our Isles,
Who thus could seek to cloud those halcyon days
When war is hushed, and peace on Britain smiles !
'Tis true, Victoria's people cry for bread,
But "from the land the poor shall never cease,"
And blest the nation where the annointed head,
Bids countless thousands eat the bread of peace.
To thank the King of Kings we lift our hearts,
The fair descendant of our royal line
Still lives uninjured by fell treason's darts,
No cypress wreath shall England's daughters twine,
But pealing organs pour the loyal strain
"God save the Queen" "long may Victoria reign !"

E. E. E
[THE COURT

TO MORNING.

When the morn breaketh
The darkness of night,
And the blossom awaketh
To greet the new light:
When the vapour ascendeth
From mountain and vale,
And with fleecy cloud blendeth
And spreadeth its sail.
When the bird carolleth
Out his bold song,
And the lazy kine strolleth
The meadows among,
I go to the greenwood to see the young day,
Sporting and chasing the shadows away.

There be many that greeteth
And waiteth me there,
When the darkness retreateth
Like beast to his lair.
There's the bee that so busily
Searcheth each cup,
And the wasp that so lazily
Draineth all up;
There's the sweet lark, that wingeth
His way to the sky;
Where loudly he singeth
Thanksgiving on high;
Whilst the thrush from the hawthorn bush, merrily he
Bids the forest round echo his carol of glee.

There the knat and fly starteth
From leaflet and stem,
And the swallow that darteth
Poor victims! on them:
There's the butterfly basketeth
In vestment of gold,
And with vanity asketh
The world to behold.
Whilst the spotted snake windeth
Away from the light,
For Apollo's ray blindeth
The sculkers of night;
Ah! would in the world that the evil would fly
Before the pure glance of the virtuous eye.

There's the dew drop empearleth
The blossoms, the flowers;
And tendril uncurlleth
Of bushes and bowers.
There's the grass looking greener
When lit by the morn,
And the brook flows serener
Ere breezes are born;
So I rise with the dawning, and seek the green wood,
To behold how the earth, when it waketh, "is good."

B.

A CREOLE'S LOVE,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT OF SAXE COBURG GOTHA

AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE EXTINCTION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, AND THE CIVILIZATION OF AFRICA,

(*Whose first Anniversary was holden at Exeter Hall, June 1, 1840,*)

BY

GEORGE FREDERICK CARDEN,* ESQ.

Of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery, and the new system of ex-urban burial in England.

[His Royal Highness Prince Albert, President of this Society, having generously signified his intention of taking the chair at its first meeting, the demand for tickets was so great, that considerable sums were offered to obtain them. Before ten o'clock those parts of the hall appropriated to the audience were filled to overflowing by a most respectable assemblage, wherein, however, the number of ladies generally predominated. At eleven H. R. H. Prince Albert appeared on the platform, attended by Fowel Buxton, Dr. Lushington, and other warm advocates of freedom, and was received by the company with enthusiastic cheers accompanied by waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The national anthem having been played on the great organ, the royal chairman, who seemed highly gratified by this warm reception, proceeded, in a very clear and distinct manner, in which a foreign accent was scarcely perceptible, to open the business of the day. "I have," His Royal Highness said, "been induced to preside at the meeting of this society, from a conviction of its paramount importance to the great interests of humanity and justice. I deeply regret that the benevolent and persevering exertions of England to abolish that atrocious traffic in human beings, at once the desolation of Africa, and the blackest stain upon civilized Europe, have not, as yet, led to any satisfactory conclusion. But I sincerely trust that this great country will not relax in its efforts, until it has finally put an end to a state of things so repugnant to the spirit of Christianity, and the feelings of our nature. Let us, therefore, trust that Providence will prosper our exertions in so holy a cause, and that under the auspices of our queen and her government, we may at no distant period be rewarded by the accomplishment of the great and humane object, for the promotion of which we have this day met."

Loud and continued applause followed his Royal Highness's speech, after which Mr. Buxton communicated to the meeting a letter addressed by command of Queen Adelaide to Sir Thomas Ackland, with a donation to the society of £100. Letters were also read from the Archbishops of Canterbury, York, and Armagh, also the Bishop of London, enclosing donations. Mr. Buxton then proposed the first resolution, to the effect, "that notwithstanding all the measures hitherto adopted for the suppression of the foreign trade in slaves, and the strenuous and combined exertions of the whole Christian community to effect

* We are fully aware, for our feelings tell us so, plainly, that a sense of self-demerit would make us tardy in appearing, by name, before the public:—we have, however, been sometimes forced, in our endeavours to promote the public service, to take a very prominent, open and single-handed part in the accomplishment of schemes which we have thought would be, and which public opinion confirms are, esteemed by the community. True it is we are told in some works of charity "not to let our left hand know what our right hand does," but at other times we are commanded, in order to encourage others to do likewise, "to give openly, and to let our light shine before men." We are rejoiced, therefore, to have the full power of openly coming forward in aid of the great cause of exterminating the traffic in slaves, and, in this instance, most cordially giving our humble support (in which we crave the powerful aid of the influential leaders of the press) so that from one end to the other of the kingdom the saying of H. R. H. Prince Albert may be as a watchword, to cast forth from the page of future history that black spot of the basest, most debasing and odious commerce of man selling his fellow-creature man—that, as the doings of the dark ages when men were burnt for witchcraft is now regarded with the utmost abhorrence, as a great wickedness—so may the demon brutality of carrying away men guilty of no crime, and holding over them the power of life and death, be looked upon as cold-blooded villainy—and the offenders so caught kidnapping their fellow-creatures be regarded as murderers, since in our opinion it matters not whether a man's throat be cut, or his heart-strings broken, if he be, whether slowly or quickly, victimised by oppression.

[THE COURT

its extinction, the traffic has increased and continues to increase under circumstances of even aggravated horrors." "Africa," he continued, "was one universal slaughter-house, and as for the horrors of a slave ship they were not to be described, scarcely even to be conceived. The aim," he added, "of the society was the achievement of a state of things the very reverse of what now existed in Africa—commerce, which should carry away her superfluities in exchange for the produce afforded by the skill and machinery of this country, and above all to establish religion in Africa. And they, therefore, with humility believed, but with full assurance, that God's blessing would be bestowed upon their work. The hon. gentleman concluded by expressing his deep feeling of gratification at seeing H. R. H. Prince Albert in the chair, with his fervent desire that Her Majesty, his Royal Consort, might long reign with boundless prosperity.

Fashion will sway multitudes to follow even evil, no less than to adopt the most unfitting and outré costume (witness the fashions of the old dresses displayed in our portraits); so let fashion work its wonders, to stir up a spirit within the hearts of all Englishmen, in which we trust they will be heartily joined by all Frenchmen, since the French ambassador honored their meeting with his presence—and make them bind themselves to put an end to the horrible trafficking in their fellow creatures. Will it then have to be long said, that with power, encouraging on the one hand; and money, supporting on the other, the united will of the English nation shall be insufficient for this noble purpose—for none dare now in this free land shew other than secret murmurs of discontent, since Wilberforce was so honored by the countenance of all parties to the tomb. The English nation supported surely too by all but the basest and most sordid in spirit, and the most selfish in heart, we think this object of "freedom" need not fail; we even think we could, if so aided as the cause demands, and this society seems to promise, accomplish it, and the first step towards the measure, in the success of which our most Sovereign Lady the Queen, as we are informed, takes so great an interest, and in which our venerated Queen Dowager, Adelaide, comes forward with so earnest a heart and with so liberal a hand, and, aware, from experience, that her Majesty's government, itself, is *on this subject sincere and anxious*, (for we had occasion once to put it to the test, by asking it to send home to Africa some negroes and their families—and they generously granted our application without grudging), all that the earnest friends of humanity have, therefore, to determine, is, "that with God's pleasure it shall be—and this society the instrument;" we will now, in self justification, proceed to show that we have not taken up the cudgel for fashion's sake, nor because great names stand forward, but from a heartfelt conviction that slavery is odious in the sight of God, hateful to generous minds, and repulsive to the dictates of humanity—abhorrent in the extreme, whether we consider the bondage of the slave, the shackles of superstition, the enthrallments arising from prejudice, or the iron hand of pernicious custom.

It is now some years ago, previous, indeed, to the firm resolve of Great Britain, whose voice was, in this instance, re-echoed in the councils of the English nation, that a Mr. Borthwick, a man of great genius, impressive power, and in every respect most fit by the smooth and persuasive nature of his words and utterance, travelled the country to *persuade* the public that slave owners were the proper persons to take in hand and perfect the slaves' emancipation! resolving for themselves, as well, the time, as the manner when they were to be free. It was at this period, that amongst other places, Mr. Borthwick visited Cheltenham, where he engaged, at the Assembly Rooms, in warm contest with the Quakers, particularly, and others who were really bent, as the sequel tells, upon freedom for the slave. It was at such a time that I chanced, also, to be at Cheltenham, and busily engaged at that period in my own Cemetery project, although often requested to attend the meeting, I did not, neither interfered, for I thought the stronger party,—the more enlightened minds, *must* be mine on the better side of the conflict. The discussions ended, it was proposed that a public dinner should be given to Mr. Borthwick. Much regretting that I had done nothing to promote the cause of freedom, I resolved to attend, and meeting the Rev. J. Moore, D. D., Rector of St. Pancras, London, and some other of my friends and acquaintances, I tried, in furtherance of support, to gain for the meeting the honor of their company.

In returning thanks at the dinner in question for the honor done him in drinking his health, Mr. Borthwick concluded an animated and touching address by wishing all the company "collectively and individually health, happiness! and prosperity, to themselves, their wives and their little ones." Contrasting this, in my own mind, with the health, the happiness and the prosperity of the slave, whether man, woman, or child, I craved leave, which was readily granted, to give a toast, and thus commenced—"To the memory of those bright spirits"—I could not, however, proceed further; loud were the cries from the end of the table, of "name, name, Wilberforce, Wilberforce." In this manner I was some eight times prevented from proceeding further, each time being also requested by the chairman to proceed; until at length I was only enabled to do so by special request from the chairman himself to the company to *hear* the toast to the end—I then gave as follows:—*To the memory of those bright spirits, through whose instrumentality an end has been put to the most accursed of all commerce, a traffic in human beings.*" The chairman addressing himself most courteously to me, craved, after this, my indulgence and correction should he not be accurate in repeating my toast. Having finished, it was received with three loud and hearty cheers, to the honor of all present be it recorded; for although, when I entered the room, I supposed that I was supporting the cause of "freedom," those present were a party, in reality, of totally opposite principles.

Dr. Lushington moved the next resolution—"That the utter failure of every attempt by treaty, by remonstrance and by naval armaments, to arrest the progress of the trade, and the exposure recently made by the publication of Mr. Buxton, of the deep interest which the African chiefs have in its continuance, as the means of procuring European goods, prove the necessity of resorting to a preventive policy, founded on different and higher principles." These resolutions having been seconded the meeting was addressed by Sir Robert Peel, after which H. R. H. Prince Albert quitted the chair, and having bowed to the assembly he retired amidst enthusiastic cheering. The Earl of Ripon then took the chair, and after various resolutions similar in tendency to the above, had been put and carried, the meeting separated. Amongst the distinguished individuals by whom it was attended was his Excellency M. Guizot* the French ambassador.]

ONE fine summer's evening, some years ago, a three-masted vessel belonging to Havre was seen approaching the Cape of the Havannah upon the phosphorescent waves of a tropical sea; the heavens were serene, and the breeze laden with rich pre-fumes gave token of adjacent land. In the fore-part of the ship there was seated a young man, a passenger, whose great reserve from the commencement of the voyage had called forth the observation of every one on board. His eyes were fixed in the direction of the coast of Cuba, as yet, indistinctly defined, and he seemed to experience an overpowering but melancholy delight in gazing thitherwards. The features of this hero of our tale were regular, and but for his pensive air, and the eager watchfulness of his eye, well-curved and dark eye-brow, contrasting remarkably with a pale complexion, nought else than his looks and manner would have singled him out from the rest. On the following day, the ship cast anchor in the centre of the gulf by whose numerous indentations, (resembling a wolf's teeth) the shore is so picturesquely scalloped, and from whose edge arise the walls of the Havannah.

Such persons as are desirous of forming an idea of ancient Spain, when she made her first descent on the shore of America, should visit the Havannah and gaze upon her oval port unceasingly crowded by a succession of at least 1500 merchant vessels, intermingled with numerous pirogas of the natives manned by naked negroes. This striking scene did not, however, appear to arrest the attention of this newly arrived voyager, for immediately on disembarking he hastened to ascertain the address of one Senor Alonzo Huerta, a rich privateering trader, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction. This Senor Alonzo, to whose house he forthwith repaired, received him with the utmost respect; but then his hospitality was of that ceremonious and overstrained character, that it might be easily guessed that the master

A member of the committee then begged to assure the hon. gentleman (Mr. G. F. Carden) that "long before the time of Mr. Wilberforce (whose name not I, but the company had mentioned) slavery was virtually abolished, and that laws had been passed for the purpose of suppressing it." Whereupon I gained permission to add to the toast already given, a sentiment "in honor of all those planters and others who had ceased, since the passing of those laws, to traffic in slaves;" and enlarged upon the horrible cruelties practised upon slaves, which one gentleman declared he had *never seen*, or, perhaps, heard of. This is a true record of that portion of the proceedings which touches upon the present subject—the having *at heart* freedom from slavery: as to the rest of that day's events, which were reported out of doors in a thousand different ways, (for it was the talk of the town,) all wondered that I escaped from the room alive, which preservation I owed to the kindest efforts of the chairman, committee, and gentlemen, (including particularly a surgeon residing at the north end of Cheltenham :) that night also, a friend of one of the speakers waited upon me at my residence, when a duel, for which there was no cause from angry feelings between the parties was proposed, and which, ultimately, the wisdom of the seconds, happily arranged, although matters | so far advanced that a surgeon, to whom great praise is due, was provided by my second.

But the fact of this very curious business is, that, although the wreck of an anti-slaver might have been rejoiced at, one, too, which had so won their approval—for never more heartily did company cheer a toast—the turmoil alluded to arose from mistake: nevertheless, some one present or his "friend" might have been anxious to have sent to his grave the proposer of a Cheltenham cemetery whereby an examination on the part of the Rev. Mr. Close, as regarded his burial fees, might have then exposed the knavery by which he has been so long and largely plundered.

* By decrees, dated December, 1839, the governor of the Island of Bourbon has emancipated 112 slaves, viz. seven free in fact—two men, one woman, and four children whose papers were in regular form; and 106 others in a state of actual slavery, viz. 17 men, 37 women, and 51 children.

This generous conduct is sadly, however, at fault with the total absence of all humanity in the head of the French government, which for the sake of *amusing* its idle (and, perhaps, dangerous) soldiery (when at home) is massacring as fast as possible to, threaten'd extermination the unoffending tribes of the African desert, of whose territories, thanks to the blindness and tameness of the English Government, they are endeavouring to keep unholy possession.

rarely entertained company. Prior to his guest's arrival he had retired to the saloon where he was in the habit of taking his *siesta*; and whilst indulging in the luxury of *hacer nada*, he flung himself into a suspended red-and-white-checked hammock, moving with it, to and fro, to the strains of a guitar touched by a young girl of color, who occupied another hammock in the same apartment. Gently swinging at his ease, the Spaniard was rolling a cigar between his fingers, whilst a negro standing over him waved a feather-fan, in order to change and freshen the air of the apartment, which, to render it far more luxurious (yet far less wholesome) was carpeted with scented matting.

The indolence of European Spaniards is well known, but, incredible as it may appear, they are surpassed in effeminacy by their brethren of America; and if the sloth of the latter admit of any comparison, it can only be with their excessive pride, which equals that of the most pompous mandarin of the *Celestial* empire. Alonzo beckoning to a negro who had announced the stranger's arrival, he was immediately presented with a sort of arm chair called a *butaca*.

"*Ave Maria Purissima!*" began the stranger, according to the form of Spanish salutation.

"*Sin pecado concebida*," answered the creole.

This etiquette completed, the new-comer proceeded to enquire of Don Alonzo whether he chanced to be acquainted with a certain Marquess del Ritto, a large Island landowner.

"Let me see—Marquis del Ritto! *Por Dios!*—I know the name—I have had commercial transactions with him."

The stranger seemed agitated, while the merchant took his cigar from his lips, sent a volume of aromatic smoke upwards, and called to his principal clerk, who was seated in an adjoining apartment. Senor Corrubeda, enquired the master, do you not remember a Marquis del Ritto, with whom we had some dealing in cigars and coffee?"

"Si Senor," quickly answered the clerk, whose head was large and rotund enough for a very index of the name of every colonist, planter, merchant and captain with whom the house of Huerta had ever had dealings, "this name has certainly been upon our books, but it is a long time ago."

"Find out when, and"—

"Where he resides," eagerly added the stranger.—

"Ah, here's the very thing," exclaimed the clerk stopping him short in his query and reading aloud from the ledger on his desk—"Received a hundred barrels of sugar from the Marquis del Ritto, residing at Guoyama,—received two hundred bags of coffee, etc."

"That's sufficient," said the young man.

"I am happy, sir," returned his host, "to have had it in my power to afford you the information you desire."

Poor youth! all the blood had flown to his heart on hearing that name pronounced by the nonchalant creole, and his countenance was now lit up by one solitary spark of happiness which illumined the gloomy shadows of the past.

"Guoyama," pursued the merchant, "is situate far hence, the journey thither would take you at least four-and-twenty hours. There are two means by which you can reach it; one by land, partly in a quitrin, partly on horseback, the whole of the road not being practicable for a carriage; the other by water as far as Massipa, from which place you must take a mule. I should recommend the latter, as the better route. You are certain of meeting at the port with numerous owners of pirogas, with one of whom you may easily bargain for your passage to Massipa."

Thanking Signor Alonzo for his useful intelligence, the youth lost no time in re-pairing to the port, where he found, as represented, a host of sailors who desired nothing better than to have him as a passenger, and he speedily agreed for the passage, fixing to start about midnight.

A voyager's first inclination on arriving in a strange country, is generally an insatiable desire to see, and also obtain information concerning, new objects; but this feeling cannot possess him whose heart and mind are burthened by the weight of

an engrossing thought, wherein, indeed, the dearest interests of life are centered. The mind of a tourist, like the leaves of his journal, should be blank and empty, till he has made it his province to fill them up. It was far otherwise with the mind of Don Alonzo's guest, and although this was his first landing on the coast of Havannah, he was by no means a stranger to the particularly striking aspect of Nature in a tropical climate; indeed, during the preceding year he had resided in Porto Rico, one of the Spanish islands, composing the grand chain of the Atlantic Archipelago. Let us now inquire into his occupation there, and the cause which had just carried him to Cuba. George, was one of those in whom a decided predilection for the fine arts was very early developed. He commenced the profession of a painter with success; so much so, that those who witnessed the beginning of his career, those who looked upon his sketches—full of poetic conceptions, feared not to pronounce that a brilliant reputation was in store for him. His friends spoke to him of a visit to Italy, in order that he might complete his studies; but in his own opinion, the school of Rome was only of primary importance for one aspiring to the directorship of the French Academy, or some such conspicuous and exalted post. He further thought that Nature herself afforded, in every country, sufficient inspiration, and that although northern climes might present features less charmingly attractive than the alluring landscapes of Italy, they offered, at the same time, greater difficulties to the student in the attainment of the picturesque; guided by the same conviction, he was, also, of opinion that other countries, those especially beneath the tropics would afford the finest materials for the exercise of that branch of the art which accorded most with his fancy. In the skies and the scenery of Italy, however brilliant, he considered that the eye is reminded only of objects daily presented to observation, whilst in these there cannot be recognised a single trace of the images with which we are familiar in native Europe. Under these impressions, George bade adieu to Paris, the city of his earliest predilection, and, rich in his store of pencils, paper and sketch-books, but above all, rich in anticipations of the bright future which his talents were to purchase for him, he set sail for Porto Rico. Of all the beautiful Antilles, this island is the least visited by Europeans, the consideration which chiefly influenced this individual's choice, yet one which must be readily appreciated by aspiring and ardent minds. What land, indeed, better calculated for the engendering of high poetic ideas, than the colonies? How many divine shades of color are there not there prepared upon Nature's palette, of which those of other climes are altogether ignorant! what sources of strong emotion are there not there bound up in the contemplation of a state of society whose frightful characteristic is slavery; a state wherein whole castes are groaning under the tyrannous hands of oppressors, wherein revenge in the hearts of the oppressed, like the volcanic fire contained within the bowels of the soil, is ever threatening some sudden outbreak to overwhelm the oppressor. How the heart must sicken at the contemplation of this foul and fiendish degradation of humanity! Think of these things, and then, whether artist or poet, or man of feeling and humanity, whether sovereign, prince, or subject, compare the mild sufferings of the inhabitants of these our blessed climes, with the torments endured, the degradation suffered in a land whereon scarcely a footstep can be taken without the heart being pierced, as if a thorn were in every path, with sights and sufferings which will make it sorely bleed.

George abandoned himself to those emotions of his ardent and enquiring soul, called up by the scenes around him, as by turns he wrote or drew under their irresistible inspiration, and while thus breathing, as it were, an atmosphere of poetry, love's imagery fired his bosom.

The day on which the lovely Anitta was first presented to his eye, was, perhaps, a luckless one for George. She appeared to him, although of American creation, as the very *chef-d'-œuvre* of nature. Never had he beheld a form so graceful, limbs so pliant, or features so faultless; and while thus rich in all the attributes of material beauty, Anitta possessed within her bosom an exhaustless treasure of devoted self-denying attachment. Their love was mutual, but Anitta loved, not because love is nature's law, not because sentiments might have been excited in her heart by a fitting object accidentally thrown in her way, but because in George she had met per-

sonified a certain individuality with which her thoughts had already identified themselves. In Europe, woman's heart is never thus constituted.

George, with the soul and imagination of a poet, was at no loss to comprehend the workings of Anitta's heart, and he loved with all the ardour of his impassioned nature. In France he had but dreamt of love; here, the dream was realised.

"Do not swear to love me always," Anitta would say, "I am, alas! only a poor girl of color; if I believe thy love: I shall live upon this thought, and, then, if you cease to love me I shall die."

"Fear not, my Anitta; beautiful, gentle as thou art, with all that bright intelligence which beams in thine eyes! I tell thee what my beloved one, if you were in France, there is not a man who would not be proud to consider you his equal, whatever his rank, and lay his fortune at your feet!"

Anitta belonged to one of those classes in the colonies which were formerly oppressed as well by law as by custom, as if by a hand of iron, and the sole advantage she possessed was that of freedom, as the term was generally understood in that country, meaning, simply, the right of disposing of herself, no master having the power of life and death, or even control over her. George, educated in France, a stranger to those ideas which regulate the economy of colonial life, could not imagine that there could exist one objection to his love for Anitta. Moreover, in the features of this lovely girl he had vainly sought for proof whence her origin. She was not, indeed, darker than many Spanish women by repute named always *white*. Custom alone condemned Anitta, for custom said, "She is of color," as are used in like manner the words of reproach among the Musselmans. "He is a Christian"—so also formerly throughout Christendom, and, even now, in Germany, "He is a Jew!"

The love of the young French painter for Anitta, the woman of color, failed, not, therefore, in speedily awakening the profound susceptibility of the whites, and George was accordingly rarely admitted into their society. But what mattered the censures or restrictions of a world on which his happiness was so little dependent?—for he passed his days apart from the busy multitude. Anitta too accompanied him everywhere; and in their sweet communion of existence, it was her's to feel and lavish in a single day more of impassioned tenderness and anxious solicitude than is ever experienced by European women. Little, therefore, recked George of the disdain shown towards him of the whites, when, seated of an evening in the grassy savannahs of Porto Rico, or, luxuriously cradled in his hammock, he listened to the warbled cadences of the Bengali, or, sweeter far, the voice of his Anitta, as she sang those primitive melodies which have found no echo in Europe.

The West Indies are well known to be the prey of a terrific disorder which not unfrequently decimates the population; we speak of the yellow fever, one unquestionably (like the jail fever) of those bitter fruits of slavery and inhumanity which follows the European even to his native soil as if the revenge of the demon of captivity upon the Africans of the new world. Whenever this fatal disease sets foot in the Antilles, the resources of art are generally found powerless to arrest its ravages. George was attacked by a sensation of intolerable oppression in the head, his eyes growing dim, his pulse beating with frightful violence and his limbs paralyzed. The infection had caught him. Had it not been for the danger which threatened George's life, Anitta, in the enthusiasm of her love, might have been absolutely thankful for this opportunity of showing her devoted attachment. What hours did she not pass at his bed's head, eagerly watching each change that came over the livid countenance of the sufferer!—what tears did she not shed in secret!—what fervent prayers did she not offer to the Virgin! while all wondered at beholding her bear up against fatigue and anxiety which would have overcome thousands stronger than herself. "Leave me! Fly far from me, my Anitta," George would exclaim to the devoted girl—"this sickness is contagious; save your own life!"

"You are idly talking, George," said the attached Anitta—"of what contagion do you speak?—You have not the yellow fever—Here! give me your arm, put it round my neck—press your lips to mine. The yellow fever! if it were, indeed,

that dreadful malady, could I do this unharmed?" George understood the fearless devotion of Anitta, and blessed Heaven for having more than compensated his sufferings by the possession of such a heart. His misfortunes were, however, heavy to be borne, for while lying on a bed of sickness, the privations entailed by want assailed them both.

At the first requirement, a few friends came forward offering assistance, but their sympathy was soon exhausted.—Heaven at length seemed moved to pity by the tears and prayers of poor Anitta; and George's strength was gradually overcoming his disorder: but though fell death had forborne to number him amongst her victims, poverty with her sunken face and tattered garments was yet standing at his door. Under these circumstances, almost destitute of the requisites of life, it was not likely that George's health would be soon re-established; for even, with every comfort it is no easy matter to throw off the effects of the yellow fever—and if as is sometimes the case, the destroyer should pay a second visit, and fall on one scarcely recovered from a first attack—the wretch's fate is sealed past redemption.

"It is absolutely requisite that Mr. George should quit the colony," said his physician—positively necessary, nothing but his native air can restore him; I cannot otherwise answer for his life."

"Spare him! Oh! my God! exclaimed Anitta, "take me! but in mercy let him be spared!"

Each morning the devoted girl offered up her prayers at the feet of her madonna and throughout the day her spirit was pouring forth continual supplications: and each evening at the hour of chanting the Ave Maria, a woman whose voice was drowned in stifled sobs might have been seen kneeling in the extreme of devotion in a corner of the church.

"Mr. George must leave this country," repeated his medical attendant. "Leave it, leave it! but how?" inwardly enquired Anitta, whose mind sank beneath the weight of this impracticable necessity. No longer able to conceal her anxiety she threw her arms around George's neck, and pressing him to her heart: "My beloved, said she, "do you know that I feel my life wasting away beneath the anxiety which I endure. Is not *my* existence bound up in your's, and do I not know this climate to be fatal to it? To see you remain here, and suffer as you must, will be my death."

"But how depart?—I cannot, God wills it not, Anitta."

"No George, God is good to us, he will yet save thee; Heaven has this night inspired me with the thought. Dost thou love me?" she continued, as she again pressed him to her bosom, "but why ask? yes, yes thou dost—well then, hear me, hear me, kneeling at your feet—promise to grant me all that I shall require of you."

"I do not understand thee, my Anitta, speak quickly,—have I any will but thine?" George however made the promise demanded of him, and now," said he "explain to me this strange enigma."

"No," returned Anitta, "that is still my secret," and then she smiled so sweetly, that George could not help resolving this mystery into some unimportant fancy with which sooner or later he would be made acquainted.

There was in port at that time a ship about to sail for Havre, wherein many of the convalescent after the yellow fever had already secured their passages for Europe. George would occasionally take a stroll with Anitta on the sea shore, and when, on these occasions he involuntary cast his eyes towards the harbour where the ship lay at anchor a heavy sigh would escape from his bosom. Anitta perceived, but would never appear to notice these tokens of regret, yet spite of every effort, her countenance would sadden, her voice tremble, and tears spring to her eyes though she wiped them them hastily away. These effusions of sensibility were not lost on George, but they were of such frequent occurrence that he assigned them to no cause beyond the ordinary excitement of their position. One morning, when preparing to go out, Anitta took George's hands between her own, and fixing her eyes upon his face so ravaged by disease, burst into tears—"Adieu George," said she, in a broken voice. "Fare thee well my Anitta, 'till we meet again. Don't be long away." Anitta made no reply, but turning aside her face, hastened out of the house. The morning passed

without bringing her return—evening came, and she was still absent, but at the head of his bed in Anitta's handwriting he discovered the following words—"Be not uneasy my beloved, you shall soon have tidings of me." Yet, two days passed, and he was still alone—still mourning the loss of his companion, like a bird whose mate has fallen victim to the sportsman's shot. At length, a negro made his appearance, he was breathless, his woolly head moist with perspiration—he brought a letter and money for Mr. George.

"Whence comes this money?" was the inquiry of the latter. "I know not," replied the negro.

"Who sent it?" "The letter will tell you,"—and thus it ran "You have sworn, dear George, to do all that I shall require of you: listen then, to my demand; it is, that you instantly set sail for Europe: quit this country, so fatal to the restoration of your health—go, and when your strength is quite restored; then return to our savannahs, from which, injured as you have been to the climate, no further danger need be dreaded. Hasten to set out; depart that you may return;—not, my George, for the purpose of residing in the Antilles, but for that of taking me back with you to France!—the country you have so often talked of, where our destinies may be the same, and where the voice of prejudice is not uplifted against the affections of the heart; and now George, rest assured that my resolution is taken beyond recall; as long as you remain in this country you will never discover where I am. While in France you will earnestly endeavour to obtain the money requisite for our joint voyage; but above all things take care of your health. If you set out I shall be satisfied, and swear to you, by the name of the Holy Virgin, by the love I bear you, that you shall know where I am as soon as you arrive in Europe. Inquire not how I have been able to procure the sum I send; but be satisfied with the assurance that you may safely accept it from Anitta. You know me well; you know my devoted love; and that although there is nothing I would scruple to do for your welfare, even to the sacrifice of life itself, yet would I refuse all the treasures of the world if I thought to wound your heart by their acceptance.—Dear George, I beseech you then, depart!" "Never!" exclaimed George, "Never will I depart without thee! And where then, is Anitta?" again he demanded of the negro;" but the negro was silent as a statue of bronze. "Well then," pursued his interrogator, "since you do not choose to answer me, return to Anitta, and tell her I must see her, if but for a few moments." The negro made sign of refusal. "Why?" "Anitta is by this time far from hence; she left the island with some Spaniards bound to the Havannah. "Good God! you do not say so?" "Yes," said the negro, brushing off a tear with the back of his hand. At this moment who should enter but George's physician; the sight of his patient alarmed him. "Come Monsieur," said he, "you must no longer delay your departure for Europe. I must warn you candidly that no further time is to be lost, and permit me to add that it is a step you are bound to take for the sake of your Anitta; you are her only protector; without you" George could not repress a tear. "Excuse me," said the doctor hesitating, "perhaps I am about to take a liberty; but it occurred to me, that away from your country, your family, it were possible that you might not exactly have at command sufficient funds to meet the expenses of your passage, although I regret much that it is not in my power to offer you the whole, but if you would oblige me by accepting a part," The doctor paused.

"I sincerely thank you," said George, "but Anitta has provided a sum for the purpose," and he here related to the physician what had just occurred.

"My dear sir," said the doctor, "do not hesitate in complying with the wish of your Anitta"—and his advice was influenced by his divination of a mystery which George was far from fathoming. A public sale of black and Mulatto slaves had taken place a few days previously at a spot on the western shore of Porto Rico—some Spanish traders were the great monopolists in this human merchandise of which their plantations were in want. Amongst other bargains negotiated on that day, was the sale of a young Mulatto girl, put up to auction by an aged negro. On her first appearance, a murmur of admiration came from the beholders, and after an eager competition, and numerous biddings over the sum at which she was put up,

she finally became the prize of an old colonist of Cuba. The young woman looked sad but resigned to her fate, and as soon as the sale was concluded, a skiff was seen to weigh anchor, while the old negro set forth on his return to the town.

George's departure for France was now resolved upon, but it was not without many a saddening thought, and many an anxious misgiving, that he tore himself from a land where he had left the only object of his affections.

The prognostics of the physician were speedily verified. On setting foot in France, George soon recovered his former strength and energy, but his mind was still diseased while he awaited with feverish anxiety the tidings which Anitta had promised him. He was on the point of again braving the fatigues of a voyage, the attacks even of a tropical climate, when the eagerly expected letter reached him. And what a shock did he not receive on reading it! what a frightful revelation did it not contain! In expressions flowing from the heart, Anitta described the grief she felt at his absence, and gave a circumstantial account of what had occurred since their separation. She had been sold, and was then living on her master's plantation. She entered into minute particulars concerning the place of her abode and the character of her master, but as if her soul was still possessed by one engrossing thought, she would ever and anon break off suddenly in the midst of these recitals to enquire after George's health and implore him to let her hear from him speedily. Still, not a word of regret or complaint escaped her, nor did she express any desire for George's return. This letter was indeed a sort of continuation of her previous life, displaying complete unconsciousness of her own worth, and a self-decrying sense, of being below instead of above her vocation—sublime sentiment! like all those feelings which emanate from woman's heart whenever her soul has been left unshackled by the trammels of school education and literary pedantry. Not one of George's friends now attempted to dissuade him from his intention of immediately quitting France; he sold his sketches and pictures at high prices, and the history of his adventures having awakened the liveliest sympathy amongst the various branches of his family, offers of money poured in from all quarters, insomuch that when George set sail from Havre, he was in possession of funds more than ten times adequate to the expenses of his voyage.

We have already seen his ship cast anchor in the port of Havannah, and having ascertained Guoyama to be the name of Anitta's dwelling place, the reader can be at no loss to account for George's enquiries concerning that spot, or his impatience to reach it. At midnight, he repaired to the mole where the boatmen awaited him. It was a glorious night—the moon shone in all the splendor she is wont to wear within the tropics, but, nigh touching the horizon, her beams rested full on the heaving waters of the bay, which glittered in her bright radiance like a sea of pearl.

Not a cloud was in the sky, not a breeze disturbed the air, and the palms and cocoas, whose feathered foliage waves with the slightest zephyr were motionless as trees of silver.

Now, mingled with the gentle plash of the waves, sounded notes for departure—loosening of ropes, adjustment of oars and voices of boatmen as the piroga pushed from land. Her crew consisted of seven men: the master was a Genoese, the mate a native of Portugal, and of the four sailors, one was an African of Mosambique, the other of Congo, the third a Caribbee, and the fourth an American Indian.

Influenced by surrounding objects, the regular cadence of the oars and the inspiring silence of the night season, the Genoese sailor who, beneath a rough exterior, possessed no little share of the poetic temperament common to his countrymen, began to sing some verses of an Italian song, expressive of the exile's yearning for his native land. The mariner's soul was in that song, and, when ended, he exclaimed, brushing a tear from his weather-beaten cheek, "Ah! Genoa, Genoa! *non mai ti rivedrò!*" Ah! Genoa, Genoa! I shall never see thee more!

The piroga now glided rapidly onward, its prow directed towards the mouth of the river de la Gida. On the calm and tranquil bosom of the waters were mirrored forth the brilliant constellations of the Austral hemisphere, with all the innumerable host of starry glories, which, like spangles on an azure cupola, adorned the vault of heaven. The aspect of the shores on either hand was continually changing; some-

[THE COURT MAG.

times they were bordered by thick fences of *lianes*, *haziers* and waving ferns; sometimes adorned with *papayers* and *leucomas*, inclining forward as if curious to observe what was passing on the river. These, and a thousand other various objects presented at each winding of the stream, became every instant more distinctly visible, as the dawn appeared and brightened into day; nor were animate objects wanting to enliven the scene; each bay, each creek and jutting promontory had its little world of animals, while here and there, on the highest points of ground, appeared a few scattered negro huts, sometimes surrounded by a little garden. These habitations announced the vicinity of the hamlet of Massipa, where the piroga's anxious voyage was so speedily to terminate, and thence to Guoyama was scarcely even half a day's journey.

How George's anxiety increased with every moment that brought him nearer to that journey's end! how his heart throbbed with alternate hopes and fears, as he left the beaten track, which had been followed by the general traveller, and turned into the lone and unfrequented paths which must lead him either to endless sorrow or never-failing happiness.

At Massipa, George had bidden adieu to the river, the piroga, its Genoese master and his rowers, and after a walk of about six hours through the ever-changing kaleidoscope of tropical scenery, the man who served him as a guide, exclaimed, while he pointed out a few scattered hovels on the brow of a neighbouring eminence, "that is Guoyama." then showing a plantation of palm trees, "here," he continued "begins the estate of *Senor*, the Marquis del Ritto." George turned pale at the words of his conductor, who fancied he was ill or overcome with fatigue.

Amidst the wretched and dilapidated dwellings composing the village of Guoyama, George, at length, succeeded in obtaining a lodging. His hosts were made to comprehend in few words the object of his journey. He was a painter and had come to procure sketches.

The information given George at the Havannah proved to have been exceedingly accurate. The Marquis del Ritto dwelt on his estate, one of the largest in the country, and amongst his numerous slaves was a young woman known by the appellation of Anitta. "But as for her," said his informant, "she is the Marquis's favorite. They say he's very fond of her." Judge of George's feeling as he listened to these words? "Only," continued the narrator, "strange to say in a case between master and slave, the girl is obstinately bent on opposing the marquis's fancy; 'tis a thing unheard of!"

George, as may easily be imagined, derived no little consolation from hearing the latter part of his informant's communication—and his hand involuntarily sought the pocket-book which held the price of his beloved's ransom. It contained more than 12,000 francs, and if the Marquis demanded it, how cheerfully would not the whole of this sum be given for freedom. But was it to be bought on any terms? George could not but foresee the difficulties likely to attend the negotiation, and, resolved, therefore, to risk nothing by rash or premature measures? He also felt assured that the news of his arrival would soon spread itself through the humble village, and thence reaching the house of the Marquis del Ritto, open in the heart of his Anitta, a new and unlooked for spring of hope and consolation. Thus the day passed on: in the evening he wandered upon the outskirts of the Marquis's plantation in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of the beloved object of his search; and, whether it were reality, or simply the effect of imagination, he persuaded himself, although the house was far distant, that he had caught sight of a female form at one of its lattices, and that even a white handkerchief had been waved in token of recognition. This circumstance was in itself quite enough to determine the next step to be taken, since he thence inferred that Anitta was aware of his arrival. George accordingly resolved on repairing forthwith to the dwelling of the noble colonist.

George passed the night in restless anxiety, in which even his brightest hopes were not unmingled with gloomy forebodings; and, in the morning while the sun's rays were yet comparatively feeble, he had already traversed the three miles which intervened between the marquis's dwelling and the village of Guoyama.

"My Lord—the Marquis del Ritto? Is he at home?" our traveller eagerly demanded of the first negro he encountered in his progress.

At this instant a woman appeared at the door of the house before which he stood. "The Marquis," said she, "is not within, and will be out for some hours."

The female who gave George this intelligence was, indeed, none other than Anitta: pale and trembling, she led the way into the house, while George, as he followed, could scarcely conceal his agitation. On reaching the saloon, Anitta hastily glanced around to ascertain whether they were, indeed, alone; then bursting into tears of happiness, and pouring forth strains of gratitude to Heaven, she threw herself into George's arms. The first transports of meeting over, George anxiously inquired into Anitta's present circumstances. He was then informed that the marquis loved her;—in other words that he had resolved to have no other favorite, a purpose which was only the more strengthened by the unlooked for opposition which had hitherto frustrated his wishes. With all the fortitude of a heart supported by hope, faith and love, Anitta patiently endured the misery and cruel persecutions of which her position rendered her the object, oft-times feeling that death itself would be a welcome visitant. Her days were passed in labor, her nights in trembling watchfulness and precautions against threatened dangers. Nor was it only the hated passion of her master which she had to guard against, but that also of a wretched negro, one of the marquis's slaves, who had dared declare to her his passionate sentiments, notwithstanding he must have done so under the influence of a dis-tempered brain, well knowing that one word, one only word from Anitta to his tyrant master and her own, would bring down certain and terrible chastisement upon his head. She knew it well, and nothing but pity of the kindest nature towards her miserable tormentor had hitherto induced her to conceal his abhorred audacity."

As Anitta ended her recital she was startled by the passage of a shadow across the bars of the jalousie, "look!" said she to George, pointing with her finger, "he is watching us: it is the negro, he must have left his work to come hither as soon as he perceived a stranger enter the plantation."

"Well," said George, "we must no longer delay our measures—I shall await the Marquis's return, tell him our history, our love, thy disinterested devotion, the necessity which compelled my voyage to Europe, the miseries I have endured—and offer him all the money I possess".

Alas! He will refuse every offer, however tempting, said the sagacious and resolute Anitta: his riches, dear George! are immense, and his pride greater; he will never consent to give me up; all representation of this nature would be worse than useless we must fly this night, and I will endeavour to meet you at the end of the avenue of palms. Come not nearer, lest the dogs should bark, or some of the negroes be alarmed. If this night, then, or rather by two o'clock in the morning, you do not see me, return to Guyomana, and repeat your attempt at the same hour to-morrow."

George departed, and was met on the threshold by the negro, who eyed him from head to foot with the suspicious malignity of a demon.

This slave was a tall and athletic specimen of the natives of that country, possessing, in their basest form, every characteristic feature;—the flattened nose, the fleshy lips and woolly hair of Africa's sons, with frame and limbs of enormous muscular power, endued equally with iron strength and the elasticity of a flexile reed. He stood motionless till George was out of sight; then he darted off with the speed of a fawn to meet his master, who in a few moments was made acquainted with the stranger's visit to his house. The negro, with that cunning which is a needful concomitant and companion of slavery, had always hidden his ferocious jealousy of Anitta under the cloak of zeal for his master's interests, and by this means he had acquired the confidence of the man, whom, but for his fear of axe or gibbet, he would have crushed like a moscheto when stung by it.

No sooner had the Marquis returned home, than he noticed an unusual expression of satisfaction on Anitta's countenance; he therefore scrutinized her every feature with a searching glance, as he inquired about the stranger's business. Anitta was, of course, ignorant on the subject, but as she signified that the hospitality of

the Marquis was so well known as fully to account for the late visit, nothing more was said concerning the stranger. The Marquis who declared himself to be fatigued, expressed his wish to Anitta for cold punch, his favorite beverage, and particularly so when her hands had prepared it. A glass was accordingly brought and presented by Anitta, who appeared to the Marquis at this moment more beautiful than he had ever beheld her. Taking the glass, he placed it on the table, and passionately encircled Anitta's waist.

"Look," said he, "here is the key of all my treasures, all, all are thine."

But ere he had finished speaking, Anitta had escaped from his hated embrace.

Rage now took possession of the Marquis's heart. "Know you not, Anitta, that I have power to punish? a word, a single word, and the whip would be your portion."

"Yes, I know it well, and afterwards, what then?" asked Anitta, in a calm voice.

"Why, then I shall be revenged."

"But I also shall have revenge: revenge superior to your's, in the endurance of all you can inflict. Punishment will some day assuredly overtake you; it will be borne but once."

"How will you escape it?" he asked:—

"By death:"—was the awful reply.

The Marquis knew quite enough of his slave's character to be aware that she would not shrink from the alternative she had threatened to embrace: he still, however, believed that time would accomplish what entreaties and menaces had alike been powerless to effect; but, although at the moment he contented himself in reckoning thus, his pride was sorely wounded; his pride as a man, as a wealthy colonist; and, above all, as an ancient Spanish noble; and his heart, though it yearned with desire for her, overflowed with the bile of bitter and malignant disappointment.

It was midnight; the sultry day had been succeeded by strong breezes which, sweeping over the face of the sky, obscured one quarter of it by masses of dark cloud; while, in another, the stars shone forth with peculiar brilliancy. All were buried in slumber: the fires on the hill-slopes had gone out, not a light was visible from the houses, and not a sound mingled with the voice of the night wind, as it murmured amidst the foliage of the palms.

It was at this hour that one of the *jalousies* in the Marquis's residence was seen to open, but so gently that a mosquito's slumber would scarcely have been broken. A woman appeared at the window, she looked anxiously around, then lifted her eyes imploringly to heaven.

Having secured a cord to the cross bar of the casement, the figure alluded to proceeded to slide itself down upon the soft grass beneath. It was Anitta, and, sad to tell, her movements had not been unobserved; a glaring eye, concealed beneath the shadow of a neighbouring tree, had watched them.

No sooner then had she descended, than Anitta ran speedily away, with steps, light and swift as those of the flying chamois, that scarcely left a trace upon the herbage. The alley along which she bent her way was exceedingly dark, not a single *fulgora lanterna* threw forth even, at intervals, its pale blue radiance. But, at a short distance, and in a parallel line which she was pursuing, there was, as it were, bearing her company, a long stream of white vapor, which uprose between the tall tropical plants.

At the extremity of the avenue a man wrapped in a hunting coat awaited the fugitive's approach.

"Anitta, here I am."

"This way—hasten," replied Anitta in a gentle whisper; "In three hours we shall be at Massipa."

Like a couched jaguar awaiting his prey, a man from another quarter sprung forth and seized Anitta with his large, horny hand, at the same time calling aloud for assistance. It was the negro of the house, whose apish cunning and tiger-like jealousy, anticipating some project being on foot, had on that night caused him to keep better watch than usual.

In an instant other negroes came up, and the fugitives were surrounded : an unequal struggle was, thereupon, immediately waged between George, who had faithfully kept the appointment, and the assailants ; and, in a moment of rashness, he discharged a pistol at the most daring of his opponents.

The negro, in consequence, was wounded in the fleshy part of his arm, and though the blood flowed freely, the wound proved but slight. Inexpressibly astonished was the master when the noise of this strange event startled him from his sleep. "Impossible ! impossible !" was his reiterated exclamation. But as his doubts were gradually dissipated, his features contracted and his nostrils dilated with hyena-like rage, and when he found himself in the presence of Anitta and her lover, the doom with which he would have visited his slave would have been death, had he thought that such punishment had the most of terrors for her. It was, indeed, a night of horror.

"I understand you now, wretched creature. You repulse the old man, the old man who protects, who shelters you, who would make you wealthy—you repulse him for the unworthy embrace of the first comer."

"Sir," exclaimed George.

"Silence. Speak not at your peril," interrupted the marquis, upon whose rage George's voice had only the effect of a spark upon gunpowder.

"Have mercy, my lord," cried Anitta, "for you judge too harshly of me ; this man is no stranger to me : he is my lover - the husband Heaven has decreed to me on earth."

"Thou liest !" exclaimed the enraged and thunder-struck marquis.

"Oh ! no, I do not lie. Every soul in Porto-Rico will tell you the same—in Porto-Rico where we have long lived, where I was free ; for I was no slave before I became your's. I sold myself sold myself of my own free will. Hear my reason :—that man was dying, the climate of these regions was killing him, and he had not means wherewith to repair to Europe—my purchase money supplied him with the necessary funds. Since that separation, guess how much I have suffered from being so far distant from him ;—ah, alas ! does not all this deserve compassion at your hands ?"

In a few rapid and animated sentences, Anitta thus narrated the history of her love for George.

The marquis listened with cold attention, and far from being touched, the glowing picture which she drew of her love for another only served to extinguish the little of compassion which, perhaps, dwelt in his bosom. The care—the affection he had lavished on the young girl, and to be thus contemptuously treated !—were the uppermost thoughts of his mind.

When Anitta had ceased, the Marquis exclaimed in bitter accents : "Thus then, have I been your dupe ! I expected, on flinging myself at your feet, as humbly as though you were a queen, to have had, at least, your love in exchange for such my devotion, and you have repulsed me with your slave's foot—me ! the Marquis del Ritto, a Spanish nobleman and possessor of more than a thousand such such creatures as yourself. Say, do you rightly weigh the load of indignity you have heaped upon my brow, wretched Mulatto-girl that you are ? and you above all my other slaves who owe me a larger debt of gratitude—for the rest were sold, doubtless, against their inclination ; but you became mine solely for your own ends—you understand me ? Your body is my money, I can, therefore, dispose of it as I list."

"Infamous !" exclaimed the irritated George.

"Speak again at your peril !" exclaimed the marquis. "Another word and I'll have you strangled."

"Be silent, George ; in the name of Heaven ! be silent"

"Be silent ?—am I, then, also, this man's slave ? Is the law null and void here ? Will not justice be done me ?"

"Ay, justice shall, indeed, be done—done to all, to me, to you, sir ;—to that woman—and to you, too, my good negro, my faithful sentinel ! Well ! we will this night think about justice—some short time for reflection is needful."

The marquis, thereupon, gave strict orders to his superintendent, to the guardians of the mansion and to the slaves who were placed as a guard over Anitta and the stranger. Then, bidding 'good night' to all, he returned to his bed-chamber.

The next morning the marquis's dispensation of justice was anxiously looked for.

At an early hour he had sent for his favorite negro, and they had been long closeted together.

"Tell me, negro, what do you think of Anitta? Charming, is she not?"

"As for that—yes, massa."

"More so than any negress you know, eh?"

"Anitta, she is an angel," said the negro in his broken dialect; "the negresses are devils beside her."

"Would you like to have her for a wife?"

The negro remained dumb with astonishment.

"Speak!—for your wife?"

"Massa, she so pretty!"

"She is your's, I bestow her upon you—you shall marry her this very day."

The negro burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, whilst his eyes sparkled with peculiar animation.

The news of the Marquis's determination spread itself, quickly.

"You shall have no reason to complain of the justice you have invoked," said the marquis, addressing George, and smiling malignantly. "You are at liberty;—you may go, the tribunals of the Havannah would, I think, shew less levity to an assassin and thief—for, sir, you are both."

"What will you accept as the price of Anitta?" asked George, who disdained to make any observation to the Marquis's abusive speech.

"Anitta!—Eh! if you possessed twice as much gold as I—even then you should not have her; though you offered me the sovereignty of the island you should not have her; but the demands of justice must be satisfied, she who has disdained the noble marquis, her master, the Lord of Guoyama—this Anitta shall become the wife of a slave like herself. This is justice—Heaven's own justice. Those who wield the sword shall perish by the sword; she has shown disdain and contempt for me—I shall, therefore, shew the like towards her."

"Marquis, I applaud your clemency; can so small a sacrifice appease your vengeance? Wherefore do you not fling my body to be devoured by your dogs, or by the caymans of yonder river—it would be a sport befitting your taste, Marquis del Ritto!"

"You jest, methinks," replied the marquis, "get you gone:" saying which he commanded his slaves to remove him to some distance from the house:—as George exclaimed in a solemn voice "beware, Marquis del Ritto!"

"Go, dearest heart," said the affectionate and dauntless Anitta, "go, speed afar from these shores whither thou should'st never have come to seek me. Depart, and be resigned as I am. Rely, only, upon Anitta—thine for ever."

Alike wearied and irritated at the conversation, the marquis made a sign to his negroes to seize George, who soon carried him away from the premises.

The vengeance which he had so calmly premeditated had its course. During the day, a mockery of the forms of marriage was gone through; a hut was allotted for the future residence of the newly married pair; and, when evening came, Anitta, pale as death, but in full possession of her energies, allowed herself to be conducted towards the new abode by the crowd who formed themselves about her—rather a watchful guard than a joyous nuptial procession: she was then compelled to enter the dwelling, and in obedience to the orders of the marquis the door was secured on the outside. Some minutes, afterwards, the negro, whose wife she had thus unexpectedly become, arrived, followed by a noisy band of his fellow slaves, and his sable comrades soon prepared themselves to celebrate the marriage by dance and revelry, indulging in copious libations of *tafia*,* which their master had caused to be distributed amongst them in great abundance: it was his wish that an orgei should be celebrated round the hut.

* A spirituous liquor made from the sugar cane

The negro bridegroom speedily became drunk.

"Come," said the marquis, who had repaired to the spot to see how the diabolical festival was progressing—"Come! you are master in-doors, and your wife awaits you;" at the same time thrusting him onwards towards the door.

The negro entered.

The door being refastened, the air of an infernal dance was immediately struck up by a circle of half nude negroes and children, to a discordant and deafening accompaniment of screaming voices, beating of tambourines, *oua-ouas*, the gigantic castagnettes of the tropics, and the clapping of hands. These saturnalia were prolonged to a late hour of the night, until, in fact, sleep, fatigue and intoxication had rendered the voices and limbs of all, alike, lethargic, then the uproar progressively ceased, and silence—a death-like silence succeeded.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, the doors of the hut were found to be still fastened, and neither the joyful husband of Anitta, nor Anitta herself, had yet been seen.

The marquis, impatient at his negro thus delaying to make his appearance, ordered the doors of the hut to be opened. His command was obeyed. On the slaves stepping across the threshold to summon forth the inmates, they discovered two dead bodies extended at their feet. Upon examination it was found that the man had died from a deep wound inflicted near the region of the heart—and a knife, planted therein by a firm hand, which penetrated deeply into his body, was still left, like an arrow, sticking in it. As for Anitta that she had been strangled, her neck bore the impress of the iron hands which had grasped her in deadly embrace. There were also other evidences of a fearful struggle betwixt the lovely creole and the drunken negro—a struggle rendered equal by the intoxication of the one, and the resolute and cool courage of the other.

"Ah!" said the ignoble but powerful colonist, as he gazed with perfect indifference on the two corpses;—"I thought this would very likely happen." Then ceremoniously crossing himself twice with an affected air of devotion, the heartless monster quitted the frightful scene of death.

The above event had just taken place at Guoyama, when chance led me thither.

George being my countryman, and, like myself, an artist by profession, such community of country and condition excited in me the highest possible interest. On my paying him a visit, I found him resigned to his fate: he related to me the history of his life, his sad and fatal passion; and so great was the charm that hung around these his reminiscences, that I availed myself, on several occasions, of his offer to narrate them to me in detail.

He informed me of his resolution to renounce his native land for ever, and end his days at Guoyama: in this resolution he said he had been confirmed by the certainty of the climate being mortally injurious to his constitution. "And, besides," he would add, "another hope remains to me—that at no very distant day my reason may forsake me, and then Heaven's justice will, with these hands, wreak itself upon that infamous colonist." "Come, come," I then would urge, "let us seek our native France."

"No,"—was his fearfully calm reply. "I must destroy him some day or other—it cannot be otherwise; but when—I know not;—THAT Heaven, in its all-seeing wisdom, will determine for me."



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

(Continued from page 593, vol. XVI., Supplementary Sheet.)

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

June 12.—The Queen held a Court at 2 p.m. at Buckingham Palace, for the reception of a joint address from the Houses of Lords and Commons, expressive of indignation at the late atrocious and treasonable attempt against Her Majesty's sacred person, and of heart felt congratulation on Her Majesty's happy preservation. The Queen's Guard of the Foot-Guards, with the band of the regiment, were on duty on the Palace lawn, and the Yeoman Guard, commanded by Captain Sadler, the exon in waiting lined the marble hall. The Speaker of the House of Commons arrived at 2 o'clock attended by his State officers, and accompanied by numerous members. Shortly before 3 o'clock the Lord Chancellor arrived at the Palace, accompanied by the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, and an unusually large body of Peers Spiritual and Temporal, in Court or official costumes. They were conducted to the Green Drawing-room which was completely thronged. The Queen, accompanied by H. R. H. Prince Albert, was conducted to the Throne by the Lord Chamberlain, the Marchioness of Normandy, and the Pages of Honor standing on Her Majesty's right, Prince Albert being on the left, the Ministers and Great Officers of State taking their usual stations on either side the Throne. The Members of both Houses were then ushered into Her Majesty's presence, the Lord Chancellor, the Peers, and Members of the House of Commons following. The Lord Chancellor having read the address, Her Majesty was pleased to return a most gracious answer. The deputation then retired.

The crowd collected in front of the Palace on the above occasion, amounted by 1 o'clock to 3,000 or 4,000 respectably dressed persons. Never on any previous occasion, has such a brilliant array of the Commons of England attended the presentation of an address to the Throne; the cavalcade indeed consisted of 109 carriages, and occupied nearly half an hour in setting down. The carriages of the Commons having cleared out of the Court, the Lords' procession entered the gates, over which proudly floated the Royal Standard of England. The Barons preceded the other Peers; the carriages of eight Bishops occupied the centre of the cavalcade; then the Earls, Marquises, Dukes, with their R. H. the Dukes of Cambridge and Sussex, in the rear the Lord Chancellor.

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June 13.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen—Viscount Melbourne had audience of Her Majesty.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert drove out at half-past five o'clock, an immense assemblage collected around the Palace. Both sides of Constitution Hill were deeply lined with elegantly dressed persons; Hyde Park Corner was densely crowded, and in Hyde Park itself a most brilliant display of rank, fashion and beauty thronged the ring. The moment the garden gates of the Palace were thrown open, and the assembled spectators beheld Her Majesty and Prince Albert sitting in their open phaeton, enthusiastic bursts broke from all quarters, hats and handkerchiefs were in every direction waving in the air. Her Majesty who looked remarkably well, and together with her illustrious consort appeared highly delighted by so spontaneous an expression of affectionate attachment, exchanged the tokens with condescension.

JUNE 14. (Sunday).—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James'. Her Majesty and the Prince took an airing in the parks in the afternoon.

15.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace at 2 o'clock; also a Council to consider and prepare a form of prayer, to appoint a day of thanksgiving for Her Majesty's late happy escape. The 21st was fixed upon for the purpose. The Sheriffs, Messrs. Evans and Wheelton had the honor of an audience to receive Her Majesty's commands relative to the reception of congratulatory addresses from the Mayor, Aldermen, and Court of Common Council, when the Queen was pleased to appoint Monday June 22nd. H. R. H. Prince Albert was also pleased to appoint the same day for the reception of similar addresses to himself. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, accompanied by the Prince of Leiningen left the Palace in an open carriage and four escorted by a party of Lancers for Windsor, whose inhabitants received their Sovereign and her illustrious Consort with an enthusiastically joyous welcome. The royal carriage was accompanied to the Castle gates by the whole of the Eton scholars, who cheered loudly. The Earl of Errol announced to them a holiday at the request of Her Majesty. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent left town on a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

16.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert left the Castle for Ascot race course, the royal cortège consisting of seven carriages and four, and a poney phaeton with outriders, and mounted deer keepers, the whole headed by Lord Kinnaird. On its arrival about 1 o'clock, the immense assemblage by which the course was lined, formed on either side, loudly cheering Her Majesty and the Prince, in their progress to the royal stand. After alighting, the Queen and her illustrious Consort appeared at the window when renewed cheering, waving of hats and hauckchiefs, in short every testimonial of attachment, evinced the affectionate joy of all classes at seeing Her Majesty amongst them after her late happy preservation. The royal cortège took its departure about 5 o'clock, immediately after the race for the gold cup, given by Her Majesty, which was won by Mr. Peters' St. Frances.

19. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Prince of Leiningen, arrived in the afternoon in a carriage and four, escorted by a party of Lancers from Windsor Castle, followed by the royal suite in three carriages. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent arrived at Ingestrie House, Belgrave-square, from a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The Duchess Ida and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar came to town from the residence of Her Majesty the Queen Dowager in Bushy Park, returning in the afternoon. Orders were issued for the Court's going into mourning for his late Majesty the King of Prussia, from Sunday, June 21, till Sunday, July 12.

20. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing in the park. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Queen. The Marquis of Normandy and Viscount Melbourne had audience of her Majesty. The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Prince of Leiningen, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

21. (Sunday.) The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, went from Buckingham, to St. James's Palace in the afternoon, and visited the Princess Augusta at Clarence House. Her Majesty and His Royal Highness afterwards attended afternoon service in the Chapel Royal. H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the morning in the Wellington Barrack's Chapel. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Prince of Leiningen, took an airing. The Duchess of Kent attended divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Their R. H. the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George, attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel.

22. The Queen held a Court at two o'clock for the reception of addresses of congratulation from the Court of Aldermen and Common Council on Her Majesty's late happy preservation. The Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs, after presenting the address to the Queen, waited upon H. R. H. Prince Albert, and presented an address of congratulation. The deputations then proceeded to Ingestrie House to present similar addresses to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. Her Majesty, in the evening,

gave a state ball at Buckingham Palace. The Picture Gallery and Ball-room were prepared for dancing, and the dining-room for supper. The throne-room, green drawing-room, saloon and yellow drawing-room, were all opened, and the entire suite of rooms brilliantly illuminated with magnificent chandeliers, candelabra, branches and sconces—the grand staircase and approaches being ornamented with a great variety of the choicest flowering shrubs. The Yeomen of the Guard were on duty in the Marble Hall, and the Queen's Guard of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards in front of the grand portico. The band of the regiment received the Royal Family on their arrival, with the usual honours, and performed a variety of favorite selections. The company began to arrive shortly before ten o'clock, the members of the Royal Family consisting of H. R. H. the Princess Sophia Matilda, their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Sussex, Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge. The Queen and Prince Albert received their illustrious visitors in the yellow drawing-room, the general company being conducted to the saloon. The ball was most numerously attended, the company continuing to arrive uninterruptedly for two hours. Prince John Soutzo wore a splendid Greek costume. At a quarter before eleven o'clock Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with attendants, entered the ball-room, followed by the Royal Family, the quadrille band immediately playing "God save the Queen." Sets for a quadrille were then made up, and Her Majesty opened the ball with H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge; H. R. H. Prince Albert dancing in the same quadrille. *Collinet's* band including Herr Koenig, the celebrated performer on the cornet-à-piston, performed sundry choice quadrilles.

23. H. R. H. Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty. Viscount Melbourne had audience of the Queen. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence. The Prince of Leiningen left Buckingham Palace for Dover, on his return to the continent. Lady Barham succeeded as lady in waiting on the Queen, and the Earl of Fingal and Mr. Rich as lord and groom in waiting.

24. The Queen held a Court to receive addresses on the throne from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge congratulating her Majesty on her late happy escape. The Duke of Wellington, dressed in his robes as Chancellor thereof, read the address from the University of Oxford, to which her Majesty returned a most gracious answer. The deputation from the University of Cambridge then advanced, when the Vice-Chancellor read the address of congratulation, to which the Queen having returned a most gracious answer, the members of the Universities kissed hands and retired from the royal presence.

24. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, also H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, honored the German Opera with their presence. H. R. H. Prince Albert rode to Wimbledon in the morning.

25. The Queen held a drawing-room at St. James's Palace, where Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert and suite arrived soon after two o'clock, in four of the royal carriages.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty the Queen Dowager at Bushy park.

26. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace at five o'clock in a carriage and four with outriders, for Percy's-cross, Fulham, to honour Lady Ravensworth with their presence at a public breakfast given by her Ladyship. Viscount Melbourne had audience of Her Majesty. The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, inspected the plate, consisting of candelabra and a salver made by her Majesty's commands, for the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, as presents on the solemnization of the royal marriage. The pieces of plate were submitted by Mr. Bridge, to whom Her Majesty and His Royal Highness were pleased to express high approbation of their design and execution. H. R. H. Prince Albert sat to Mr. W. C. Ross, A.R.A., for another large miniature. The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and the Princess Augusta; and also the Duchess of Gloucester, honored Lord and Lady Ravensworth with their company at the public breakfast given at their residence near Fulham.

27. Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, left Buckingham Palace for White Hall Stairs to embark in an admiralty barge for Greenwich Hospital. As the Royal barges passed Deptford, the Royal Standard was hoisted at the Victualling Office. On the Queen's arrival at Greenwich, Captain Rowland, the Harbour Master, Wm. Howard, the Chairman, and other Members of the Committee of Conservatory of the Thames, where waiting to receive Her Majesty, and preceded the Royal party to the landing-place. On arriving at the Royal Hospital-Stairs, Vice-Admiral Fleming and Sir Jahleel Brenton, C.B. the Governor and Deputy-Governor; Mr. Commissioner Lockyer, and other officers of the Hospital, conducted the illustrious visitors to the Governor's house, where, after a short visit to the library, they partook of an elegant collation; after which the royal party, accompanied by the Governor and principal officers of the college, walked through the different halls and inspected the dinner prepared for the veteran tars. Grace was said in the Queen's presence, when Her Majesty condescended to taste the soup, bread and meat, provided for them, and expressed her entire satisfaction at the arrangements and quality of the food provided, and handed a piece of bread to one of the ladies, to partake with her of the poor veterans' repast. Two hundred men were, then, arranged in divisions as a body guard according to the several naval victories they had figured in, under the orders of the Lieut.-Governor Brenton and others, and stationed apart opposite the Governor's house. The men were in the following battles:—Lord Howe's, June 1794; Earl St. Vincent's, Feb. 14, 1794; Lord Duncan's, April 12, 1798; Lord Nelson's, Aug. 1, 1798, Nile; Lord Nelson's, Oct. 21, 1805, Trafalgar. These veterans were dressed in their best clothes, and expressed themselves

highly honoured at her Majesty's condescension. About 1,000 of all classes of pensioners were drawn up round the grand square; the nurses under the colonnades; the girls of the school between the painted hall and chapel behind them, together with 400 boys of the upper school. A guard of 30 boatswain pensioners, with halberts, were drawn up in front of the north entrance where the queen landed. At a given signal, the pensioners gave three hearty cheers, which were responded to with three-times three. The royal standard was displayed in the middle of the grand square, at the statue of George II. The men were ordered to dinner after the royal visit to the halls; they were then formed again around the square, and received Her Majesty once more, on her way to the painted hall and chapel. The landing and approach to the government house, were covered with crimson cloth, and every possible attention was paid to Her Majesty's convenience, considering the very short notice given to the authorities, namely, from 10 o'clock in the morning.

Four carriages, with four horses and two outriders each, having arrived and drawn up in the grand square, waiting to convey the royal pair and attendants back to London, at 3 o'clock they departed, expressing themselves much gratified by the visit. Through every street which the royal party passed to Deptford, the loudest cheers met their advance. The bells of St. Alphage, Greenwich, played a merry peal as well on the Queen's arrival as upon her Majesty's departure, the royal standard was hoisted upon the church, and the vessels in the river displayed a variety of flags. Nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Greenwich and its vicinity were out on the occasion, and were exceedingly disappointed at not having had time to exhibit their loyalty and attachment in a more particular manner. Her Majesty was dressed in mourning, with a small square cottage bonnet, and looked uncommonly well.

Various addresses of congratulation on her Majesty's happy preservation were presented to H. R. H. Prince Albert in the afternoon—also to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

28. Sunday—The Queen H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and took an airing afterwards in an open carriage and four. The Duke of Cambridge attended divine service in Grosvenor Chapel.

The following is the form of Prayer and Thanksgiving for the preservation of the Queen from the atrocious and treasonable attempt upon her life:—

“Almighty and everlasting God, Creator and Governor of the World, who by Thy gracious Providence hath oftentimes preserved Thy chosen servants, the Sovereigns whom Thou hast set over us, from the malice of wicked men, we offer unto Thee all praise and thanksgiving for Thy late mercy vouchsafed to us, in frustrating the traitorous attempt on the life of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria.

Continue, we beseech Thee, Thy watchful

care over her, be Thou her shield and defence against all the devices of secret treason, and the assaults of open violence. Let the light of thy countenance shine upon her and her Royal Consort, and bless them with all happiness. Direct and prosper her counsels; and so guide and support her by Thy Holy Spirit, that putting her whole confidence in Thee, she may faithfully rule thy people, committed to her charge, to their good, and to the glory of Thy holy name.

"And to us and all her subjects, O Lord, impart such a measure of Thy grace, that, under a deep and lasting sense of the mercy at this time vouchsafed to us, we may always show forth our thankfulness unto Thee by dutiful loyalty to our Sovereign and constant obedience to Thy commandments.

"Give ear we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, to these our supplications and prayers, which we humbly offer before Thee in the name and through the mediation of Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer. Amen."

"O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace, give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great danger we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice, and whatsoever else may hinder us from Godly union and concord; that as there is but one body, and one spirit, and one hope of our calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may henceforth be all of one heart, and of one soul, united in one only bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may every mouth glorify Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen."

June 29. Viscount Melbourne had an audience of Her Majesty. Her Majesty gave a concert at Buckingham Palace.

The Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess Augusta.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, June 17, 18, 20.
Prince of Leiningen, June 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 17, 18.

Viscount Melbourne, June 4, 6, 8, 17, 18.

Lady A. M. Dawson, June 17.

Marchioness of Normanby, June 9*, 14*, 17.

Marquis of Normanby, June 17.

Earl of Errol, June 2, 3, 17, 18.

Earl of Uxbridge, June 6, 17, 18.

Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor, June, 4, 17, 18.

Hon. Colonel Cavendish, June 17, 18.

Colonel Wyld, June 8, 17, 18.

Baroness Lehzen, 3, 6, 18, 17.

Hon. C. A. Murray, June 3, 5*, 6, 15, 17, 18.

Mr. Seymour, June 3, 5*, 6, 14, 18, 27*

Mr. G. E. Anson, June 3, 5*, 6, 9.

Hon. W. Cowper, June 4, 17.

Sir F. Stoven, June 17, 18.

Lady Portman, June 3, 5, 6.

Earl of Surry, June 4, 5, 17.

Hon. Miss Cocks, June 3, 5*, 6, 9*.

Hon. Miss Cavendish, June 3, 5*, 6, 9*

Col. and Lady Isabella Wemyss, June

Sir W. Lumley, June 2.

Earl of Morley, June 6.

Marquis of Headfort, 3, 5*, 7, 6

M. Guizot, June 6, 17, 18.

Lady Anne Marion Dawson, June 29.

Earl of Uxbridge, June 29.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, June 29.

Countess of Errol and Lady Ida Hay, June 17, 18.

The Earl and Countess of Albemarle, June 2, 17, 18.

The Hon. Berkely Paget, June 2.

Mrs. and Miss Paget, June 3.

Colonel Buckley, June 3, 5*, 6, 9*.

Sir Edward Bowater, June 3, 5*, 6, 9*, 14*, 23*, 27*.

Sir Frederick Stoven, June 17, 18.

Lord Portman, June 4.

The Earl of Morley, June 6.

Viscount Viscountess Palmersson, and Lady F. Cowper, June 6, 17, 18.

Lord Fitzroy Somerset, June 6.

Sir Robert M^cFarlane, June 6.

The Belgian Minister and Madame Van de Weger, June 6.

The Marquis de Saldana, June 6.

Count Hartig, June 6.

The Marquis Northampton, June 6.

Lady Marianne Compton, June 6.

Lord A. Paget, June 14*, 23*, 27*.

Countess of Uxbridge and Lady E. Paget, June 17, 18.

Viscount Duncannon, June 8.

Lord George Lennox, June, 27*.

Lord Lifford, June 8, 9*, 17, 18, 14*.

Lord George Lennox, June 8, 17.

Sir John Hobhouse, June, 8.

Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, June 17, 18.

Sir Frederick Stovin, 14* June 9*.

Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, June 18.

The Duke of Beaufort, June 17, 18.

Duchess of Beaufort, 17, 18.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, June 17.

Lady Eleanor Paget, June 17, 18, 29

The Earl of March, June 17.

Lady Caroline Lennox, June 17, 18.

Lord and Lady Seymour, June 17, 18.

Lord and Lady Kinnaird, June 17, 18.

Lord Walpole, June 17.

Lord Clarence Paget, June 17, 18.

Lord George Paget, June 17, 18.

Sir Henry Wheatley, June 17, 18.

Madame la Marchese D'Harcourt, June 17.

Right Hon. Geo. and Lady Agnes Byng, June 17, 18.

Hon. Mrs. Brand, June 17.

Sir H. Seymour, June 17, 18.

Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, June 17.

Lady Anne Maria Dawson, June 17.

Hon. Miss Murray, June 17, 23, 27*.

Hon. Miss Lister, June 14,* 17, 23, 27.*
 Major Irton, June 17.
 Marquis of Douglas, June 18.
 Earl and Countess of Sandwich, June 18.
 Earl and Countess of Bruce, June 18.
 Earl of Shelbourne, June 18.
 Earl of Chesterfield, June 18.
 Earl and Countess of Wilton, June 18.
 Viscount Maidstone, June 18.
 Right Hon. Sir William Freemantle, June 18.
 Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, June 18.

Mrs. Ponsonby June 18.
 Hon. Horace Pitt, June 18.
 Mr. and Lady H. Baring, June 18.
 Mr. and Lady Alice Peel June 18.
 Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont, June 18.
 The Earl of Fingall, June 23,* 27.*
 Mr. Rich, June 23,* 27.*

(Those marked thus * attended Her Majesty
 at the Theatre.)

Mrs. W. Seguin and Mrs. John Hullah's *Concert* at the Hanover Square Rooms, both from the excellence of the music selected and its admirable execution, presented one amongst the most pleasing musical treats of the season. The fair *beneficiaire*, Mrs. Seguin sang charmingly Mozart's "*Batti, batti*,"—Mrs. Hullah gave the Grand Sonata Weber in E. minor with great brilliancy on the piano forte; and Monsieur Liszt played two grand solos, the first of which obtained an unanimous encore. The rooms were crowded with a fashionable audience.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—But little of really interesting novelty has transpired this month at Her Majesty's Theatre. The new opera, "*Ines de Castro*," a drama composed by Signior Camerano, and arranged to music by Persiani, is all that we shall notice. Its success was not beyond mediocrity. The libretto, taken from the well-known history of Peter, surnamed the *cruel*, king of Portugal, both as regards the pictures it presents, and the poetry, is wholly deficient in beauty, indeed it is rather the contrary. It is all confusion! The composer has, however, produced many pieces of good music, the effect of which is excellent. Among these is a duet really beautiful, and most admirably sung by Rubini and Lablache: there is originality in one chorus of the 2nd. act; and the grand *Aria*, sung by Madame Persiani, in itself tolerably good, is most surprisingly executed by that lady, who put forth the whole power of her talents to display to advantage her husband's composition.

The decorations and dresses possess nothing remarkable; in this respect Her Majesty's theatre is always inferior to the Italian opera in Paris. Upon the whole, "*Ines de Castro*" does not promise to be a popular opera.

In the ballet, "*Le Lac des Fées*," Mademoiselle Ceritto seems a veritable *Fée*, such is the gracefulness of her dancing. She appears not to dance, but rather to fly. It is interesting to watch how the two Italian rivals, Taglioni and Ceritto, the one just at the commencement of her career, the other very far advanced, share, and at times bear away from each other the applause of the spectators.

MAGAZINE.]

BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF MACAO.—Recent events have contributed to invest those portions of the *celestial empire* resorted to by Europeans with extraordinary interest. Macao, the only European settlement, presents from its singularly romantic situation, as seen from the roadstead, a most picturesque subject for Mr. Burford's magic pencil. The town boasts many substantial edifices, of simple and European style of architecture, which front the water in a semi-circle of vast extent. The offing being studded by numerous islands, and the broad bay dotted with ships of all countries and craft of every description, a general effect of variety and animation is thereby given to this admirably painted panorama, which besides the great and general interest now awakened by the opium question respecting China, is in every respect a very gratifying and well executed work of art.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*Glencoe*. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy is, we think, both as an acting drama and a literary production likely to add to his fame as an author. It abounds with passages powerfully and poetically written—we would particularly instance the disclosure of the moody, yet high-souled Halbert's passion for Helen. And briefly touching the performance of the tragedy,—Mr. Macready's usual mannerism apart, he embodied the stern, high-souled patriotic highland chieftain, with admirable truth and characteristic vigour. In Hellen, Miss H. Faucit has added another charming impersonation to a list of parts in which, such is the pains of female tragedians, she is now unrivalled. Miss P. Horton gave prominence to the subordinate though interesting character of the youthful master. Mr. Warner, Messrs. Webster, Howe, Phelps, and W. Lacy severally acquitted themselves in a most praiseworthy manner. During part of the performance many of the audience shed tears. The scenery is appropriate and good. We must however defer a review of the play itself, and in the meanwhile would have the merrily-inclined witness "*a kiss in the dark*" from the clever pen of Mr. Buxstone.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

No. 11. Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields:—

Office for the PRINTED ALPHABETICAL REGISTRATION of MARRIAGES, BIRTHS and DEATHS, after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of exurban Burial in England,—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry may be made, namely, in the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found *embodied* in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolly, Esq. in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent, he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the *place* even forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life Assurance establishments which would not at once receive this *proof presumptive* of the day of birth as *proof positive* of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

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|---|--|
| Arbuthnot, Mrs. George C. —, of a dau; Walton Priory, June 14. | Foulkes, Lady of Theodore —, Esq., of a dau; June 7. |
| Arden, Lady of Richard —, Esq., of a son; Bedford Square, June 9. | Freeman, Lady of W. P. —, Esq., of Fawley-Court of a dau.; June 6. |
| Beckett, Lady of Captain W. —, N. T. of a dau.; at Benares, Feb. 17. | Gerard, the Lady of Archibald —, Esq., of a son and heir; Edinburgh, May 30. |
| Birch, Lady of S. —, Esq., of a dau.; Harley Terrace; May 30. | Gregory, Lady of J. —, Esq., of a son; Harle Place, Park Crescent, June 14. |
| Brae, Lady of T. —, Esq., of a son; Calcutta Feb. 17. | Hankey, Lady of Lieut. Col. —, of a dau.; East Sheen, May 29. |
| Carleton, Lady of Captain W. C. —, 36th regiment N. I. of a son; Jemaulpore, March, 20. | Harris, Lady of T. —, Esq., C. S., of a dau.; Ootacummund, March 19. |
| Cleddinning, Lady of Doctor —, of a son; Upper Stamford Street, June 9. | Hawthorn, Lady of Robert —, Esq., of a son; June 3. |
| Colville, Lady of the Rev. Augustus A. —, of a dau.; the Rectory Kivermere, Suffolk, June 39. | Heavyside, Lady of the Rev. J. W. —, of a son; the East India College, Halesbury, Herts, June 3. |
| Crewe, Lady of the Rev. Henry —, of a son; Breadsall Rectory, June 15. | Sandale, Lady of Walter —, Esq., of a son; Bhangulpore, March 11. |
| Dickins, Mrs. Frederic, Owen, of a son; Stamford Street, June 2. | Laughnan, Lady of T. C. —, Esq., of a dau.; Dharwar, March 24. |
| Dodgson, Lady of the Rev. C. —, of a dau.; Parsonage, Daresbury, Cheshire, June 8. | Leon, Lady of J. J. —, Esq., of a dau.; Russell Square, June 9. |
| Douglas, Lady of a son; Hertford Street, June 9. | Lockhart, Lady of W. E. —, Esq., N. I., of a son; Chaitabava, April 6. |
| Earle, Lady of Major F. L. —, H. C. S., of Bernes Feb. 19. | Lysaught, Lady of Captain —, of a dau.; March 20. |
| Ferry, Mrs. Benjamin, of a dau.; Great Russell Street, June 9. | Martin, Lady of Doctor —; Ventnor, Isle of Wight, June 8. |
| Fitzherbert, Lady of William —, Esq., of a son; Willington, June 1. | Maynard, Lady of Henry —, Esq., of Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, of a son; May 13. |
| Footte, Lady of James —, Esq., of a son; Grove Road, June 7. | Middleton, Lady of the Rev. Stephen —, of a son; Cheltenham, June 5. |
| Forlong Lady of F. —, Esq., of a son; Calcutta, April 11. | Montagu, Mrs. Charles, of a son; Calcutta, April 15. |
| | Moxton, Lady of F. —, Esq. of a dau.; Calcutta, April 7. |

[THE COURT

Murray, Mrs. John, of a son; Maida Vale, June 10.
 Nixon, the lady of G. K. —, Esq., of a son; Harrow, June 11.
 Palmer, lady of Robert S. —, Esq., of Devonshire Street, Portland-place, of a dau.; May 29.
 Parker, Mrs. G. K., of a son; Woodford, Essex, June 9.
 Pearson, Mrs. Michael, of a son; Lansdown-place, June 5.
 Pettigrew, lady of Doctor W. —, of Saville-row, June 4.
 Rawlins, lady of Henry Armstrong —, Esq., of a son, Kentish Town; June 19.
 Pemberton, Lady of Captain R. B. —, of a son; Berhampton, April 19.
 Rolland, lady of Captain C. —, R. A., of a son; Bellary, March 18.
 Russell, Mrs. lady of J. K. —, of a dau; Cottage-place, Dorking, June 12.
 Ryder, lady of the Hon. Frederick —, of twin daughters; Clarges-street, June 15.
 Sandys, lady of the Rev. Claudius —, of a dau.; Kurachee, Feb. 29.
 Teasdale, lady of Captain H. C. —, N. I., of a dau.; Poona, April 10.
 Whittock, lady of Captain G. C. —, N. I., of a son; Bangalore, April 1.
 Whitmore, lady of C. S. —, of a dau.; Beerbhoom.
 Woolaston, Mrs. Richard, of a son; Tottenham Green, June 12.

MARRIAGES.

Addison, Mary, *ygst. d.* of Richard —, Esq., of Mecklenburg-square, to George Addison, Esq., of Doughty-street; *St. Pancras*, June 9th.
 Allen, Elizabeth, 2nd. dau. of Arthur —, Esq., to Thomas T. Wickham, Esq., *St. Peter's Church Tower*, June 4th.
 Austruther, Sophia, Catherine, *ygst. dau.* of Major —, 6th Light Cavalry, to Robert Price, Esq., 67th Regt.; *Suttonpore, Benares*, Feb. 29.
 Atkins, Catherine Eliza, *eld. d.* of the late A. —, Esq., of Wormley, Herts, to Richard Sainthill, Esq., of Cork; *Tottenham*, June 3d.
 Bacon, Elizabeth, 2d. dau. of Joshua —, Esq., to Colin Campbell, Esq.; *Allahabad*, March 28th.
 Barry, Margaret, Victoria *eld. d.* of J. K. —, Esq., to J. A. Gregg, Esq.; at *Calcutta*, March, 28th.
 Ball, Emily Octavia, 5th dau. of Daniel —, Esq., of Brompton-square, to Lieut. T. L. Harrington, 5th Regt., Bengal Cavalry; *Trinity Church, Brompton*, June 2d.
 Blake, Ellis Letitia, dau. of the late Kaverins —, Esq., of Oran Castle, County Galway, to Thomas McNevin, Esq., Barrister-at-law; *St. George's Church, Trinity*.
 Blair, Fanny, only dau. of Robert —, of Great Russell-street, to James Turner, Esq., of Regency-square, Brighton; *St. George's, Bloomsbury*, June 11.
 Bousfield, Eliza, *eld. dau.* of George —, to Samuel Long, jun., Esq., of Charfield-mills, Gloucestershire; *St. Peter's, Watworth*, June 6.

Brewer, Catherine, 3d. dau. of T. G. —, Esq., of Nottingham-place, to Henry S. Chapman, Esq., barrister-at-law; *St. Marylebone Church*, June 6.
 Browning, Miss Eliza, of New Milman-street, to Richard Kirk Penson, Esq., of Oswestry; *St. Pancras New Church*, June 3.
 Budd, Matilda Catherine, *ygst. dau.* of William —, Esq., of Woodhill House, Bucks, to Thomas Flight, Esq., of Islington; *Irer Church*, June 4.
 Buncombe, Caroline, 3d. dau. of the late Charles —, Esq., to Henry, L. Hart, Esq., of Rochester; *St. Marks, Kennington*, June 13.
 Butter, Harriette, *ygst. dau.* of the late John —, Esq., to John T. Fevris, Esq., of Exeter; *St. John's Southwark*, May 4.
 Chester, Fanny, *d.* of the late Rev. W. —, to the Rev. F. E. Paget, June 2.
 Carl, Margaret Theodosia, 3d. dau. of the late Major —, R.M., to J. Taunton, Esq., Axminster, Devon; *Belgian Chapel*, June 4.
 Clarke, Fanny, *eld. dau.* of Joseph —, Esq., of Porter's Hall, to Edward Parris, Esq., of Mascallsbury, Essex; June 11.
 Clarke, Lucretia, 2nd. dau. of the late W. —, Esq., to W. S. Johnson, Esq.; at *Calcutta*, March 18.
 Clayton, Caroline Margaret, dau. of Lieut.-Col. Sir William —, Birt., M.P., to the Viscount Drumlaing, only son of the Marquis of Queensbury; *Grieta Hall*, May 28, and *St. S. Mary-le-bone*, June 2.
 Colquh, Anne Wallace, only dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. —, to E. Collins Wood, Esq., of Keithick, Perthshire; *Lee Church*, June 10.
 Cunningham, Mary, 2d. dau. of G. —, Esq., of Lansdown Crescent, Bath, to Capt. J. Morris, 24th N. I.; at *Bkooj*, April 6.
 Don, Margaret, 5th. dau. of the late W. —, Esq., of Fort, to Capt. T. W. Bently, H. C. S., at Broughton Ferry, May 6.
 Edwards, Louisa, only dau. of the late Cap. of Calcutta, to Thomas Sleeman, Esq., of Tenby; *St. Pancras*, May 20.
 Enthoven, Eliza, 2d. dau. of H. J. —, Esq., to James Wittering, Esq.; *Amsterdam*, June 9.
 Everest, Anne, *ygst. dau.* of J. B. —, Esq., to Frederick S. Parkyn, Esq., of Bodmin; *St. Clement Dances*, May 2.
 Fotheringham, Alexine, 2d. dau. of Major K. H. —, to J. V. Harting, Esq., *Lincoln's Inn*; *Southampton*, June 1.
 Godson, Catherine Sarah, 2d. dau. of the late Stephen —, Esq., of Hookhorton, Oxfordshire, to Mr. Charles Williams, King's Head, Chelsea; *Cripplegate Church*, June 16.
 Haden, Emma, dau. of the late T. —, Esq., of Sloane-street, to Mr. Charles Bergeron, of Trevous; *Hotel of the British Embassy*, June 4.
 Harris, August, only dau. of Joseph —, Esq., to Seymour E. Major, Esq., of Islington; *St. Mary's Islington*, June 16.
 Hammond, Miss Mary Susanna, of Bishop's Stortford, Herts, to Mr. Charles J. S. Lancaster of Barrow-hill place, *Regent's-park*; *Christ Church, Marylebone*, June 23.

- Holloway, Amelia Ann, of Palermo, to J. Carlill, Esq., of Risosto, Sicily; at the British Embassy, May 26.
- Hooper, Anna Maria, eld. dau. of Mr. Benjamin —, to Mr. Albert Savory, of Stamford Hill; Abney Chapel, Stoke Newington, June 9.
- Hughes Miss Anne, of Great Smith-street, Westminster. to Mr. James F. Shrimpton of Tetsworth, Oxfordshire; St. Giles', June 10.
- Humphry, Elizabeth, of Blackheath, to Mr. James Birch, of Doncaster; Lewisham, June 1.
- Hume Isabella, dau. of James —, Esq., of Ryegate, Surrey, to Cap. S. Poole, 1st Regt. Bombay Cavalry; St. Mary's, Ryegate, June 2.
- Hutchinson, Elizabeth, dau. of the late Geo. —, Esq., to Mr. Alfred Smees, of the Bank of England, surgeon; St. Margaret's Lothbury, June 2.
- Jay, Mary Anne, 2d. dau. of Mr. —, Cavendish, Suffolk, to Mr. T. Davis of Keswick, Cumberland; St. James' Piccadilly, June 9.
- Jenkins, Charlotte Elizabeth, only dau. of the late Mr. William —, of Dulwich, to Mr. James Taylor of Bath; St. Giles', Camberwell, June 4.
- Judah, Jane, ygst. dau. of the late C. A. —, Esq., to Alfred Cope, Esq., at Howrah, March 17.
- Knight Maria, dau. of Richard —, Esq., of Tavistock-square, to Thomas Greane, Esq., of the Treasury, Chichester; St. Pancras Church, June 2d.
- Laporte, Sophia, 2d. dau. of the late John —, Esq., to J. H. Rowland, Esq., of Lewisham, Kent; Christ Church, June 11.
- Leach, Laura, eld. dau. of John —, Esq., to Henry Siddon, Esq., St. George's Hanover-square, June 4.
- Liddiard, Ann, 3d. dau. of J. W. —, Esq., of Hyde-park-street, to the Rev. W. H. London, M.A.; St. John's Paddington, June 11.
- Larkins, Emma Jane, dau. of J. P. —, Esq., of Blackheath, to the Rev. W. Streetfield of East Ham; Trinity Church, Mary-le-bone June 2d.
- Lockett, Eliza Marcella, only d. of the late Lieut.-Col. —, to Thomas Taylor, Esq. of the Bengal C. S.; St. Mary's, Cheltenham, June 6.
- Loddiges, Jane, eld. d. of George —, Esq. of Hackney, to Edward Cooke, Esq. of Barnes, Surrey; St. John's, Hackney, June 13.
- Matthie, Frances Sophia, eld. d. of the late J. — Esq. of Hans Place, to Archibald Brown, Esq. of Kensington; Trinity Church, Sloane-street, June 2.
- Metcalf, Maria, 3rd. d. of the late Joseph —, Esq. of Maida Hill, to John Shipton, Esq.; Wolfendhal Church, Colombo, April 9.
- Milne, Susan Ann, eld. d. of Oswald —, Esq. of Prestwich-wood, Lancashire, to N. C. Milne, Esq., of the Temple; the Collegiate Church, Manchester, June 10.
- Parris, Mary Anne, ygst. d. of the late Major R. —, of the Island of Nevis, to Walter J. Briant, Esq., M.D., of the Edgeware-road; St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, June 15.
- Pierce ygst. dau. of the late Mr. D. — to Mr. G. Ratcliffe, of Blackman street, St. George the Martyr, June 6.
- Peyton, Catherine, 2nd. dau. of the late Capt. W. —, N. I., to R. W. T. Money, Esq., 41st M. N. I.; at Secunderabad, March 30.
- Pittis, Miss, to J. Anderson, Esq.; Mussorie, March 21.
- Pottinger, Anne, 2nd. dau. of J. —, Esq., to W. Hockin, Esq., of the Bombay Medical Service; at Bhooj, E. I., April 2.
- Raper, Anne, eld. dau. of Major.-Gen. —, to C. J. Sealy, Esq., Bengal Civil Service; at Calcutta, March 23.
- Ratcliffe, Anne, eld. dau. of John —, Esq., of Camberwell, to Frederick Capes, Esq.; St. Giles' Church, June 4.
- Ricardo, Ellen, ygst. dau. of the late J. —, Esq., to Alfred Keyson, Esq.; St. George's, Hanover-square, June 15.
- Rickson, Anne Ursula, ygst. dau. of William —, Esq., of Jury-street, to Richard Summerfield, Esq., of Maidstone; St. Olave's, Hart-street, June 10.
- Robertson, Elizabeth Lawson, to Mr. Henry Southgate of Fleet-street; Meeting House, St. Thomas's-square, Hackney, June 4.
- Robinson, Eleanor, 2nd. dau. of the Rev. John —, Rector of Hockliffe, to the Rev. William Patteson, of St. Helen's, Norwich; Hockliffe, Bedfordshire, June 11.
- Robinson, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of G. B. —, Esq., to Bethune Horsburgh, Esq., surgeon; St. John's, Hackney, June 8.
- Rose, Margaret, 3rd. dau. of the late Hugh —, Esq., of Kilravock Castle, Nairnshire, to William Dealtry, Esq., Chancellor of Winchester; St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh, June 11.
- Overman, Harriet, dau. of the late Robert —, Esq. of Burnham, Deepdale, Norfolk, to A. J. Birckett, Esq., of Clapton Terrace; St. Nicholas's Church Brighton, June 11.
- Sant, Maria, eld. dau. of William —, Esq. of Upper Kennington, to Richard Pinder, Esq., of York-place, Brighton; St. Mark's, Kennington, June 16.
- Seymour, Charlotte, ygst. dau. of the late Edmund —, Esq. of Inholms, Berks, to Joseph Lexe, Esq., of Gloucester-lodge, Regent's park; Sheen, June 3.
- Shelverton, Jane Eliz., ygst. dau. of Mr. J. —, to Mr. W. Hamilton, Superintendent of the H. C.'s Gunpowder Magazine at Moyapore; Calcutta, April 6.
- Smith, Louisa Anne, eld. dau. of the late Maj. —, 6th L. C., to Frank Macmullen, Esq.; Mirzapore, March 26.
- Smith, Eliz. Mary, eld. dau. of the late J. P. —, Esq., to Robert Pitman, Esq., late Special Magistrate of St. Vincent; St. Pancras New Church June 16.
- Spence, Sarah, dau. of Capt. —, 14th Regt., to W. H. Parkyn, Esq., of Her Majesty's : Ordnance; S. Lucea, April 7.
- Morris, Jeanette, 2nd d. of William —, Esq., of Horne Park, to George Playfair, Esq.; Lee Church, June 6.
- Milne, Esq., of the Temple; the Collegiate Church, June 6.

Sutton, Isabella, 2nd. dau. of the late Robt. —, Esq., to Sir George Baker, Bart., of Laventon, Devon; St. George's, Hanover-square, June 2.

Syer, Mary Anne, 3rd. dau. of A. —, Esq., to Frederick Blogg, Esq., Regent's-place, R—square; Hadleigh, Suffolk, June 4.

Taylor, Emma, 3rd. dau. of the late Mr. Jasper —, of Holborn, to Mr. T. Bartlett of Brixton, Surrey; Epping, June 11.

Thomson, Lucy Wycliffe, eld. dau. of Lieut-Col. —, to Andrew Bisset, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law; St. Andrews, Holborn, June 15.

Touss, Eliza Jane, 3rd. dau. of the Rev. W. —, of Paris, to James Godfrey, Esq., surgeon, of Bristol; British Embassy, June 10.

Tomlin, Mary Anne, eld. dau. of William —, Esq., to the Rev. William O. A. Du Pré; King's Langley, June 4.

Vadenburg, Miss Cecilia, to J. Martin, Esq.; at Calcutta, April 11.

Wakefield, Anne, 2nd. dau. of Richard —, Esq., late of Folkstone, to William Smith, Esq., surgeon, of Dartford; St. Mary's, Islington May 28.

Walker, Diana Augusta, widow of the late T. —, to Captain W. Elliot; St. George's, Bloomsbury, June 2.

Watson, Mary, widow of the late John —, Esq., of Greenwich, to Robert Johnstone, Esq., of Camden-street; St. Alphage, Greenwich, June 6.

Whish, Alicia Maria, ygst. dau. of the late M. T. —, Esq., B. C., to A. Cunningham, Esq., B. E.; at Simla, March 30.

White, Miss, of Calcutta, to the Rev. John F. Osborne, Church Missionary to India; St. Mary's, Islington, June 15.

White, Eliz. Forrester, 2nd. dau. of James —, Esq., of Dulwich; to Mr. Joseph Chambers; Allhallows, London Wall, June 15.

Winn, Amelia, dau. of James —, Esq. of Camden Town, to the Rev. J. T. Johnstone, of the Church Missionary College; St. Pancras, June 2.

DEATHS.

Amingson, Mr. Bushell, surgeon, Bayswater, June 7.

Baber, Helen, Somerville, wife of T. H. —, Esq., late of the Bombay C. S. Tellicherry, April 10.

Bacon, Francis, Esq., at his residence, Guildford-street, June 2.

Bannerman, Sir Alex. Bart.; Aberdeen, May 31.

Bicknell, William, Lawrence, Esq.; Great Ormond-street, May 30.

Blackburn, Joshua, Esq., of Brockwell Hall, near Dulwich, June 8.

Brown, Eleanor Mary, Lady of Charles —, Esq., of Guildford-street, Russell-square; June 7.

Burnley, Anthony, Esq.; St. Austell, Cornwall, June 11.

Burnaby, Emily, ygst. dau. of the late Rev. Thomas —, vicar of St. Margarets, Leicester, June 1.

Calvert, the very Rev. Thomas, D.D., Warden, of Christ's College, Manchester, Ardwick.

Catania, Richard, son of T. —, Esq., of Calcutta; Allahabad, March 4.

Chafy, James Esq., Inspector-General of the Port of Liverpool, Duke-street, June 3.

Clark, Harriet, lady of E. R. —, Esq., of Rose Villa, Brompton, formerly the beautiful and celebrated Miss Cope, St. George's, Hanover-square.

Clarke, Charles, Esq., F. S. A., late of Her Majesty's Ordnance Office, Guernsey; Clarendon-square, May 30.

Clive, Charlotte, Mary, Florentia, 2nd. dau., of the Hon. R. H. and Lady Harriette —, Florence, May 27.

Cock, Georgiana, Lady of Major-General —, Commandant at Benares, on board the ship London, on her passage from Calcutta to England; April 3.

Collingwood, Arabella, wife of Edward —, Esq., of Dissington Hall, Northumberland; Langham-place, May 30.

Cook, Mary, only dau. of the late Samuel —, Esq., of Newton, Northumberland, June 3.

Corbould, Elvina, only dau. of Henry —, Esq., of Crescent-place, Burton Crescent, June 15.

Cotton, Decima, dau. of the late Boyes —, Esq., Kennilworth, June 1.

Craufurd, Sarah, Mary, dau., of Lieut. —, 21st Fusiliers, Kidderpore, April 14.

Crombie, the Rev. L.L.D., F.R.S., York Terrace, Regent's Park, June 11.

Cubitt, Major W. Deputy-Secretary to Government in the military department, Calcutta, April 15.

Dance, Nathaniel 3rd. son of Col. Sir Charles —, R. H. of Barn House, Taunton, Devon at the Royal Academy, Woolwich, June 5.

Dance, Mr. William, musician in ordinary to Her Majesty, director and treasurer to the Philharmonic Society, Brompton, June 5.

Dashwood, Caroline, lady of the Rev. S. V —, of Stamford Hall Notts; May 27.

Danbuz, Louis, Charles, Esq., of Truro, in consequence of a fall from his cab, June 10.

Davis, John, Esq., of Bapton, Wilts, June 10.

Dingwall, Fanny, the wife of John Duff —, Esq., of Brucklaw Castle, Aberdeenshire, Southampton, June 15.

Doddimeae, Edwin, C. son of Charles —, Esq., Newington; South Metropolitan Cemetery, June 17th.

Doxat, Francis, Esq. Lieut. 90th regiment Windlesham, Surrey, June 4.

Earwell, Ensign R —, son of Captain William —, N. I.; Barrackpore April 11.

Elphinstone, the Hon. Mrs. Fullerton; East Lodge, Enfield Chase, June 27.

Evans, George, Augustus, son of Jeremiah —, Esq. Clapham; South Metropolitan Cemetery, June 3.

Foulkes, Philippa, relict of J. —, Esq., Holles-atreet, Cavendish-square, June 5.

Fraser, Simon, Esq., of Reliance, Berbice, April 14.

Gatton, Diana, Erminia, 2nd. dau. of Hubert —, Esq., Portman-square, June 9.

Galloway, James, Esq., deputy opium agent, Futehpore, March 22.

Glanvill, Mrs. Ketty, Stockwell, aged 87. yrs.; South Metropolitan Cemetery June 19th.

Garnett, Mr. John, J. —, late of London; at the Lodge near Nantwich, Cheshire, June 6.
 Godsell, Ellen, Mary, 2d. dau. of Fred. —, Esq. of Streatham Hill, Surrey; June 4.
 Greaves, Fred. Esq., of Woodford, Essex, May 30.
 Green, James, Esq., formerly Consul-General of Tangier, Morocco; Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, June 9.
 Hawkesworth, Mr. W. of consumption; Calcutta March 17.
 Henriquez, A. G. Esq., formerly of the Island of Jamaica; May 30.
 Hickman, Mary, wife of the Rev. H. —; Walton on Thames, June 3.
 Humphrey, Maria, relict of the late W. —, Esq.; Holt House, Workingham, June 5.
 Inwood, Charles Frederick, Esq., of Southampton-place, Euston-square; June 1.
 Kempthorne, Lieut. J. 26th Reg. N.I.; on board the *Isabella*, on his passage from India.
 Lewis, Mary, widow of the late Maj.-Gen. —; of Cadogan-place, June 10.
 Lord Mrs. Esther, Park-street, Camberwell, aged 68 years, died June 9th; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
 Lightby Harriett, dau. of William —, Esq., North Brixton, aged 10 years, died 4th June; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
 McGilvray, Simon, Esq., Dartmouth-row, Blackheath, aged 56, South Metropolitan Cemetery June 9.

DEATH OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.—The Hamburg Papers of the 7th June contained the intelligence of the death of Frederick William, King of Prussia, at Berlin, on the afternoon of that day, aged 70 years.

This monarch succeeded his father Frederick William II. on the 16th Nov 1797, and besides the present king, William IV. born 1795, has left three sons and three daughters: the Empress of Russia, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, and Princess Louisa, married to Prince Frederick of the Netherlands.

The following are the affecting details of death:—

On the morning of the 7th a courier was sent from Berlin by the Empress of Russia with a letter to her husband informing him that all hope was over. When the interview between the king and his eldest daughter took place he could only embrace her as the empress fell on her knees before the little camp bed which her royal father would not quit as his place of rest during his illness. At the head of the bed was the portrait of Queen Louisa, to which the king pointed with a gesture (to his daughter) indicating a hope of speedily joining his deceased wife in heaven. The last sacrament was administered by Dr. Cylert, the Protestant Bishop. The princesses meanwhile were in the adjoining room, and very few persons were allowed to be present at this solemn ceremony. The immediate symptoms of approaching death commenced on the morn-

ing of the 7th, when an immense crowd surrounded the palace. At about half-past twelve the Emperor of Russia arrived at full gallop in his little travelling carriage by the *Rue Royale*, in front of the small palace, the people taking him for a simple military courier. In the saloons of the first floor, he embraced his wife and relations, and immediately proceeded to the bedside of the dying king, who though speechless recognized his son-in-law. The emperor knelt down and kissed the hand of his father-in-law. At three o'clock P.M., the king no longer breathed, and a looking-glass which was held before his mouth remained unsullied.

Mortimer, C., late Treasurer to the Hon. E. L. C.; Streatham Common, May 11.
 Morel, Antoinette Louise, wife of Charles —, Esq.; Calcutta, March 14.
 Nugent, Nicholas Esq., late Treasurer of Malta; Notting Hill, June 11.
 Newman, Thos., Esq., Bethel Place, Camberwell, aged 66 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery, June 5th.
 Ogilvie, Brev. Maj. H.M. 81st Regt.; on march to Benares, March 21.
 Oswald, Genl Sir John, G.C.B. Col. of the 35th Regiment D unakier; Fifeshire, June 8.
 Penny, Margat, dau. of Maj.; Barrackpore; March 28.
 Paley, Ensign E., N. I. 25th Reg., Kamptee; March 30.
 Phillipson, John Esq.; Croydon, May 30.
 Pingault, Julian, Esq.; Dacca, March 10.
 Regency-square, aged 90, Brighton, June 2d.
 Richardson, George, Frederick, Esq., Camberwell, aged 26 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
 Repton, Ensign Humphrey, 47 Bengal N. I. son of the Rev. Edward —, from Cholera, Calcutta, April 14.
 Stillard, Martha F. dau. of Edw. —, Esq., near Head Green, aged 27 years; died 15 June, buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
 Tabor, John, Joseph, Esq., Brixton, aged 43 years, South Metropolitan Cemetery, June 21.

ing of the 7th, when an immense crowd surrounded the palace. At about half-past twelve the Emperor of Russia arrived at full gallop in his little travelling carriage by the *Rue Royale*, in front of the small palace, the people taking him for a simple military courier. In the saloons of the first floor, he embraced his wife and relations, and immediately proceeded to the bedside of the dying king, who though speechless recognized his son-in-law. The emperor knelt down and kissed the hand of his father-in-law. At three o'clock P.M., the king no longer breathed, and a looking-glass which was held before his mouth remained unsullied.

The Prince Royal then closed the eyes of his father, and the Emperor of Russia was the first to salute him as William IV. The king having died on Whitsunday, when all the population were abroad, the news of his death spread rapidly, and within a few hours the poorest workmen were seen with crape on their arms. The new king proceeded a little after 3 o'clock to the palace and appeared on the balcony. The ministers took the oaths almost immediately, as also the soldiers, over their colours in the barracks. On leaving the palace the Prince Royal, now William IV., was so deeply affected that the public were forcibly struck with his appearance; and he said to his consort, sister of Louis of Bavaria, "Support me Elizabeth, for I am now more in want of assistance than ever."

THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.

A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

COMPENDIUM OF THE LIFE OF GIOACHINO ROSSINI, HIS MUSICAL CAREER, OPINIONS UPON MUSIC, RHYTHM, &c.

To write even briefly the life of a man who signalized an epoch distinguished in the history of the arts, is not a slight undertaking : to be strictly faithful to the truth is, besides, a valid conscientious obligation. In this, we trust we shall not be found wanting, as we have derived our materials from the most certain sources ; many things we have seen with our own eyes, and many we have heard from credible witnesses, even from Rossini himself—and with these few preliminaries we shall enter at once upon our subject.

Gioachino Rossini was born in the city of Pesaro (on the 29th February), where at that time dwelt his parents Giuseppe Rossini di Lugo and Anna Guidarini. The latter was of an honorable and distinguished family of Pesaro, but, through misfortune, reduced to poverty. His parents too were musical, his father being the most celebrated performer of his day on the bugle, and his mother an excellent singer.

In the year 1799, the tyrannical oppression exercised by the Austrians upon the Italians extended even beyond its ordinary degree, and as Giuseppe was at that time suspected of not loving to contemplate in silent delight the slavery of his country, he was forthwith thrown into prison, a mode of proceeding then usually adopted by the Austrians to induce the persuasion that they were worthy objects of respect and affection : just as in Spain the embers of the Inquisition, as an incontestable proof that the Roman Catholic religion is one of mercy and tenderness, doomed to the flames all those unhappy beings who might chance to evince the slightest doubt on the subject.

Anna Rossini, who till that time had exercised her vocal talents as a *dilettante*
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only, then became a singer by profession, as a means of obtaining a maintenance. In person she was lovely, nor were the qualities of her mind less calculated to awake admiration; and her singing was in perfect character with these excellencies. It was to commence her musical career in the grand Civic Theatre of Bologna, that Anna Rossini went to that city, whither she was accompanied by her young son Gioachino, then only seven years of age. Rossini was consequently educated in Bologna where he eventually fixed his permanent abode. He styles himself *Bolognese*; that city is still his place of residence, and there in all probability he will terminate his life, for he has chosen his tomb near that of his parents in the celebrated Cemetery of Bologna, named *La Certosa*. But to resume our narration: Anna Rossini was very successful as a singer, and after a separation of ten months, the period of his imprisonment, was again restored to her husband.

The Rossini family then fixed their dwelling place in Bologna, and Gioachino was placed under a master of music, a Piedmontese named Prinetti. He was a good kind of man; but, constantly sleeping, he was a perpetual source of amusement to the lively young Rossini, who, in consequence, stood but little in awe of him. Another master of music was subsequently selected. This was a Bolognese named Palmerini, very learned in the art of counterpoint; he was, however, better qualified to afford diversion than to give instruction to his pupil Rossini, whose dislike of study was extreme, and whose principal delight consisted in tormenting his master and companions. Threats, prayers, punishment availed nothing to convert the boy to a love of study. As a last resource, to discover if there were any hope of saving him, his father at length resolved upon a vigorous method of correction. Gioachino was removed from his school, and placed in a blacksmith's workshop, where he was compelled to occupy the entire day in beating rusty iron upon the anvil. To augment the severity of the punishment, his father took all his friends to visit Gioachino whilst engaged in this hard labor.

The result of this treatment was completely successful! Self-love, the toil, humiliation, the love of glory, triumphed in the mind of the young Rossini, and of his own accord he entreated to be permitted to return to study. He was afterwards excited to perseverance by seeing his mother, who had been an excellent *Prima Donna* in *Opera Buffa*, obliged by the loss of her voice to quit the stage, which reduced her income to very narrow limits. Gioachino then seriously reflected upon the subject of affording assistance to his family. At the early age of even ten years he was of considerable benefit to his parents, and when not more than thirteen was their chief support. From that time his parents were the objects of his almost idolizing love, and upon this we shall remark in the progress of our article.

At this period of his life we must mention two of Rossini's Masters, from whose instruction and care he derived much advantage: one, under whom he studied singing, was the priest Angeli Tesei, and the other, who instructed him in the art of composition, was the celebrated ex-monk, Father Stanislao Mattei, (successor to the famous Father Martini in the chair of counterpoint in the Philharmonic Lyceum of Bologna.) Father Mattei soon discovered that G. Rossini was possessed of extraordinary musical talent, and he made him devote himself with close application to the study of the ground-work of the art. But the active genius of the young Rossini, together with the necessity of providing for his parents, obliged him to multiply his sources of income by engaging in various occupations. He therefore learned, and with success, to play upon the bugle, clarionet, flute, organ, piano, violincello, and violin; upon all of which instruments he played alternately in the exercises of the students at the Philharmonic Lyceum of Bologna; sometimes he was *conductor*, sometimes *leader* of the Symphonies, and of his own compositions, or of those of the masters. This obtained for Rossini considerable fame in the city; he was then appointed to sing in the churches, and to be conductor at the theatres, and at concerts: his income therefore became speedily much increased.

In the midst of these varied employments the young Rossini devoted several hours of each day to the study of the ancient and classic musical works preserved in the celebrated Philharmonic Lyceum of Bologna, which possesses one of the richest

and most beautiful libraries in Europe of classic musical manuscripts. He studied at the same time with assiduous diligence the Quartets of Mozart, Haydn, and Cramer; but finding only separate parts of them, and being well aware of the advantage of possessing them entire, Rossini composed and wrote more than forty. By such studies, and by much practice in various styles, he prepared himself for the accomplishment of a grand musical reform. We may add to this, that Rossini reaped immense benefit from the experience he had acquired in the varieties and difficulties of different instruments: thus he effected important reforms not only in vocal, but also in instrumental music; for by his own experience (we repeat it), he perfectly understood how to direct others in the practical use of the instruments which he himself from his earliest years had learned to play. So varied a knowledge is most useful to a composer, since without it, he may sometimes write passages for particular instruments which either cannot be executed, or produce only a bad effect, and all from the simple cause of his knowing merely general theory, and not the particularities peculiar to each individual instrument. But to return to Rossini, the study of the Italian and German classic authors of music so rapidly developed his talent, that at the age of thirteen years he obtained the principal prize in the Philharmonic Lyceum of Bologna by a "*Cantata*" entitled, *Pianto d'Armonia per la morte di Orfeo*—a musical composition replete with learning and spirit, still preserved in the archives of that institution, his greatest as well as first composition of high order, with which also he terminated his course of study.

The sorrow of the venerable father Mattei, when he beheld his favorite pupil quit the Lyceum, was truly touching, for he deemed him much too youthful, and thought Rossini might still receive many useful lessons, if he continued to pursue his studies under his direction. But Rossini, who nevertheless revered his excellent master, after having learnt at the Lyceum *Fugues for four voices*, thought that he could proceed, alone, in the acquirement of theoretical knowledge, at the same time keeping up that practice by which he felt himself to have obtained so much power. When but at the age of thirteen years and a half he was appointed Director of the Philharmonic Academy *dei Concor di* in Bologna, and directed to perfection the majestic concerto, *Le Stagioni*, by Haydn. About the same period, at the desire of the celebrated Tenor, Mombelli, who with his whole family formed a company of singers, Rossini, then fourteen, composed his first opera, *Demetrio e Polibio*. This work may certainly be said to be deficient in *unity* of artistic conception, of sentiment, of expression; but such defect is compensated by brilliant variety, a degree of novelty, of melody, and by an instrumentation which then excited wonder, and still produces true delight wherever it is well represented and executed. The success of his first opera created the desire of composing one for a great theatre, but his extreme youth rendered him diffident of making such a proposal to any director. He however remembered a promise made to him under the following circumstances by the marchese Cavalli. At the age of thirteen and a half Rossini was *Conductor* at the grand opera of the Fiera di Senegallia. The marchese Cavalli was *Superintendent* of the theatre, and deeply enamoured of the Prima Donna, madame Carpani. In attempting to perform a difficult *run* in singing, the unfortunate songstress really *ran* so terribly out of tune that the youthful conductor, unable to restrain his risibility, burst into a loud and hearty fit of laughing, in which the majority of the audience most indecorously joined. Carpani, indignant at this treatment, with her beautiful eyes all bathed in tears, demanded of her beloved marchese the Superintendent, the severest punishment of the audacious conductor. Love, which endows its subjects with marvellous ardor, kindled the wrath of the marchese, and forthwith he summoned the conductor, called in Italian *il Maestro*. But when the maestro (Rossini) with his beautiful, intelligent, infantile countenance, made his appearance and defended himself so amusingly as to excite the marchese's laughter, he quickly pardoned his fault. From that time Rossini became the object of his friendship and protection and frequently dined at the table of the marchese, who graciously promised that whenever the young musician should have acquired sufficient knowledge to compose an opera, if he would inform him, he would obtain for him the means of

having it represented in a theatre at Venice. Rossini, recollecting this promise, wrote to the marchese Cavalli, who did not fail in keeping his word ; and Rossini, at eighteen years old, composed for the theatre San Mosè in Venice, the opera bearing the title of *La Cambiale di Matrimonio*, in which he was quite successful. After so happy a commencement, he wrote, in twenty-two months, seven operas, all of them meeting with extraordinary success. Among these was *La pietra di paragone*, which was so well received and highly applauded, that the Vice-roi of Italy, prince Eugene, exempted Rossini by special favor from the military service, for he ought already to have been among the number of conscribed soldiers.

Following entirely the bent of his own genius, Rossini little heeded either the journals of the time which accused him of extravagance, or the calumnies heaped upon him by the jealousies of more frigid composers ; he laughed, and composed ; regarded neither praise, nor censure ; indifferent to the present, he considered only the future ; he effected a reform, and opened a new era in music.

Here we may introduce a curious anecdote. After having written five most successful operas for the Venice theatres, Rossini was again called upon to write an Opera Buffa for the theatre San Mosè, the *impresario* (director or manager) being Signor Cera. Whilst Rossini was awaiting in Venice the Libretto Buffo, the directors of the grand theatre, La Fenice, came to treat with him for an Opera Seria. Signor Cera was displeased, and wished Rossini to write for no theatre in Venice but San Mosè ; not, however, succeeding in his desire, he determined upon revenging himself by ruining the yet tender reputation of the juvenile master. The method he adopted was to have so wretched a Libretto as to render it absolutely impossible to set it to music. Rossini immediately discovered the *mauvais tour* of Signor Cera. Having thoroughly examined the monstrous Libretto, entitled *I due Bruschini*, he assured Cera that he would write music perfectly worthy of, and adapted to the Libretto. Rossini was not one to promise that which was beyond his power to accomplish. Zanolini, who has so admirably written the life of Rossini, and in many of whose opinions we coincide, relates that he began by mixing in the introductory symphonies different measures of music which the violin players were to execute by striking their bows upon the lamps and reflectors fixed in the benches of the orchestra : he then proceeded to compose music precisely opposite in sense to the words, and wholly beyond the power and ability of the singers. At one time he accompanied a pathetic scene by merry music ; at another, a melancholy air was written to a mirthful subject ; to the *soprani* he assigned bass notes ; to the *bass* high notes : in short he made it all confusion, noise ; a complete monstrosity. The result of the farce, *I due Bruschini*, was most truly such as the master anticipated. He invited several friends to be present, and they fully enjoyed Rossini's revenge upon Signor Cera, who was quite in despair at having provoked the vengeance of so powerful an enemy. But Rossini's noblest revenge was the immediate composition, in the same city, of the Opera Seria, *Il Tancredi*, for the theatres La Fenice and San Benedetto, the Opera Buffa, *L'Italiana in Algere*. Both these works were, and will always be heard with extreme delight. The admiration of these operas was most enthusiastic ; in the stillness of the night, after the conclusion of the performance, his beautiful, sweet melodies were heard between the strokes of the oars issuing from the gondolas as they glided upon the placid waters of the lake of Venice. Among the most popular airs of the Opera Buffa is *Fragli Amori e le bellezze*, and of the Opera Seria, the never-to-be sufficiently heard or admired piece, *Di tanti palpiti*, the easy, sweet tones of which penetrate the very soul, and where, at the first, the powers of madame Malanotte shone with such complete triumph.

After writing these in Venice, Rossini composed for the theatre *La Scala* in Milan, *L'Aureliano in Palmira* ; and *Il Turco in Italia*.

From this city Rossini retired to Bologna, where he shut himself up for some months : during this time Gioachino Murat, King of Naples had, but within insufficient means, proclaimed the independence of Italy, and Rossini composed a national martial hymn full of beauties, which added still more to his popularity and renown.

It will easily be imagined that Rossini was sought as a composer by all the theatres, and that as a consequence of the decided preference for him manifested by

the public, other composers who boast themselves the friends of the true, *pure* ancient school, regarded him with feelings of dislike and jealousy. These composers resided principally in Rome and Naples. Here it may be well to remark that Naples having been the birth-place of many excellent musical writers, the Neapolitans deemed themselves the best judges in the art. When, therefore, Rossini went to Naples he had to contend against mere prejudices. Zingarelli at that time, after the retirement of Paesiello, was the chief or dictator of music at Naples: he was an eminent musician, but being grown old in the art he looked upon reform and progress as synonymous with ruin and perdition.

Influenced by this feeling he prohibited Rossini's music in the *Conservatorio Reale*, of which he was director. Notwithstanding this prohibition, the students delighted in Rossini's compositions, and found pleasure in the study of them. The reformation of music was effected. One day when a young composer was performing a new opera at the Conservatorio (or Royal Academy), Zingarelli observed to Rossini: "Do you see, this new master also imitates you." Rossini replied: "I do not approve of it; but at the same time I cannot forbid it." In this contest none dared impute to Rossini deficiency of talent; his unfailing success was a peremptory reply to such an accusation; but his enemies did accuse him of want of profound musical science. To this Rossini answered that "profound science in music was manifested in the power of producing great sensation; and acquiring popularity by those means which, in the compositions of other masters, created only *the desire to sleep*." Rossini was and is sufficiently learned to confound an entire army of musical pedants: he composed for the S. Carlo theatre in Naples the opera *Elsibetta*—which exhibited such depth of music that the king commanded Rossini's works to be studied at the *Conservatorio Reale*: the students had a grand rejoicing; and Zingarelli offering his congratulations to the composer said to him: "Your last production is classical."

In Rome, however, Rossini's enemies were still more numerous and powerful. Here he composed for the theatre Valle, the Opera Seria, *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, which did not meet with success: afterwards he was engaged to write for the theatre, *Argentina*, the Opera Buffa, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. This was a perilous undertaking, for not only was it written in the short space of fourteen days, but Paesiello had taken the same subject at Rome with marked success. All therefore charged the youthful composer with want of respect, presumption and folly. Rossini wrote a modest preface, and addressed an apologetic letter to the veteran Paesiello; but his enemies were not appeased, and they resolved to effect the downfall of the new opera. Of the Introductory Sinfonia consequently not a note was heard, the noises from the pit resembling the howlings of the wind in a dreadful tempest. At the commencement is an aria for the tenor; this was Garcia the father of Malibran. He was an excellent player on the guitar, and intended to accompany himself; but at the very beginning of the song all the strings broke, and every one began to laugh, and where the ridiculous mingles with the efforts of an attempt, discomfiture is certain. But this was not all: the actor who represented *Don Basilio*, was an old singer of the Papal Chapel Sistina; he had already been made a little nervous by the increasing impatience and boisterous humor manifested by the spectators, and, as he was coming on the stage, not observing a chair that was in his way, he stumbled over it and fell. The hootings and hisses that followed made the confusion complete—nobody could or would hear another note. Rossini amid all this hurricane sat apart and alone, and with imperturbable coolness applauded; with loud voice thanking singers and musicians for the fine style in which they had performed their parts.

Rossini wished to be present at the second representation; but his friends, fearful of some evil, prevented him, and remained in his house to keep him company and save him from melancholy thoughts. Just at the moment when conversation had become animated, they heard under the window sounds as of a gathering crowd, and the voices of people at a distance, who with lighted torches in their hands were running towards the house, crying out "*Rossini! Rossini!*" At this, both his friends and Rossini himself became pale with alarm, but catching the words—"VIVAT ROSSINI!" they took courage to inquire what had happened, when they learned that

the *Barbiere di Siviglia* had roused the audience even to enthusiasm; that the public in the theatre were calling loudly for the *maestro*, in order that they might behold and applaud him; and that it was absolutely necessary that he should come and present himself;—he did so; his triumph was complete.

After this, Rossini moved on from success to success, in Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, Firenze, Bologna, composing the operas,—*Feti e Peleo*; *Otello*; *La Cenerentola*; *La Gazza Ladra*; *Armida*; *Adelaide di Borgogna*; *Ottoul*, *Mosè in Egitto*; *Ricciardo e Zoraide*; *Ermione*; *Eduardo e Christina*; *La Dama del Lago*; *Bianca e Faliero*; *Maometto II.*; *Matilde di Shabran*; *Zelmira*; *Semiramide*. All these compositions are full of novelty of rhythm, sublimity of conception, beauty and abundance of harmony, and mastery of the art, whether in the expression of the affections, or in the exhibition of profound science. His rivals were silenced: the reform was accomplished; and he was every where proclaimed supreme.

In the year 1821, at Castenaso, a beautiful villa belonging to him in the suburbs of Bologna, Rossini married Isabella Colbrand, a Spanish lady, and an excellent singer. There he settled, to enjoy the delights of domesticity.

We have seen Rossini running a brilliant youthful career, conquering his enemies, and passing on from triumph to triumph; now let us contemplate him after his marriage with Donna Isabella Colbrand, in whom, with great beauty of person, was united an uncommon talent for music. Rossini, who was the idol of society, was quite the *enfant gâté*, and had indulged immoderately in pleasures of every kind, but his marriage with Senora Colbrand first made him sensible to impressions of true love, a love not light and volatile, but one which, based upon the firm foundation of esteem, concentrates to one point all the actions of life. Hence, subsequently to this event, not only during the delightful weeks of the Honeymoon, but in after time, the music he wrote was adapted to the voice and powers of Donna Isabella. Thus it is seen that art is subject to modifications according with the mental condition of the professor. Rossini, therefore, all whose music was henceforth composed for Senora Colbrand, ceased to write *Opere Buffe*; and the *servum pecus* of imitators also discontinued to exert their powers in that species of composition.

It was at this epoch that the Italian Lyric theatre began to exhibit that kind of serio-comic opera which the Italians designate *Opera Serio-giocosa*. Rossini having produced that sublime specimen—the number and variety of the musical beauties of which secured it an immense success, and induced many others to make similar attempts, and certainly with much success, among which we may mention—*La Sonnambula*—that most beautiful production of the inspired genius of Bellini, and another elegant, and even more lively imitation of the talented Donizetti, the *Elixir d' Amore*.

At the expiration of the year 1821, Rossini wrote for the Imperial Theatre at Vienna—"La Zelmira," an opera, after the German manner, which displays much profundity and grandeur of style. Subsequently, in order to show that his power was equal to the task of blending together the two styles which are so extensively and with such deep interest made the subject of discussion among the scientific and amateurs, namely, 'the harmonic style of the Germans,' and 'the melodical style of the Italians,' he composed the celebrated Opera *Semiramide* for *La Fenice* in Venice, as if, said our friend Zanolini, Rossini had returned to Venice, to revise his last Italian Opera where he had composed his first.

Hitherto we have considered Rossini as a composer, and have followed him from period to period of the production of his several compositions written in Italy; we must now contemplate him a little in his private life, and then accompany him to France, in which country new triumphs yet awaited him.

Rossini, then, as we have before observed, began in very early life to make himself an income, and to render assistance to his family—nor did he discontinue this in the more brilliant part of his career, for he always sent the greater portion of his receipts to his parents, but the rest, if anything remained over the amount of his necessary expenses, he devoted to festivities, of a character, it must be acknowledged, somewhat too joyous. Nevertheless his parents had economised and accumulated for him, so that, what with the estates they had purchased for him, and the property

he received as his wife's dower, Rossini found himself tolerably rich. But there is one singular circumstance in the life of Rossini which is particularly worthy of notice; when his means were very circumscribed, he was often accused of being prodigal and squandering his money; when, however, he began to be rich, he then first exhibited a spirit of avarice. This prodigality in early life had its origin, not in levity, not in luxury, not in ennui—but in a want, a yearning for the presence of joyous friends, and beautiful women, a necessity for dining in company, for conversation of the highest degree of wit, spirit and merriment, and this even when he was most occupied in business. At the period when he composed six operas in one year, he gave up a great portion of his time to these festivities. Nature, therefore, must have bestowed upon him not only genius, but an electric spark that in one instant fired his mind, and empowered him to accomplish, without fatigue, in a few minutes that which would have cost others much of both fatigue and time.

After these observations no one will be much surprised to learn that some of his operas were written in the short space of fifteen days; and that which is still more interesting is the curious fact that he often wrote music in the midst of conversation, even amid the laughter and noise of loud-talking company. We will repeat two anecdotes in confirmation of our assertion.

But a few hours remained before the time appointed for the general rehearsal, in Milan, of *La Gazza Ladra*, and Rossini had not yet written the Sinfonia. His friends entreated him to set about it; the director of the theatre was in a fever of rage; whilst all near him tormented him with their apprehensions lest it should not be completed in time. Rossini remained in undisturbed calmness, and with a smile replied to them all,—“The Sinfonia is finished all complete in my mind; there only remains the material part of writing it out, in order to communicate my ideas to others; that will only be a task of a few moments.” Having said this, he went to the shop of the bookseller and copyist, Giovanni Ricordi, who, according to the Italian custom, was standing in the midst of his corps of copying-clerks, to correct the various separate parts of the new opera. The ceremony of copying is generally attended with much noise, the young copyists reciprocally dictating to each other in very loud tones, and comparing together the musical parts of the singers and the orchestra. Thus, in the shop of Ricordi, and in the midst of all this terrible, tempestuous confusion, Rossini calmly sat himself down, and without staying his hand one moment wrote the whole of that famous and original Sinfonia, the Overture to *La Gazza Ladra*.

The other anecdote which we shall give upon this point is of equal interest; the circumstance occurred in Naples. The opera of *Mosè in Egitto* was very nearly completed, but it was by many deemed necessary to add a grand concerto piece for the chief singers, bringing in all the voices of the chorus. The time was very short, and a message was sent to the poet Totola to compose immediately the necessary poetry. Shortly after, Rossini (who had something the matter with one of his feet and was in bed, surrounded by a crowd of friends who were laughing, joking, chattering at the top of their voices, as Neapolitans are accustomed to do) received a visit from this somewhat ridiculous, and, certainly, mediocre poet, who presented the poetry, saying,—“*Do not, my dear maestro, I pray, laugh at me for these poor verses; they are but the production of a single hour.*” Rossini looked at the poet, smiled, read the verses, then smiled again, and exclaimed,—“*What! mio caro Poetino, a whole hour employed upon these verses! They are tolerable, but an hour is too much! I will make you the music in a quarter of the time!*” Rossini kept his word: in the midst of the jokes and sarcastic railery which all these young men with a Neapolitan tumult, that is, most noisy *diapason*, kept playing and pouring out their sarcasms upon the unlucky Poetino Totola, a quarter of an hour did not pass, before the music was written, and truly beautiful, solemn, and inspired it was. The part of *Mosè in Egitto* thus written was the celebrated music of that famous popular prayer—*Dal tuo stellato soglio*—which is altogether a musical gem.

This readiness of mind in Rossini is astonishing, but a more wonderful consideration still is the great versatility of his powers. Here, also, we will content ourselves with selecting two anecdotes, which will not be uninteresting to the reader.

Vincenzo Monti, the prince of modern Italian poets, was in Bologna, and on a visit in company with Carlo Pepoli, his intimate friend, to the family of a very rich Spaniard, Don Diego Pennalver y Lanzos, who, being himself a man of talent, had assembled in his house the most distinguished persons in the city, to do honor to *Il Signor dell'attissimo canto*, or *Il Bardo della Selva Nera*, as the renowned Monti was then designated, from a poem of that title. The number of guests continued to increase, until the company were mingled together in complete confusion, when, without causing himself to be introduced, Rossini accosted the Poet Monti, and in a gentle and courteous manner opened a conversation with him, which lasted for more than an hour. The dialogue concluded, Rossini disappeared from the room. Monti, who had been enchanted with the conversation of this unknown gentleman, enquired of the master of the house the name of this learned litterato. Don Diego Pennalver y Lauzos then informed him that the name of the person with whom he had been speaking was *Rossini*. When Monti heard the name—not of a litterato, but—of the celebrated composer of music, he was thunderstruck, and could not believe that Rossini could have talked for an hour without intermission upon poetry and literature, in a manner so admirable that he had taken him for some learned professor. Such was the wonder of Monti, and so strong the desire he expressed to see Rossini again, that the latter was sent for to his house, which is near the Palazzo Pennalver, and requested to return immediately. And when the venerable old man and poet saw the *maestro*—Rossini—entering the room again, he ran to him with open arms, and affectionately pressing him to his bosom, said to him, with tears of tenderness in his eyes:—

"My son, I thank Heaven, and congratulate myself and all Italy that the fate of musical reform has been confided to so grand a mind as yours, which can comprehend art, whatever its form, and in its proper sublimity!"

Rossini certainly had not time to complete his studies as a man of literature, but his genius inspired him with the love of the beautiful, wherever he met with it, and previously to commencing a musical composition, he would visit the famous Public Gallery in Bologna, and contemplate the sweet paintings of Guido Reni, the bold and powerful physiognomic compositions of Alessandro Tiarini and Guercino, the sweet joyous nymphs painted by Albani, the multiform pictures of the five Caracci, the majestic productions of Domenichino, Cavedoni, and the other great ancient masters. Sometimes, on the other hand, before beginning to compose music, he would delight to read the classic Italian poets, and was wont to declare that he had learned more from Dante, than from Padre maestro Mattei.

The writer of the present Article, in company with the celebrated actor Marini, has seen Rossini acting on a private stage, and so excellent was he that all were astonished, while Marini affirmed that had he entered upon the theatrical career, he would have become as great as Talma. To this talent must be added another, that of singing with an expression quite unique. The writer has composed many pieces of poetry for this famous musician, and was always the first to hear them tried by himself in private. These pieces, and especially the selection published by Troupenas, at Paris, were none of them ever executed by any singer so well as by Rossini himself, when, shut up with their author in a little private room, he tried them for the first time.

But not to wander too much from our subject, let us revert to the events of the life of Rossini, whom we left at Bologna, at his villa called Castenaso, in delightful ease, receiving from all parts of Europe visitors and invitations, with splendid offers to induce him again to exert his powers of composition. At last, he left Italy, went to Paris, and thence passed on to London, to write for the King's Theatre an opera, entitled *La Figlia dell'Aria*. But whilst he was occupied in the composition of the music, the director of the theatre became bankrupt, and the first act, the only one completed, was put under seal, and still remains in the archives of the theatre; and probably not till after the death of this great composer will the work in question be included among the speculations of any musical publisher.

On his return to Paris, Rossini wrote *Le Voyage à Reims*, an allegorical cantata for the coronation of Charles X.; and afterwards, being engaged by the Royal

Academy of Music in Paris, that is, the French Opera House, he adapted for that theatre *L'Assedio di Corinto*, from the drama of *Maometto II.*; remodelled *Mosè in Egitto*; and composed *Le Comte Ory*, and *Guillaume Tell*. We have already (in the August number of this periodical) observed upon the style of these productions, and shall not therefore here speak of them at any great length. Nevertheless, we deem it within the scope of this biography to make a few short reflections, which may be suitably connected with Rossini's ideas upon musical rhythm, a subject of such great importance in musical compositions, and upon the well adapted choice of which their success in the main depends.

Meantime, however, we will mention how he was richly compensated for his labors, and particularise some of the many honors and distinctions which he received. The account we received from our intelligent friend Zanolini, whose intimacy with Rossini and with many persons of the greatest eminence renders the narration both authentic and interesting. During the Congress at Verona, a courier was dispatched to the Villa di Castenaso, near Bologna, bearing a letter written by the hand of Metternich, in which he sent Rossini a polite and pressing invitation, saying that in this Congress 'Harmony' should preside, and that therefore it was desired and looked for at Verona, that he who was the sovran master and creator of harmony should be present. Rossini went, composed four Cantate, directed all the concerts of the Court, and several times himself sang at the invitation of the Austrian sovereigns. Subsequently, he accompanied the Court to Venice, where, before the opening of the theatre, he received in his house Metternich and the other ministers.

While on his way to London, he received at Dover a letter from the Russian Ambassador, begging him to call at the Royal Palace; and George IV. received him with marked distinction and many courtesies. The king invited him one evening to St. James's, to hear his orchestra, and on that occasion said to him, manifesting an extraordinary kindness of manner—"I hope it is not irksome or disagreeable to you to listen to music which to your ears must be old."—and immediately ordered the overture to *La Gazza Ladra*. That finished, the king turned to him and said—"Now the direction of the orchestra is left to you." Rossini showed himself grateful for his high distinction, and made them play a composition of Handel's, which he knew was a favorite of the king's, and after that, *God save the King*. George IV., who much admired Rossini's general demeanour, fully appreciated these little marks of respectful attention. Louis XVIII of France too esteemed him much both as *Il gran Maestro* (as he used to call him), and as a man of talent and polished readiness of mind. His native city raised him to nobility; the Royal Institute of France nominated him one of its members; he was appointed Director of the Royal Italian Theatre at Paris, Inspector General of Music to the King, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour: the King of Spain sent him the Cross of Isabella; he was made Knight of the order of the *Sud Brazilian*; and received the order of the Belgic Lion from the hands of Prince Leopold. Rossini travelled with the rich Rothschild to Frankfort, where the daughter of Charles Rothschild of Naples was married to Lionel, the eldest son of the Rothschild of London. On their arrival at Brussels, all the musicians of the theatre collected together and improvisated a serenata before their hotel: afterwards the members of the Philharmonic Society of that place did the same, as indeed occurred wherever he went, and all the academies of all the cities through which he passed elected him Honorary Fellow; and finally at Frankfort he found a magnificent banquet prepared for him by the senators and merchants, and a multitude assembled from the neighbouring parts to see the *GRAN MAESTRO*.

It has been said with much reason that he lived in haste; and truly, in a very few years Rossini ran through all the periods which are wont to distinguish the works of the great artists. In his first compositions melody was predominant, and there was evident in them the intensely ardent fire of youth, a great love of novelty, an incredible abundance of *congetti*, *motivi*, and *frasi*, an immeasurable power of invention, and a total absence of servility to the rules of the art: such was his first manner. Pedantic Musical Doctors called out vehemently against the licenses he took: he excused himself by saying that, while he was so young and composed so much, he had not time

to correct and polish. Others accused him of too great luxuriance of style, and said that he would leave himself no subject to write upon : to these he replied by continually producing new pieces ; and sometimes upon the same words of some well-known poetry he wrote more than a hundred different musical compositions ; as, for instance, Metastasio's canzonet, commencing—

Mi lagnero tacendo
Della mia sorte amara, &c. &c.

which he set to music one hundred and twenty-five different ways, new and beautiful as different. The works of contemporaneous composers were, for the most part, so cold and languid that the hearers were sent to sleep. Rossini's grand object was to avoid weariness ; hence, when he was charged with his music being too rich and noisy, he answered—" *People do not fall asleep under my music.*" When this juvenile impetuosity began to subside, his style became more grave, more dignified and profound, and the most remarkable points were the combinations in the accompaniments, the elegance and the accuracy of the harmony. This was his second manner : and in this manner were written the operas from *Elizabetta d'Inghilterra*, down to *Gulielmo Tell*. This opera of Gulielmo Tell, in which the dramatic predominates, and Italian melody is combined with German science, which however Rossini never entirely disregarded, constitutes his third manner.

In this production, which is a masterpiece to every one really intelligent upon the subject of music, (and who possesses the soul to feel and appreciate all the beauties, manifest and recondite, which it contains), in this opera, Rossini shows himself to have fully reached a third manner of style ; for, having once effected the reform of music, he was able to effect a second and further reform. But ten years have now passed since he has ceased to compose. He discontinued writing at the age of thirty-six, just the period of life at which others are beginning to approach the most brilliant part of their career. But he retired to his favorite Bologna, where, not desiring greater wealth, and unambitious of more extended glory, he looked to lead a liberal, tranquil life, among a few sincere old friends. This tranquillity, however, was much disturbed by domestic troubles. The loss of his parents was a most severe affliction to him, and contributed much to bring on that state of bad health, which his irregular mode of life in early youth had been calculated to induce. Here, it should be remarked, that Rossini's respect and love for his parents was always very great, and it still continues after their death ; so that when he speaks of them, and especially of his mother, his words are often choked by tears which he cannot restrain. But there happened another calamity to disturb Rossini's peace ; and this seems to have arisen from the jealousy of his wife, who being more advanced in years than her husband, so tormented him with suspicions and continual quarrels, that at last a legal separation took place. After this event, Rossini sold his beautiful Palazzo in the city, and the countess Anna Pepoli, widow of the conte Sampieri, was happy and proud to have a modest apartment in a residence that had been provisionally selected for this true genius, until he should find another Palazzo, that would not remind him of his domestic afflictions. Rossini's health is still very bad, a result to which these moral causes very much contribute ; but we hope that he will still live for the benefit of art. It is indeed said he has been summoned to Paris to compose some solemn ecclesiastical music, to be performed at the *Hôtel des Invalides* on the approaching occasion of extraordinary pomp and imposing ceremony that will celebrate the depositing there of the ashes of Napoleon.

Should Rossini die, or should he compose no more, it is certain that few have written more than he : none, perhaps, have produced so great a revolution in taste, or given so great an impulse to the progress of art. We have (see August 1839) already given the list of his principal compositions, and we cannot conclude this biographical sketch, without some reflections regarding the various opinions upon this subject ; or, according to our usual custom, appending our own.

It has been said that Rossini is the *Reformer of Music*, as Canova was the *Reformer of sculpture* : from both the one and the other, their age has taken its name. Canova merited the title, from his being able to approach nearer than others to the

ancients : Rossini receded from both the ancients and moderns, and was superior to both. But the works of Canova are an imitation of the beautiful, and will maintain their renown as long as art shall continue to exist ; while the productions of Rossini, which are an expression, an image, a symbol of the age, will die with the age. To this opinion it has been replied, that the works of Rossini will not perish with the age, because they are not merely the symbols, or, as it has been termed, the expression of the age, but the expression rather of the most noble sentiments ; of the human passions ; of all the feelings that find an echo in the human heart. A statute by Canova is the imitation of the beautiful ; and the masterpieces of Rossini constitute a musical translation of the passions, and of images produced by our sensibilities. Hence, remarks Bettoni, Rossini's light and joyous inspirations gladden and delight us in the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, in *L'Italiana in Algeri* ; excite in us feelings of both sadness and pleasure in *La Cenerentola*, and *La Gazza Ladra* ; and lift us to the loftiest emotions in *Semiramide*, *Otello*, *Mosè*, *Guglielmo Tell*, &c. &c. These different characters form precisely, what may be termed in musical language, *the scale of feeling*. Rossini, who goes through this scale with so much skill and power, does not, then, speak the language of any particular age, but the language of all times and all civilised people. In this opinion we fully agree, and, truly, according to our judgment, the art of music is in its nature independent of forms which, however, may occasionally modify it, but can never decide its destinies.

It is true that some musical compositions of the last century do not arouse in us the like feelings of interest, but this, strictly speaking, demonstrates rather the reality of their imperfection, than the lack of power in the art. Besides, there are specimens of ancient music which prove the contrary. It has been frequently remarked that if the word *creation* have any real and positive signification, that signification is most especially applicable to musical productions. All other arts borrow their forms from nature, or at least their principal elements, for they imitate or beautify a type in the imagination. Music, on the contrary, derives its forms from no other source than the force of inspiration. In this respect, therefore, the creations wrought by the musical art have a right to share the immortality of those of painting, sculpture, architecture, and all other things in the universe to which genius gives its eternal splendor, and Italy ought to mark well the age in which she presented to the world, together, but for different purposes, the genius of Rossini, with that of Canova, and Napoleon.

In conformity with our promise to notice the various opinions referring to the subject, we may suitably mention here that a learned and ingenious friend of ours in a critique, has designated Rossini "the Napoleon of a musical epoch." Rossini, he says, has achieved in music, that which Romanticism effected in literature : he has also established musical independence ; he has protested against the omnipotence of authority, which men of mediocre talents and lacking the capacity to create wished to set over those who really possessed the power ; and lastly, he declared the omnipotence of genius. But his was comprehensive genius not imitative. Rossini made a revolution rather of *form* than of *idea* ; more in modes of development and application, than in principle : he had power to raise a *sect*, but not to found a *creed* : his was not an unique dominant conception, that would have given music without shade, without mystery, without gradation. His music expresses deep passions, intensely felt ; anger, grief, love, revenge, joy, despair ; and all these passions are so well defined that the soul of the hearer becomes entirely passive, subjugated, captivated, wholly subdued : there are no intermediate grades of feeling : not there is the air of the invisible world that surrounds us. Often the instrumentation gives an echo of that world, and seems to aim at rising to the infinite ; but it almost always sinks down again : it *individualises*.

We shall not pursue further the remarks of our learned friend. Our intention was merely to indicate the various criticisms that have been passed upon Rossini, we may however observe, that it has been replied, that the new element found by Rossini is exactly described by the very words of the critic himself, who declares "that Rossini found a new manifestation for the dominant idea of the present epoch," &c. Let us further add, that if (as our critic affirms) "the music of Rossini ex-

presses deep passions intensely felt," it will be difficult to prove that it *individualises*. And when he asserts this, how can he add that "*Rossini's instrumentation sometimes affords an echo of that world, and seems to reach at the infinite,*" and then again in another part say that "*he finds not in it the air of the invisible world which surrounds us!*"

Having thus touched upon the opinions of others, we shall in conclusion append a few lines conveying our own opinions upon Rossini's music, and upon musical rhythm. One day Rossini, taking a walk in company with his friend Zanolini, began to speak on the subject of music, and the following dialogue took place:—

Zan. Both in the works of Mozart and in yours I find a great power of imitation.

Ross. Imitation! imitation! Don't talk to me of imitation!

Zan. Why not, my friend? Have I then uttered a grave error, a musical blasphemy?

Ross. It is an error common to the majority of those even who make a profession of music, and who reason learnedly upon the subject. Music is not an imitative art, but altogether ideal in principle, and the end it proposes to itself, stimulant and expressive. Painting and sculpture are arts essentially imitative, since they consist in an imitation of the *true*; and the beau ideal of these arts resides in the formation from various parts essentially existing in nature, of a totality, a perfect *whole*. These imitative arts represent what man sees; and, addresses the eyes and the mind in the mute language of gesture. Music does not intend, is not able to present to the ear a likeness of all that man hears, but arouses and excites amid the dangers of battle, comforts and rejoices in solitude, and with a new and peculiar language speaks to the heart, awakens the most lively affections, exhilarates, depresses, affrights, engenders. You know there are four characters or kinds of music,—the martial, the pastoral, the solemn, and the lively. Warlike and pastoral music, almost as ancient as time, were invented by man, who by nature seeks delight, and needs encouragement and consolation. The other two kinds, equally ideal, are more particularly expressive.

Zan. Pardon me: it seems to me that song is admired in proportion as it more perfectly imitates the manner in which the affections express themselves. When I hear from Desdemona the air—*Se il Padre m' abbandona*—my heart is overcome with tenderness, because that melody imitates the deeply moving lament, the prayerful utterance of an unhappy lady.

Ross. Music is able to imitate, though but imperfectly, such true and real things only as produce sound, as rain, thunder, a tempest, mournful plaint, festive joyousness. Song indeed, yes! song, in its nature expressive, does in a certain manner imitate declamation; but a power so limited must not be taken for an essential attribute of imitation. Music is a sublime art precisely because, not possessing the means to imitate the real, it rises above common nature unto an ideal world, and with a celestial harmony moves the earthly passions. Music, I repeat, is altogether ideal: it is not an imitative art.

Zan. And *The Seven Words, The Four Seasons, The Creation*, by Hadyn?

Ross. If imitation were possible, none could imitate better than he.

Zan. But what is it then? In what consists the expressiveness of music? You say that music expresses without imitating; and, I repeat, I should like to know in what consists all that which you term—*expression*; because I have hitherto been accustomed to believe that the expression of music was nothing else than the imitation of a certain determinate affection, embellished by art.

Ross. To explain thoroughly would lead me into a long and tedious dissertation. I will tell you briefly, and trust you will understand me. Mark well that the expression of music is not the same as that of painting, and that it does not consist in the representation *ad vivum* of the external effects of the affections of the soul, but in the excitation of those who listen. And this too is precisely the property of language, which expresses, not imitates. The power of language, however, is more *extensive*, that of music more *intensive*. Words have the property of representing the affections to the mind, and of exciting them in the heart; while music can only, though very powerfully, arouse them in the heart. Music may be termed

a species of harmonious language. The expression of music is not so clear and explicit as the signification of words, is not so alluring and vivid as the images of painting; but is more alluring, more poetic than any poetry, just because it is more indeterminate; and, I may say, as it were ethereal words would be but empty sounds without the signification attached to them by convention. This is not the case with music, which is a language expressive *per se*, that, without the action of the mind of the person who hears it, penetrates deep into his soul, and moves him exceedingly. The language of music is common to all generations of people, and all comprehend it, because it is understood by the heart. It must also be added that it is a most variable language, through the infinite variety of possible modulations; and that it acquires force and beauty from a concourse of voices and sounds, while words succeed each other one by one, and if many of them are uttered at the same time, they produce only a confused murmur and lose all their efficacy. Music works wonderful effects when accompanied by the dramatic art, when the ideal expression of music is combined with the real expression of poetry and the imitative art of painting. Then, while the words and acting express the more minute and more concrete particularities of the affections, music aims at an end more elevated, more ample, more abstract. Then, the music is, I would almost say, the moral atmosphere that fills the space in which the personages of the drama represent the action. Music expresses the destiny which pursues, the hopes which encourage, the joy which is present with them, the felicity which awaits them, the abyss into which they they are about to fall; and all this in a manner indefinite, but so alluring, so penetrating, as to surpass anything that can be accomplished by the acting, or the words. There are many things around us which,—not by force of imitation, not by a conventional signification, but by their own absolute peculiar power, express and excite our affections. A serene sky affords no imitation of human laughter, or human joy; yet we call it smiling and joyous—we say night is gloomy, because it awakens in us gloomy thoughts. Dramatic music often takes the place of these things (but observe,—takes the place, not imitates), which, though not the moving cause of an affection, do nevertheless excite it in us by themselves, because they are wont either to precede this cause, or to accompany it, or are in some way correlative to it. For example, on entering a wild dangerous forest, the habitual resort of brigands, the obscurity of the place, the blowing of the wind, the moving of the leaves upon the trees, an indistinct murmur, a knock, or a whistle, fills us with alarm and suspicion that robbers are already preparing the attack. Thus, to corroborate this example, in the last act of the opera of *Otello*, for the interval preceding his entrance upon the stage, before his jealousy wreaks its rabid vengeance upon the unfortunate Desdemona, I composed some music which (if it attains the end I had in view) should by itself, independently of the words, prepare the mind for this horrible scene. This force of expression should be felt by those who compose music, but it is not to be learned at the schools: there are no rules by which to treat it. Much of the difficulty lies in the rhythm.

Zan. Now, my dear friend, that you talk of rhythm, good! Let us come to something more concrete, less abstract, less metaphysical. How ought a composer to act, so as to obtain, as you have done, effects of expression so wonderful?

Ross. Materially speaking, musical expression resides, as I have said, in rhythm: in rhythm lies all the power of music—sounds do not contribute to the expression, except as the elements of which the rhythm consists. The art of the composer of music is to compose beforehand in his mind the principal scenes, or, as they are termed, the situations of his drama, to preconsider the most prominent passions and characters, the nature and effect of the drama, and the catastrophe. To do this, he must with careful art adapt the character of his music to the subject of the drama; and thus, little by little, step by step, develop the nature of the most striking situations, characters, and passions. He will well consider the words, to make the music accordant, for the words of the poetry ought to express the internal *individual* affections and sentiment, but he will never permit himself to depart from the general character of the kind of music he has chosen. The difficulty, therefore, is great, when the poetry must be made in rhythm and expression of such a general character

as, blending and embodying itself with the general thought, shall make one complete whole. The composer should always have in mind the general effect, the total *unity* of idea. He who has not this foresight of the effect will compose a music that is not expressive, but poor, vulgar, *mosaic-like*, and unconnected."

Here terminated this dialogue, of which we guarantee the authenticity. We have introduced it here, because from these words may be seen what are the philosophical and æsthetic ideas entertained by this great and good man upon music, and because we deemed it would be thought an appropriate and interesting conclusion to the biographical sketch. For ourselves, having always endeavoured to give in a co-ordinate series of articles, our manner of judging upon art, whatever form it may take, we have shown in what we accord with, and where we do not participate in the opinions of the great master. Some may be inclined to say we are not competent judges, because we are not composers. We reply with Dionysius of Halicarnassus—"I am not able to make a statue like Miron, but my mind can judge if it is beautiful." And Voltaire has said—

"Le Poète fait la Poesie ; le Musicien la Musique ; mais la Philosophie juge tout !"

CARLO PEPOLI.

THE ROCKS.

(A SCENE IN WALES.)

In a sultry summer-day, when the air, heated by the sun and the sand, makes one languid and enervated, if we can summon energy enough to ascend with slow steps towards the summit of some neighbouring rock, we shall be repaid by meeting a breeze of delightful freshness and softness ; and, seated on a thymy hillock, or a more solid support of stone, whose natural hardness is subdued by a cushion of moss we may enjoy the prospect of the wide sea stretching before us, and the soothing grandeur and solitude of the stony mountains around. A favorite ramble, on such an occasion, is to a very wild and solitary spot, where we seldom meet a living creature, save now and then a sheep picking the short grass springing between the stones which here lie scattered, or rather heaped in such strange abundance and confusion that it is generally denominated the valley of stones. Here stretched on the turf leaning upon a hillock of fragrant thyme, with a rude table of rock, whose rough ideas are embossed with the delicate blossoms of the sedum ; and the base gracefully ornamented and fringed with the leaves of the wild strawberry, did I trace on a scrap of paper the following lines, which required little more exertion than to transfer them with my pencil as my eye rested on the wild features of the surrounding scene.

These old grey rocks,
 These old grey rocks,
 Now, each, Time's wild artillery mocks—
 Still they lift their peaks on high
 Piercing into the bright blue sky
 Still unscath'd, unmov'd, they bear
 The thunder's bolt, the lightning's glare ;
 Still with changeless front they meet
 The sun's hot rays, the winter's sleet :
 Still in their massive might sublimed
 They laugh at e'en thy power, oh Time !

These old grey rocks
 These old grey rocks,
 Where the icicles hang of the winter's locks,
 Down whose scarr'd and wrinkled sides,
 The rushing torrent foams and glides
 Gleaming like the silver bright

[THE COURT

Of the cold moon's paly light,
 In the dazzling shine and shade
 By her fitful gleamings made,
 The clifted front, the frowning brow,
 Like battlements and castles show
 The Donjon keep the gateway bold
 The warders tower—the heavy hold,
 All shape themselves at fancy's will
 The ponderous rock of giant skill.

These old grey rocks,
 These old grey rocks,
 Up whose steep sides, the mountain flocks
 One by one with careful feet
 Pick their way and turn to bleat,
 If they catch the upturn'd eye
 Of some wanderer strolling by.
 Mark the fleecy mountaineer
 Now he stands unknowing fear,
 On the bare crags utmost edge
 Plucking from each nook and ledge
 The purple thyme and short, sweet blade
 That shelter's in the fissure's shade,

These old grey rocks,
 These old grey rocks,
 Where dwells secure the crafty fox.
 Close within the ancient den,
 Well concealed from mortal ken,
 Still and lone he silent cowers,
 Thro' the long day's sultry hours,
 Till the evening shades descending,
 Mountain, sky and ocean blending,
 Forth he creepeth from his lair
 And leaps adown the rocky stair
 His path, for many a by-gone day
 Himself as time-worn, grim and grey.

The old grey rocks,
 The old grey rocks,
 I love to mark their massive blocks
 Like a tessellated floor—
 Napp'd and pencill'd o'er and o'er
 With the Lichen's leaden tints
 And here and there the tiny prints
 Of red and yellow, blend and fade
 Till one harmonious glow is made
 Of rosy hue, at the set of sun,
 Or in later eve, a robe of dun
 Veils the mass with a soft grey light
 Before it blackens into night

The old grey rocks,
 The old grey rocks,
 They've stood and they'll stand the tempest's shocks,
 The clouds may crash
 And the hail stones dash,
 The ice may swell on the crevic'd stone
 The winds in their caverns howl and moan,
 The lightning dance on each craggy top
 The snow may fall, and the dew may drop,
 All, all may in wild confusion rage,
 They shew but the wrinkled brow of age,
 Still reav'd aloft in the clear, bright air
 Till dissolv'd by the power that call'd them there.

B.

NIGHT.

There is not a stir
 In the sleeping air ;
 Not the faint murmur
 Of the night moth there.
 Silent is e'en the little streamlet's gush,
 Which trickles slowly by the alder bush
 For one deep, universal hush
 Is every where.

Not a whispering sigh
 From the aspen creeps,
 Not a breath floats by—
 Every zephyr sleeps.
 The sky is all soft unvaried blue,
 Where thro' the veil of the falling dew
 The moon like a pearl of purest hue
 Her pathway keeps.

There is not a cloud
 In that sweet serene
 Whose shadowy shroud
 Hides the silver Queen.
 She is all alone with her starry train,
 And the meteor that shoots o'er the azure plain,
 Scarce visible ere 'tis gone again,
 As it ne'er had been.

'Tis too pure and fair
 For a world like ours,
 Where sits dark-brow'd care
 In the sweetest bowers ;
 Where eyes we love can look disdain—
 Where joy walks hand in hand with pain,
 And cruel blights have power to stain
 The tenderest flowers.

Is the balmy light
 Of those silent skies
 Too divinely bright
 For our earthly eyes.
 On ! thankless mortals, say not so,
 But see in that soft, celestial glow
 A glimpse of the peace, good spirits shall know
 When to Heaven they rise.

B.

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM.

POET.—Say, Mercury, messenger of Proserpine,
 Which of the sons of men dost thou entomb
 In this abode of dark sepulchral gloom ?

MERCURY.—'Tis young Aristone, whose thread of life
 The fates have cut, though o'er his youthful head
 The seventh joyous Summer scarce has sped.

POET.—Ah, cruel Pluto ! when of all that lives
 The vintage ripe awaits thee in due time,
 Why pluck the embryo blossom ere its prime ?

E. E. E.

[THE COURT

Of the cold moon's paly light,
 In the dazzling shine and shade
 By her fitful gleamings made,
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E. E. E.

[THE COURT

ISABEL OF BAVARIA,

By M. Alex. Dumas.

CHAP. VI.

THE CONSPIRACY.

(Continued from our last.)

THAT the reader may now be enabled comprehensively and clearly to follow in the train of events which we are about to narrate, he must no longer circumscribe his imagination within the towering walls of Béziers, neither pasture it, alone, within the rich plains of Languedoc and Provence, nor shut it within towns whose inhabitants re-echo dialects sprung from Rome and from Athens; he must quit, also, fields clad with the russet-leaved olive, and watered by streams bordered by the Oleander, neither must he loiter along those shores which are laved by the waters of the sun-heated Bosphorus, but depart for mountainous Brittany with her primitive language, her forests of venerable oak, and deep green sea, selecting for his debut, a spot some leagues distant from the ancient town of Vannes. Here let him enter with us into a strongly fortified castle, one of those political residences in the hands of powerful vassals who are ever ready at a moment of tumult or discontent to become powerful rebels against a state. There, passing under the carved door-way of a low chamber, serving for a dining hall, he will behold two men seated beside a table, and between them a flaggon of embossed silver. This vessel is filled with rich spiced wine with which one of the boon companions holds frequent and seemingly agreeable communion, whilst the other, abstemious as though under the influence of some forbidding sanitary ordinance, repulses each invitation to join in the indulgence, covering even his glass with his hand at every instant that his comrade makes the attempt to add to the portion with which it is already more than half filled.

He whom we have noticed, as thus visibly inclined to intemperance, is a man of from fifty to sixty years of age, grown old, and still panoplied in the harness of war. His grizzled hair is parted in the centre over a forehead embrowned by exposure, and furrowed by the weight of his helmet, rather than by the hand of time; at each interval of rest he places his elbows on the table, and with his strong hands supports his chin, and upper lip which is shaded by a thick mustache the extreme ends of which he ever and anon dexterously twists into little curls. In this position his head was on a level with the flaggon, into which he would occasionally cast an anxious glance, as if watching the delicious liquor, as it fled, lower and lower, before his reiterated attacks. The other is a handsome young man clad in silk and velvet, reclining luxuriously in a ducal arm chair; his head is resting upon its back, and he only changes his posture of ease when, as we have seen, he would prevent the old warrior's endeavours to ply him with a beverage which appears to be at this time so little to his taste and humour.

"Pardieu! Cousin de Craon," exclaimed the veteran, as he again replaced the flaggon on the table; "it must in sooth be owned that, descendant as you are by the female line of the brave King Robert, you have brooked the Duke de Touraine's affront with marvellous philosophy."

"Well! my Lord of Brittany," replied Pierre de Craon without changing his position, "how in the d——'s name would you have me act against the king's brother?"

"Against the king's brother? be it so; though certes this would be a consideration of little weight with me; the king's brother, after all, is but a gentleman and duke as I am, and if he had acted towards me as he has towards you—but such an event is impossible; so I shall speak no more of him. But, look ye cousin, there's another man at the bottom of this affair."

H—AUGUST, 1840.

"I believe it," replied Craon with the utmost composure.

"And this man, mark you," continued the duke replenishing his drinking cup and carrying it half way again to his lips, "this man (as truly as this hypocras though it liketh not your taste, is, nevertheless, of the best vintage of Dijon, the richest honey of Narbonne and the finest spices of Asia)" and hereupon the duke emptied his cup, "so, truly, this man, mark you, is none other than the infamous Clisson;" and here, as if confirmatory of his assertion, the speaker smartly struck the table as well with his fist as the bottom of his drinking cup.

"I am precisely of your opinion, my lord," returned Pierre de Craon as coolly as before, for in proportion as the Duke of Brittany grew more and more energetic, so did his companion's seeming apathy increase.

"And you," continued the duke with severest sarcasm, "would leave Paris under such an impression without the slightest effort to avenge yourself?"

"Truly," answered Craon, "I did entertain some slight thoughts of it, but one consideration prevented me."

"And pr'ythee what might that be?" asked the duke, who, now in turn, reclined at his ease backwards.

"What might it be?" echoed Pierre, as, placing his elbows upon the table and supporting his chin with his hands, he looked fixedly at the duke; "What the motive for my doing so might be, you shall know my lord duke. This man, I then be-thought me, this man who has just insulted me, me but a simple knight, once dared far more outrageously insult one of the first of French nobles, a duke so rich and powerful that he might have declared war against even a king! This nobleman had thought fit to bestow the Gavre Castle on the famous John Chandos, and announcing this donation to Clisson, one, certes, which he had full right to make, the latter thus courteously replied, 'The devil take me, my lord, if I ever suffer an Englishman to be my neighbour.' That very evening the Castle was taken and the next day levelled to the ground. I cannot exactly call to mind who it was that the constable thus insulted; but it was a *duke*, of that I am quite certain. To your health, my lord!" and thus speaking, Pierre de Craon lifted his cup, emptied it at a draught, and replaced it on the table.

"By the soul of my father!" said the duke, turning pale, "you have but told us this, cousin! to stir up our keenest ire, for well you know that this was our affair, but you also know that six months after it occurred, the offender was held prisoner within these very walls."

"Whence he issued all unharmed," whispered Craon."

"True," answered the duke, "after payment of 100,000 livres, and the giving over to the man he had dared insult, one town and three castles."

"But with his accursed life unharmed," rejoined Craon, raising his voice, "*his* life which the powerful duke of Brittany dared not take from fear of incurring his sovereign's displeasure."

"100,000 livres, a town, three castles! In sooth, a dire vengeance this, upon a man possessed of 1,700,000 livres, ten towns, and twenty fortresses! No, no, let us be candid, cousin; you kept him here, disarmed, fettered, a prisoner within your darkest, deepest dungeons; you hated him with mortal hatred, and yet you dared not deal his death blow!"

"Bavalan," said the duke, "failed to do my orders."

"And truly not without good reason, my lord duke; for, on the king's pursuing him as the constable's murderer, he at whose bidding the deed had been committed would in all probability have shrunk from incurring the royal indignation; and, he the faithful servant who would but have acted, as it were, the part of 'sword', might have been abandoned by the arm that had impelled it to vengeance—for the truer the blade, the more liable to be broken."

"Cousin!" exclaimed the duke, rising, "I believe you suspect our honor, but truly, we had given to Bavalan a promise of protection; and pardieu! have protected him, and *would* save him harmless, whether against the King of France, the Emperor of Germany, or, even, the Pope of Rome. "We have," he continued, one cause of regret; and he resumed his seat, while the dark gloom of exceeding hate

lowered his brow; one only regret, that Bavalan should have so disobeyed our orders, and that none can be found to "finish the work which he has left undone."

"But," asked Craon, significantly, supposing some one should offer himself for such a purpose? "could such an one feel assured when the deed was done, that there would ever be a secure asylum and support at the hands of the Duke of Brittany?"

"An asylum, secure as the holy sanctuary of our church—a support, powerful as this arm can afford him," uttered the duke in a solemn voice; "and this I swear by the tomb of my ancestors, by my arm's blazonry, and by my sword's cross. Let the man but appear, the pledge is made."

"And accepted, my lord," exclaimed de Craon, grasping the old duke's hand with surprising sinew, as he exclaimed, "wherefore not have said it sooner? the work would have been already done."

The duke regarded Craon with a look of deepest astonishment. "I see, pursued the latter, folding his arms across his breast, "I see that you have considered this affront as having glanced athwart my bosom only as a lance slides from a cuirass of polished steel; but no, no, this has sunk deep into my heart, and consumes my very soul. I have seemed to you to be gay at heart and thoughtless, although you have often told me that I looked pale and sickly; no wonder, indeed, that I was pale when thus consumed by this internal canker, which whilst that man lives, preys, and will ever prey upon my spirits as though his very teeth were gnawing my vitals. But henceforward the hues of health and joy will revisit my cheek; from this hour I shall date the commencement of my convalescence, and a few days hence I hope I shall be cured."

"How so?" inquired the duke, as Craon resumed his seat.

"Hearken then, my lord, for I have but awaited this crisis to tell you of every arrangement which I have made. Near the cemetery Saint Jean,* at Paris, I have a large hôtel kept by a steward on whose fidelity I can rely. Some three months since, I addressed orders to this man to lay in a store of provisions—wine, flour, and salted meat, as well as coats of armour, weapons of offence and defence, head-pieces and gauntlets sufficient to arm a troop of forty men; and these forty men, my lord, I have already chosen, hardy fellows who fear neither God nor the devil, and who would march down into hell itself provided I were their leader."

"But," said the duke, "your entrance into Paris, with such a troop as this, would unquestionably awaken attention."

"For which reason, said Craon, I have taken every precaution, and during the last two months, as the men have from time to time been enlisted I have sent them forward: once arrived at my hôtel they have orders never to quit it, yet will the steward refuse them nothing for their comfort within the walls—they are an order of monks preparing themselves for hell. And now my lord you comprehend our plot. That detested Constable spends almost every evening with the king, leaving the Hôtel Saint Pôl about midnight, nor can he return to the Hôtel Clisson in the Rue de Bretagne without passing behind King Philippe Augustus's rampart through the lonely streets Sainte-Catherine and des Poulics, in front of the cemetery Saint-Jean, where my abode is."

"On my faith, cousin," said the duke, "the business seems well begun."

"And so, my lord, will finish, if it pleaseth heaven not to interfere in a matter of hell's own ordering."

"And how long do you purpose abiding here, where, be it remembered, you are always welcome." "Just so long, my lord, as may suffice for saddling my horse, for here I have a letter from the steward, brought this very morning by one of my varlets, wherein he tells me that the last men have arrived, rendering my company complete." So saying, Craon whistled for his esquire and bade him make ready his horse.

"Will you not, fair cousin," asked the duke, seeing these preparations for departure, remain at least another night within our castle of Hermine."

* Now the Market Saint Jean.

"I am infinitely beholden to you, my lord," returned his guest, "but now that I know everything is ready, and that nothing is there wanted save my presence, delay me not an hour, a minute, or even one second. How think you I could repose another night, or even again, quietly, seat myself at your table? No, my lord, I must instantly set out—pursue the shortest path; I must have space, air, and freedom for action. Adieu, my lord, I have your word."

"My renewed promise."

"Nay to ask you for a second, would be to doubt your first; thanks, then, and adieu!"

So saying, De Craon girded on his sword belt, drew above the knee his boots of brown leather lined with red plush; and, having bidden the duke a last farewell, vaulted lightly into his saddle. So expeditiously was this journey made, that on the evening of the seventh day after his departure he arrived within sight of Paris. Having waited until the night was pitch dark ere entering the city, Craon proceeded to his hôtel, taking care not to create the slightest noise or bustle. Clisson instantly summoned the varlet who kept the door, commanding him, "*Sur les yeux de sa tête à crever*,"—to admit no one into his chamber. The same order was forthwith transmitted by the varlet to the steward, who thereupon immediately confined his wife, children and serving woman, all within his own apartment. "And good reason," says Froissart with much naïveté, "inasmuch as had the women and children gone out into the streets, Messire Pierre's arrival would have been speedily bruited abroad, since womens' and childrens' nature is to hide with difficulty such secret things as they may chance to see."

Having taken these precautions, Craon selected the most intelligent from amongst his men, with full permission to go in and out at pleasure. They were commissioned to act as spies upon the constable's movements, and were continually to track his steps, so that his enemy was each evening made acquainted where he had been during the day and whither he was going at night; things remained, however, in this uncertain state, without affording the least favorable opportunity for Craon's meditated revenge, from the 14th of May to the 18th of June, the day of the *Fête-Dieu*.

Now, on this fête day, the king of France held open court in his hôtel de Saint Pôl, and all the lords and barons then at Paris had been invited to a banquet whereat the queen and the Duchess de Touraine were to preside. The banquet ended, a joust followed, under direction of certain young knights and esquires, for the amusement of the ladies; and William of Flanders—Count de Namur having been proclaimed conqueror, had received the prize from the Queen and Madame Valentine of Milan; to this, dancing succeeded, and the party did not separate until an hour after midnight. One of the last to retire was Olivier de Clisson, who, after he had taken leave of the king, returned through the apartments of the Duke de Touraine. Finding him busily re-adjusting his dress instead of taking it off, the constable inquired with a smile whether he were not going to sup at Poulain's. This Poulain was the duke's treasurer, and, oftentimes, under pretext of looking over his accounts, but really for the sake of gaining a little freedom, Louis of an evening would leave the hotel Saint Pôl; for, guarded as it was at night, he could not otherwise have escaped, and, repairing to the cross of Tiroy where this man's residence was, he was able to pass and repass at pleasure. The duke thoroughly understood Clisson's secret meaning, and placing a hand upon his shoulder replied, laughingly,—“I scarcely yet know, Sir Constable, where I may hap to sleep, whether far or close at hand. I may perchance not this night even quit the hôtel Saint Pôl; but for yourself friend, you had better be going; truly it is high time.”

"Good night my lord," exclaimed the constable, "may Heaven have you in its safe keeping."

"Thanks good constable," repeated the duke, "but on this score I have little reason to complain, for I am inclined to believe that Heaven is more watchful over my nights than over my days. Adieu Clisson, adieu!"

The constable, who had already clearly perceived that his absence would be far more acceptable than his company, responded only by a bow, and immediately

[THE COURT

hastened to find his horses and attendants, whom he had ordered to be in waiting for him opposite the hôtel, eight in number, besides two varlets bearing torches. When the constable had mounted, the varlets having lit their flambeaux kept in advance of him a few paces in the direction of the Rue Sainte-Catherine. The rest of his attendants followed, with the exception of a single esquire whom he had summoned to his side, to make arrangements for a dinner on the morrow which was to be given to the Duke de Touraine and others, for whose entertainment he was willing that neither cost nor trouble should be spared. At this moment two men passing close by the torch bearers extinguished their flambeaux.

Clisson suddenly drew up; but, taking it for some joke of the Duke de Touraine's, by whom he doubted not he had been followed, he cried out, gaily—"Nay, faith, my lord! this is treacherous; yet I must e'en pardon you for your youth's sake, for the spirits of the young thirst after sport and frolic." Thus speaking, he turned round, and beheld, intermingled with his own attendants, a number of unknown horsemen, two of whom were within a few paces of him. Suspicion of danger then first flashed upon his mind, and he exclaimed—"Who are you? what is the meaning of —?"

"Die! Clisson, die!" exclaimed the man nearest to him, who at the same instant drew his sword.

"Die! Clisson," echoed the constable, "methinks those words are somewhat too bold and daring, and who are you to utter them?"

"I am Pierre de Craon, your mortal enemy," responded the horseman; "and you have so angered me that I will have revenge. Here," he continued, as he rose up passionately on his stirrups and turned towards his followers, "these are the men with whom we have to deal. On, upon them! on, upon them!"

So saying Pierre rushed upon the constable, while the rest of his people furiously attacked and soon dispersed his unprepared troop. But though without armour and thus taken by surprise, Messire Olivier was no prey to be easily hunted down. In an instant he unsheathed his sword, a weapon of about two feet in length and worn in general rather by way of ornament than for use, at the same time he covered his head with the left arm, backing his horse against a wall that he might wholly prevent an attack from behind.

"Shall we kill them all?" exclaimed de Craon's followers.

"Yes, responded the latter, striking at Clisson, they shall all die. Here, here! this accursed constable shall be first! Quick, quick!" Two or three of the men thereupon hastened immediately to their master's assistance.

Notwithstanding Clisson's strength and dexterity, it was, of course, impossible that so unequal a contest could be of long duration, and, whilst parrying a well-aimed stroke with his left arm, and dealing another with his right, Craon's sword descended on his victim's uncovered head. Clisson heaved a sigh, let fall his weapon and dropped from the saddle, his head striking against a door which yielded to the shock; he was thus stretched on the ground, the upper part of his body being within the house of a baker, who, at the time making bread, and hearing a great disturbance, without, had just before unfastened his door to ascertain the cause of so unaccountable a brawl.

Mounted as he was, Craon essayed, but in vain, to enter the doorway: but it was too low to enable him and his steed to pass.

"Shall I get down and finish him?" asked one of his ruffianly brethren in arms.

Without replying, Craon urged his horse forward and trampled on the extended limbs of the constable; then, perceiving no signs of life in him, "'Tis useless," he answered, "we've done enough; if he's not quite dead he's every whit the same, for a blow has lighted on his head, and that, trust me, from no feeble arm; therefore, gentlemen, be off! and mark the place of rendezvous beyond the Porte Saint Antoine."*

The assassin band had no sooner departed than the constable's attendants who

* This gate was pointed out by Craon because since the revolt of the *Mallotins* its chains and barriers had been removed by the constable's own order.

were not much hurt, gathered around the body of their luckless master. The baker, who soon recognised the constable as the victim of this fierce and brutal attack, having readily made offer of his house, the wounded man was removed to a chamber and laid upon a comfortable bed. When lights were brought, and the servitors beheld a large wound on their master's forehead, and saw that his face and clothes were steeped in blood, they believed him to be dead, and uttered loud lamentations.

One of them, however, had hastened to the Hôtel Saint Pôl, and being known as one of the constable's attendants gained admittance to the king's chamber. The king who had been fatigued by the day's sports had already quitted the queen's apartments, and was preparing to pass the night in his own quarters of the palace. He was, indeed, on the point of stepping into bed when, startled by the entrance of the affrighted messenger who was loudly exclaiming—"Oh! my lord, my lord, a grievous, horrible disaster hath befallen!"

"Eh! what then?" eagerly asked the king.

Messire Olivier de Clisson, your constable, my lord, has been most foully murdered."

"And by whom?" said the king.

"That, alas! we know not; but the deed was done not far from your hôtel, in the Rue Sainte-Catherine."

"Enough, enough," said Charles, "call my servants, let them get torches and hasten to accompany me! dead or living I will see my constable again."

Then merely throwing a riding-cloak over his shoulders, and putting on his shoes, he gave orders for the instant assembling of a troop of *gens d'armes* and *huissiers* to track the murderers; and without himself waiting even for a horse, he set forth from his hôtel accompanied only by his torch-bearers and his two chamberlains. Walking at a rapid pace, he soon reached the baker's house, his chamberlains and torch-bearers remaining without, whilst Charles himself hastily entered, and proceeding at once to the bedside of his wounded servant, took Clisson's hand within his own: "It is I, Constable," said he, "how fares it?"

"Dear Sire!" Clisson, uttered in a low and feeble voice.

"And who hath brought thee to this sad condition my brave Olivier?"

"Messire Pierre de Craon and his accomplices, who treacherously attacked me, unarmed and unsuspecting."

"Constable, said the king, stretching out his hand over that of his faithful servant, "I swear to you that never crime hath been expiated as this shall be; I swear it; but your life must be our present care. Where are the surgeons and physicians?"

At this moment they entered, and the king going up to the one who was foremost, led him to the bed.

"Gentlemen," said he "examine my Constable's condition, and give me your opinion quickly; since in very sooth this wound causes me more anguish than if the sword's point had entered my own body." Thus entreated, the surgeons lost no time in attending to the wants of their patient, but Charles was so urgent as scarcely to allow them time sufficient for making the requisite preparations. "Is there danger of death?" he again and again repeated every instant; if so tell me; tell me truly! At length the most skilful of the surgeons turned towards the king: "No, Sire," said he, "and we will engage, moreover, to restore him to you, even on horseback, in the space of fifteen days.

The king instantly felt for his chain, his purse, everything that he could have given for such welcome tidings; but finding nothing suitable, he embraced him; then going up to the constable's bedside "Well, Olivier," he again earnestly and affectionately addressed him, "you hear that in fifteen days you will be as well as though this had never happened." "Gentlemen," continued the king, turning to the surgeons, you have given us excellent news, and we shall not be unmindful of your skill. As for you Clisson, trouble not yourself concerning aught, save the getting speedily well, for I have already told you, and I now repeat, that never crime incurred such penalty as this, never was treason so

awfully punished, nor blood ever spilt which shall cause more to be shed, as an expiatory atonement. Rely upon me! for this business is, in truth, mine own."

"God recompense you, sire," replied the devoted and suffering constable, and, above all, may He reward you for this gracious visit."

"Which will not be the last, dear Clisson, for I am going immediately to order your removal to our own hôtel, as it is nearer your abode."

Clisson was making an effort to raise the king's hand to his lips, when Charles embraced him as though he had been his brother. "And now, Clisson," said the King, "I must leave you, for I have sent for the provost of Paris, who is, most probably, awaiting my orders at Saint Pôl." Saying this, Charles departed to his hôtel, where, as he expected, he found the provost in waiting.

"Provost," said the king, as he threw himself into an arm chair, "collect men from any quarter where you can find them; mount them on good horses, and through highways and by-ways, over mountain and through valley, pursue this traitor Craon who hath dared to wound my constable. Recollect, moreover, that you can perform no service more acceptable, than that of bringing him hither."

"Sire," replied the provost, no exertion shall be spared; but can you say what road is he likely to have taken."

"That's your affair," said the king, "see to it and with all speed; go."

"The provost's commission was, in truth, one of no little difficulty, for at this period the four principal gates of Paris were day and night left open in virtue of a decree issued on the king's return from the battle of Rosebecque after his defeat of the Flemings; but it was in reality Olivier de Clisson himself who had proposed this ordinance, in order that the king might have supreme authority in his city of Paris, whose revolting burgesses had hostilely closed the gates during the royal absence. In consequence of this, the barriers had been taken off their hinges, the supports thrown down, and every chain and hindrance removed from the streets and crossways, in order that the king's watch might, nightly, freely traverse, every quarter of the city. It was then, assuredly, a singular circumstance, that Clisson—the mover of this regulation, should himself have thus suffered by it, since, had the gates been closed and the chains raised, Craon would never have ventured to have perpetrated this great outrage, well knowing that it would have been impossible for him to have escaped punishment.

Such was not now, however, the case, and on arriving at their place of rendezvous, Messire de Craon and his accomplices found the gates open and the fields clear—some say he crossed the Seine by the Charentine bridge, whilst others declare that he made a tour round the ramparts, along the base of Montmartre, until he reached the river by the Pongon.

Whatever his course, he arrived at Chartres about eight o'clock in the evening, with the best mounted of his troop, some of his guard being absent either because their horses could no longer carry them, or from policy on the part of their leader lest suspicion should be awakened by the appearance of so numerous a cavalcade. At the house of a canon, who was formerly his clerk, in pursuance of Craon's orders, a relay of horses awaited him; and, speedily pursuing the road to Maine, in thirty hours he was within his castle of Sablé. Here he for the first time indulged in rest, for it was then only that he could feel himself in safety.

In the meantime, the Provost du Châtelet had set forth from Paris, accompanied by an armed troop of sixty men by the Porte Saint Honoré, where finding the recent tracks of horses' feet he journeyed forward as far as Chenevière; there seeing that the foot-marks were towards the Seine, he inquired of the Pongon bridge-keeper whether any one had crossed over that morning. The latter informed him, that at two o'clock a dozen men with their horses had crossed the river, but who they were it was impossible for him to say; that some were completely cased in armour; others closely enveloped in their mantles.

"And what route did they pursue?" demanded the provost. "The road to Evreux," replied the man. "Aye, that's it," returned the provost; "they have gone direct to Cherbourg."

The provost, accordingly, pursued his way thither. After travelling about three

hours he fell in with a gentleman, hunting hares, who answered inquiries, saying, he had in the morning seen from a dozen to fifteen men on horseback, apparently, at first, undecided which road to follow, but that they finally took that towards Chartres. He further carried the Provost and his troop to the spot where the horsemen had passed over the fields: the ground being soft from recent rain, evident traces were left of the passage of a numerous party; the provost and his people then galloped off in the direction of Chartres; but owing to the time which they had lost they did not reach that town until evening. At Chartres, they learned that Messire Pierre de Craon had passed through in the morning, and they were even informed of the canon's name at whose house he had taken breakfast and obtained fresh horses: but this intelligence was too late, for the criminal could not be overtaken. The provost accordingly gave orders for a speedy return to Paris, where he and his troop arrived on the Saturday morning.

Meanwhile the Duke de Touraine had also, in pursuit of his old favorite, despatched Messire Jean de Barres, who with a troop of fifty horsemen left Paris, by the right outlet—the Porte Sainte Antoine; but having no further guide to direct their steps they had turned to the right, passed the Marne and the Seine by the bridge of Charenton, and reached Chartres on the Saturday evening. There they learned the same news which had greeted the provost, and despairing, like him, of overtaking the fugitive, they made the best of their way back to Paris.

During this time the king's sergeants who were scouring the country, found, in a village some few leagues distant from the capital, two men-at-arms and a page whose horses had been unable to keep up with the troop of their master Craon; these men were mercilessly seized, led forthwith to Paris and shut up in the Châtelet.

Two days afterwards these unhappy wretches were conducted to the Rue Sainte-Catherine, and opposite the very baker's house where their lord's crime had been committed, their hands were cut off at the wrists; thence they were carried to the Hall where they were decapitated, and their bodies were finally removed to a gibbet to which they were suspended by the feet.

On the following Wednesday, Craon's steward underwent a precisely similar fate, as if, indeed, he had been one of the perpetrators of the crime, though it was only for having kept the perpetration of it secret.

The canon from whose house the fugitive had taken fresh horses was next seized and judged by the ecclesiastical authorities, who stripped him of all his goods and benefices. Through especial favor, however, and because he unequivocally denied all knowledge of the dreadful crime in which the parties were implicated, his life was spared, but he was condemned to pass the rest of his days in perpetual imprisonment upon a diet of bread and water.

As for Craon himself, whose judgment was pronounced by contumacy, his property was confiscated, his moveables consigned for the benefit of the public treasury, and his estates in land divided between the Duke de Touraine and the king's mistresses; and Admiral Jean de Vienne who was commissioned to seize the culprit's Château Bernard, entered the mansion at midnight with a party of armed followers. Jeanne de Chatillon, Pierre de Craon's wife, one of the most beautiful women of the period, was at the time in bed, but he brutally made her get up, and turned her, together with her daughter, out of doors without other than their night clothing, even at that unseasonable hour. As for the hôtel wherein the plot had been matured, it was utterly demolished—the ground whereon it had stood ploughed up and added to the cemetery Saint Jean, and the Rue Craon, named after its noble proprietor, received the appellation of Rue des Mauvais Gargons, that which it bears at the present day.

Pierre de Craon hearing these dread proceedings against him, no longer deemed his Castle of Sablé a safe asylum, and hastened to take refuge within the territory of the Duke of Brittany. The latter, already acquainted with the ill success of their evil enterprise, and aware that their common enemy was still alive, could not forbear accosting Craon somewhat tauntingly when he made a crest-fallen re-entrance into that same apartment which he had lately quitted in such exultation.

"Ah! cousin," he exclaimed, "you're a sorry fellow not to have been able to dispatch a man who was so completely in your power."

"My lord," replied Pierre de Craon, "I verily believe that all the devils in hell who have him in their keeping, combined to deliver him out of my hands: with sixty sword thrusts into his body how in Heaven's name could I suppose otherwise than that he was dead after seeing him drop from his horse? but thanks to his good fortune, a door was by the merest chance open when it ought to have been closed, and he fell within the building, when he ought to have tumbled outside; had his accursed body been entirely exposed, it would have been trampled to atoms beneath our horses' feet."

"No doubt," said the duke, gravely; "but it chanced to turn out otherwise, eh? And now you have arrived, pleasant tidings from the king will soon assuredly follow; but it matters not cousin, come what may on your account, whatever strife and warfare may ensue, you had my promise that I would receive you, and you are welcome." So saying the old duke offered the knight his hand, and summoned a varlet to bring hypocras and drinking cups.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FOREST SPECTRE.

THE Duke of Brittany had formed no exaggerated estimate of the peril he incurred by pledging himself to afford Craon an asylum and protection; for three weeks subsequent to the event just recorded, a king's messenger drew up at the gate of Hermine Castle, inquired for the duke in the name of his royal master, and delivered him a letter sealed with the arms of France. The epistle was couched in terms befitting a sovereign to his vassal, Charles demanding, *au nom de la justice de Paris*, that Pierre de Craon should be delivered up as traitor and assassin, and in case of a contumacious refusal, that he would himself appear, and by force of arms seize the culprit. The duke received the royal courier with all courtesy, threw over his neck a golden chain taken from his own, and ordered his people to spare nothing for his entertainment while he prepared an answer for the king. On the day after the morrow this reply was delivered to the messenger, who departed laden with fresh proofs of liberality. The duke begged to assure the king that he had been deceived in the intelligence given him that Pierre de Craon was in Brittany; and that he was ignorant alike of the knight's place of refuge, and of the motives prompting his hatred for Olivier de Clisson, and that he consequently hoped the king would hold him absolved.

When this letter reached his hands, Charles was in the midst of his council; he read it several times, and his countenance darkened at each perusal; at length crumpling it in his hands, he cried with a bitter laugh—"What, my lords, think you," says our cousin of Brittany? "Why," he says, and that upon his honor, "that he knows nothing of this murderer and traitor Craon. Deem you not his honor stands in jeopardy? And now my lords for your counsel."

"Honored cousin," answered the duke de Berry, rising, "I believe the duke of Brittany speaks truth, and since Messire de Craon is not under his protection he can be in no way responsible."

"And you my brother," said the king, turning to the Duke de Touraine, "what is your opinion? "I think sire, with your permission, that the Duke of Brittany has only said this with a view of gaining time for the murderer's escape to England, and"

The king here interrupted him:—"Touraine you are right," it is even as you say; "as for you, fair uncle, well know we you are no friend to the Constable,

and we have been told, though not by you, that on the very day of the attempted murder, you received a visit from a creature of Messire de Craon's, who revealed to you the entire plot, which you, under pretence of disbelief and unwillingness to interrupt the fête, thought proper to conceal. With this, fair uncle, we are acquainted, and upon no uncertain information; if, however, we should chance to have been misinformed, you have an opportunity of proving us in error, by accompanying us to Brittany, whither we are bound, upon no peaceful errand. We are weary of this duke—neither French nor English, neither dog nor wolf; for whether he bark or howl, none in sooth can tell. Brittany cannot forget that she was once a kingdom, and, thanks to that remembrance, she may become a province. Well! since thus it is, the vine-leaves of his ducal crown shall fall beneath our blows, and converted into a baronial coronet, it shall be given to one amongst our faithful servants, as we have, even now, presented to our brother the duchy of Orleans, in lieu of that of Touraine."

The duke bent his head in token of acknowledgment for this mark of royal favor, as the king proceeded—"Yes, yes, my brother, and we give it you even as possessed by Philip, with all its revenues and dependencies; henceforward, then, we no longer call you "Touraine," that duchy being from this day united to the crown, but "Orleans," which from this day is your's. You understood, fair uncle of Berry we are all about to set forth for Brittany, and you accompany us?"

"Dear Sire," replied the duke, "it will ever be my pleasure to attend you wherever you may please to go, but methinks our brother-in-law of Burgundy should also bear us company."

"Most assuredly," said the king, we shall entreat him so to honor us; and if that be not sufficient, even order his attendance, failing which, we shall proceed to seek him in person. We give you our word that this journey shall not be undertaken without him. An insult offered to the king of France is equally an insult to all his nobles; and a stain upon the royal escutcheon leaves not a single shield untarnished. Hasten then good uncle your warlike preparations, for in less than eight days we shall set forth."

The king now dismissed the council, but proceeded forthwith to closet himself with his secretaries; and on the same day twenty powerful nobles, the Duke of Burgundy at their head, received orders to assemble immediately with the largest forces they could muster. This command was the more promptly executed, inasmuch as the Duke of Brittany was an object of general detestation to all those who were thoroughly French, who, considering him as English at heart, assigned that cause for his hatred towards the patriotic Clisson. The king, it was said, would long ago have marched against him, had he not been deterred by the Earl of Flanders and Madame de Bourgoigne; now, however, he seemed so much in earnest that none could doubt he would bring his project to an issue, provided no treasonable act intervened to defeat it, for it was strongly suspected that some of those about to accompany their sovereign would do so but unwillingly, and the Dukes of Berry and Burgundy were reckoned amongst the number.

The latter, indeed, made no haste to attend the king's summons; he pretended that the expedition would entail a heavy burthen on his provinces; that it was a war undertaken without just cause, and likely to be attended by unfortunate results; that it was hard to force those into the quarrel, who were in no wise concerned, and that it would be far more just to allow the constable's and Pierre de Craon's differences to be adjusted between themselves, than to make them a cause of misery and oppression to the poor of the provinces. The Duke de Berry held the same opinion; but the king, the Duke of Orleans and all the council being of another mind it seemed that the two dukes had no alternative save submission.

As soon as the constable was able to mount on horseback, the king gave orders to set out from Paris; the same evening he took leave of the queen, Madame Valentine, and other dames and demoiselles occupying the Hôtel Saint Pôl; supped with the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the Count de Namur and the Lord de Coucy at the house of the Sire de Montaigu, and remained there the night. On the morrow he set forth with an immense warlike equipage, but stopped at Saint-Germain-

en-Laye in order to await the coming of the Dukes de Berry and Burgundy ; finding that they did not arrive, he sent them such orders as it would have been next to rebellion to have disobeyed, and then pursued his march, although strongly dissuaded from so doing by his physicians, on the ground that his health was not sufficiently re-established ; so eager, however, was his desire to proceed, that he declared, in reply, that he knew not what they meant, having never felt himself better.

In spite of all remonstrances he, therefore, persevered in proceeding, passed the Seine, took the road to Chartres ; and from thence, without stopping, to Anveau, a magnificent castle belonging to the Sire de La Riviere, who entertained his royal guest with all due honours ; there Charles remained three days, and on the morning of the fourth, resumed his way to Chartres, where, with the Dukes of Bourbon and Orleans, he was received at the episcopal palace, by the bishop, a brother of the Sire de Montaigu.

In two days the Duke de Berry and the Count de La Marche made their appearance, and on being asked by the king for news of Burgundy, they replied that the duke was following : on the fourth day his arrival was announced.

Charles, after remaining seven days at Chartres took the road to Mans. At every instant of his progress his force was augmented by the acquisition of armed men flocking from Artois, Picardy, Vermandois ; in short from every, even the most distant part of France, all these people being highly incensed against the duke of Brittany on account of his cruel exactions ; and the king was now of course glad to encourage anger so well responding to the indignation which influenced his own movements.

Charles, however, had presumed too much on his own bodily strength ; the continual irritation consequent on his uncle's vexatious opposition and delays, had greatly contributed to heat his blood, and on arriving at Mans he was in a state of high fever and unable to sit his horse : it was, therefore, absolutely necessary to stop, although he declared that rest was to him infinitely more painful than fatigue ; but his physicians, his uncles and even the Duke of Orleans were of opinion that it was requisite to remain where they were, for at least a fortnight or three weeks. This delay afforded opportunity for persuading the king to despatch a new message to the Duke of Brittany. On the present occasion, however, Charles was resolved that the embassy should bear a character impossible to be mistaken by him to whom it was sent ; the four selected envoys were, therefore, accompanied by forty lancers, who were preceded by trumpeters with pennons unfurled ; and in two days they arrived at Nantes where they found the duke.

Here again they officially set forth the king's demand, viz., that Pierre de Craon should be delivered up ; and again the duke, after having laden the ambassadors with rich presents, replied as before, that it was impossible for him to deliver up a man of whose retreat he was ignorant ;—that he certainly had heard it said, within a year's time, that Craon bore towards the constable an inveterate hatred, and had sworn to wage mortal war against him ; that he had indeed been even told by the knight himself that wherever he should meet Clisson, whether by day or by night, that he would kill him ; but further than this report, he knew nothing, and wondered much how the king should make war upon him in a matter with which he had no concern whatever.

Charles was exceedingly ill when this answer was brought back, but he nevertheless gave instant orders for pushing forwards, and called to his esquires to bring his armour. Just as he was rising from his bed, an envoy from Spain was introduced and presented him a letter bearing this inscription, "*A notre très redouté Seigneur le roi de France,*" signed "*Yolande de Bar, Reine d'Aragon et Majorca, et dame de Sardaigne.*"

The substance of the letter was to this effect ; that the queen of Aragon, being most desirous to gratify the French monarch in all things, had caused to be arrested and imprisoned at Barcelona an unknown knight who was desirous of hiring at any price a vessel to take him to Naples ; she further added, that suspecting this knight to be none other than Messire de Craon she had deemed it fitting to impart these

her suspicions to the king, in order that he might send persons to recognize and seize him, in the event of her suspicions being verified, and concluded by expressing a hope that these tidings would be agreeable to her lord and cousin.

On the arrival of this letter the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry immediately exclaimed, that the expedition was concluded by the arrest of the man who had been its object ; but the king would listen to no such terms, consenting only that some one should be despatched to ascertain the truth of Queen Yolande's conjectures.

Three weeks afterwards, the messenger returned with tidings that the arrested knight was after all no such person as Messire Pierre de Craon.

Charles was now more than ever incensed against his uncles to whom he considered all these delays attributable ; and resolving henceforth to follow nothing save his own inclinations, he summoned his marshals to attend him in his chamber wherein he was still kept by indisposition. His commands were that they should march immediately with all their force upon Angers, since it was his firm determination not to draw back until he had dispossessed the duke and placed his children under a governor of his own appointment.

Between nine and ten, after having heard mass, during the performance of which he fainted, the king mounted his horse, but was so weak as to require the Duke of Orleans' assistance. The Duke of Burgundy shrugged his shoulders on beholding his nephew's obstinate determination, and declared that it was truly a tempting of Providence to persevere after such preventive warnings from Heaven ; but the Duke de Berry, on hearing these words, said, in a low voice :—

" Make yourself easy, brother, for I have provided against every extremity ; and, with God's assistance, I trust we shall return and sleep at Mans this night."

" Your meaning puzzles me," returned the duke of Burgundy, " but of this I am certain that no means can be amiss which may serve to end this unlucky expedition."

Followed by his array, the king advanced, and soon entered a vast and gloomy forest coeval with the days of the Druids. Charles seemed melancholy and absent, allowed his horse to follow its own course, and scarcely replied to those who, from time to time, addressed him, until, supposing that he preferred this silence, they fell back and left him to head the cavalcade alone. It had thus proceeded with almost unbroken silence for nearly an hour, when, suddenly, an old man with bare head, and clothed in a long white robe, rushed from between two trees which had concealed him, seized the bridle of the king's horse, stopped it, and eagerly exclaimed, " Oh king, king ! ride no further ; turn back at once, for thou art betrayed !" Charles trembled from head to foot at this unlooked for apparition, stretched forth his arms, and strove to cry out ; but the power of utterance failed him, and he could only indicate by signs that he wanted the removal of the phantom : some men at arms, accordingly, advanced, and struck the seeming druid so sharply that he let go the bridle ; but the Duke de Berry now coming up, rescued him from their hands, saying that the man could be but a poor idiot, and as such, they must desist from beating him, and suffer him to go. Although it would certainly have been a more prudent measure to have at least detained the stranger for a close enquiry into his intentions, all appeared so taken by surprise that they offered no opposition to the Duke de Berry's suggestion, and while engaged in attendance on the king, he who had occasioned this commotion disappeared, and was never again seen or heard of.

Notwithstanding the occurrence of an incident so apparently favorable to the hopes of the king's uncles, Charles still proceeded, and soon reached the outskirts of the forest. Scarcely was it passed, when a scorching mid-day sunshine succeeded the late refreshing shade ; it was one of the most sultry days in the hottest portion of July, and nothing met the eye save arid fields of sand which seemed to undulate beneath the burning rays which they reflected. The most spirited horses in the cavalcade hung down their heads, and from time to time gave utterance to melancholy neighs, while the strongest men felt their energies subdued and an oppression in breathing. The king, in order to defend himself against the early morning air, was clad in a close vest of black velvet, and wore on his head a hood of scarlet cloth,

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within whose folds was entwined a string of large pearls given him by the queen on parting. In order that he might be less incommoded by the dust, he was allowed to ride apart, attended by only two pages who kept at his side, the one following the other : the first wore a helmet of Montauban polished steel ; the second bore a red lance with a silken pennon, its point of exquisitely wrought steel having come from the manufactories of Toulouse. Twelve similar ones had been purchased by the Sire de La Rivière and by him presented to the king, who, out of this number, had given three to the Duke of Orleans and three to the Duke de Bourbon.

Now, as Charles and his attendants were proceeding in this order, it so happened that the second page, overcome by the heat, dropt asleep, and let fall his lance against the helmet of his comrade ; at the abrupt clashing sound caused by this collision, the king started, looked bewildered, turned dreadfully pale, then suddenly driving his spurs deep into his horse's flanks, and drawing his sword he rushed upon the two pages exclaiming wildly, " On ! on upon these traitors ! " The frightened pages separated and fled, while Charles, continuing his course, made towards the Duke of Orleans. The latter scarcely knew whether to retreat or await his brother, when the Duke of Burgundy exclaimed, " Flee ! nephew of Orleans, flee ! my lord will kill you. " The king, brandishing his sword, now turned his fury on the duke who only avoided the stroke by causing his horse to bound suddenly aside. Charles still maddly pressing on, encountered in his path a knight of Guienne named the bastard De Polignac, and thrust his sword into his neck : the knight fell. This sight of blood flowing from his wound, instead of calming, seemed to redouble the king's phrenzy ; still spurring forwards, he struck at all he met, exclaiming repeatedly " On ! on upon these traitors ! " Those knights and esquires who were wholly clad in mail now formed a hedge around the king, and received his blows without returning them, until his strength being nearly exhausted, a knight of Normandy named Guillaume Marcel, came behind and grasped him round the body. The king still attempted to strike, but the sword soon escaped from his hold and he fell backwards uttering a loud cry. He was speedily disengaged from his reeking horse, and divested of his hood and *justaucorps* ; but, he had lost all consciousness and, though his eyes were open, could neither recognise his uncles nor his brother ; nor mark distinctly anything that was passing around him.

Great was the consternation of the attendant knights and nobles, none knowing what to do or what to propose. The Duke de Berry grasped the king's hand and spoke to him with tenderness, but no reply was given by word or gesture. The duke then shook his head and addressing the bystanders, " My lords," said he, " we must return to Mans, and, for this season, our expedition is ended. "

Having confined the king's hands lest his phrenzy might return, they placed him in a litter and turned back dejectedly towards the town which, in fulfilment of the Duke de Berry's prediction they re-entered that evening, and physicians were immediately summoned. Some persons pretended that the king had been poisoned before leaving Mans, while others assigning his malady to a supernatural cause, conjectured that he was under the influence of some magical incantation.

As in either case, suspicion naturally attached to the princes, they required the medical professors to institute a strict inquiry ; they first busied themselves in ascertaining who had waited upon him at dinner, and whether he had eaten much or little ; on this latter point, it appeared that he had partaken but of one or two dishes, and had scarcely touched even those ; for instead of eating, it would seem that he had only sighed and meditated, every now and then pressing his forehead between his hands as though he experienced severe pain in his head. Robert de Teukes the king's chief cup-bearer being then summoned, was asked the name of the butler who had last presented the king with drink ; he replied that it was Helion de Lignac who being in turn sent for, was interrogated whence he had procured the wine drunk by Charles 'ere his departure ; this he could not tell, but declared that both himself and Robert de Teukes had tasted it beforehand ; at the same time he went direct to a cupboard where the half empty bottle had been deposited, poured out a cup to the full of wine and drank it off. At this moment a physician came from out of the king's chamber, and hearing the subject matter under discussion, said, as he advanced

towards the princes :—" My lords you labor and debate in vain ; the king is neither poisoned nor bewitched ; the king is mad !

The dukes of Burgundy and Berry interchanged glances ; the king mad ! There must then be a regency, which of right would be vested either in the Duke of Orleans or in themselves ! The former, they were willing to believe, was too young for the council to entrust with so great a responsibility. The Duke of Burgundy was the first to break silence ; addressing the two others, he said—" Good brother and cousin, it now seems expedient to return with all speed to Paris, since the king will there obtain better tendance and advice than it is here possible to procure for him—and the council can then decide in what hands to place the regency."

" I am of your opinion," replied the Duke de Berry ; " but whither shall we take the king ?"

" Not to Paris at all," said the Duke of Orleans, hastily ; " the queen is enceinte, and the sight of him might bring upon her the greatest affliction." The Dukes of Burgundy and Berry exchanged significant smiles.

" Well, then," returned the latter, " we have only to have him conducted to the castle of Creil, the air is excellent, its situation beautiful, with a river running at its foot. Nothing can certainly be more just than our cousin of Orleans' observation concerning the queen, and if he please to set out before us in order to break to her this unhappy news, we will remain a few days with the king to see that all his wants are supplied, and then ourselves proceed to Paris." " Be it as you say," replied the Duke of Orleans, " and he hastened out to order preparations for his journey."

The Dukes of Burgundy and Berry thus left alone, retired into the embrasure of a window.

" Well, good brother," said the former, " what think you of all this ?"

" Exactly what I have ever thought ; that the king's head was turned by youthful counsels, and that this war in Brittany would have an evil end, but we were not believed ; for all now are guided by headstrong ministers—none by reason !"

" These things must be remedied, and that, promptly," said the Duke of Burgundy. " There can be no doubt but that the regency will be ours ; indeed our fair cousin of Orleans is far too much occupied in other matters to trouble himself about affairs of government. Now then brother, prythee call to mind what I told you when the king dismissed us from Montpellier : did I not say, we were the two most powerful nobles in the kingdom, and that as long as we remained united none could do us injury. Well, it has even proved so, and the time is arriving when it may be ours to injure others." " Yes, brother, as far as it agrees with the interests of the kingdom, it is certainly for our interest to deprive our enemies of the management of affairs. Besides they would paralyze all our projects, impede all our decisions. The unhappy nation pulled one way by them, the other by us, would be the sufferer ; therefore, for the general benefit there must be perfect union between the heads that devise, and the arms that execute. Think you, for instance, that the Constable would cordially obey an order received from us ? In case of war, too, consider what injury such disunion might entail on France. The constable's sword ought to be wielded by the right hand of government." " You are perfectly right, brother, but there are, also, those who in times of peace would be fully as dangerous as the Constable in time of war ; for instance Messires de la Rivière, de Montaigu, le Begue de Villaine and others." " Yes, yes, these men who have led the king so much astray must all be got rid of." " But the Duke of Orleans, will he not support them ?"

" Surely you cannot but have discovered," said the Duke de Berry, looking round and lowering his voice, " you must have perceived that our fair nephew is just now mightily occupied in affairs of love ; only let him have his liberty, and trust me, he will leave us to enjoy ours." " Hush ! here he comes," said the Duke of Burgundy ; and accordingly the Duke of Orleans impatient to set out for Paris, now reappeared to take leave of his uncles. Accompanied by them he proceeded direct to the king's chamber ; on asking the attendants whether he had been sleeping, they replied that he had not enjoyed a moment's repose. The Duke of Bur-

gundy shook his head ; " poor news, this, fair cousin," said he, " turning to the Duke of Orleans."

" God will preserve him," returned the latter, and approaching the king's bed he inquired how he felt. The sufferer made no reply ; but trembled in every limb : his hair stood on end, his eyes were fixed, cold drops of moisture fell from his forehead, and every now and then he would start up, wildly exclaiming, " Death ! death to the traitors !" till fairly exhausted he would fall back on his bed, and lie motionless until a new fit of fever restored for a season the strength it was consuming.

" We had better not remain," said the Duke of Burgundy, " we do but fatigue him, and he has infinitely more need of his nurses and physicians, than of his uncles and brother. Prythee then, let us depart."

The Duke of Orleans persisted, however, in remaining ; when left alone, he stooped over the bed, raised the king in his arms and looked at him sorrowfully ; presently, tears filled his eyes, and coursed each other in silence down his cheeks ; nor was it without reason that he wept, for the poor afflicted one lying there had loved him very tenderly, and how had that brotherly affection been returned ? With treachery and ingratitude : doubtless, at that moment, when he was about to leave him, and again about to betray him, his heart smote him for his wickedness, while conscience whispered that beyond a transient sympathy his brother's affliction did not grieve him as it ought. Thus are the workings of the human heart ; so sadly prone is our evil nature to smother all good qualities, that when through the griefs and sufferings of others we find a source of advantage or pleasure, at first, perhaps, unnoticed, opening for our own benefit, our sensibility becomes blunted, and the future which we had thought to be for ever overclouded, turns towards us some one of its thousand brilliant aspects, and though better feelings may yet strive within our breasts, it is more than likely (without divine assistance), that the principle of evil will gain the mastery ; hence has it often happened, that with eyes scarcely dry, but mind relieved by some selfish source of consolation, we almost rejoice on the morrow at the misfortune which we lamented on the previous day.

The king's uncles, during even this short interval, had given orders to all the marshals for the dismissal of each noble and knight to his own province, with strict injunctions that each should return in as orderly and peaceful a manner as possible, failing which, they threatened to make the lords responsible for whatever outrages and misdemeanours their troops might anywhere chance to commit.

Two days after the Duke of Orleans had departed, the king's journey to Creil Castle commenced, and it was performed by short stages in an easy and commodious litter. The news of this seizure of the king's person had spread far and wide with the eagle-like rapidity of evil tidings, and each, according to his peculiar opinion, assigned the luckless event to some different cause. The nobles viewed it as the work of diabolical sorcery ; the priests as a divine chastisement ; the partizans of the Pope of Rome declared it had happened as a punishment upon the king for having acknowledged Clement ; while the allies of Pope Clement pretended, on the contrary, that God had thus stricken him, because he had not destroyed the schism by carrying war into Italy according to his promise. As for the people, they were sincerely grieved at their king's misfortune, having built great hopes on the royal goodness and love of justice. They, therefore, crowded the churches where public prayers had been ordered, those especially whose patron saints were high in repute for curing madness ; to these they offered numerous presents ; and to Saint Aquarius, the most renowned among them, they sent a waxen image of the king the size of life, accompanied by a magnificent taper, in order that he might intercede with God for the removal or diminution of Charles's malady ; but all was of no avail, and the king arrived at Creil Castle without showing any perceptible signs of improvement. No human means were, however, neglected for the king's restoration. The Sire de Coucy having spoken of a very learned and skilful physician named Guillaume de Hersilly, he was summoned from a village near Laon where he resided, and placed in chief attendance upon the king, with the nature of whose malady he professed himself well acquainted.

The regency of the kingdom had, meanwhile, fallen, as might have been easily
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predicted, into the hands of Charles's uncles, the council having declared, after fifteen days deliberation, that the Duke of Orleans was too young to undertake so great a charge. On the day succeeding that of their nomination, the Sire de Clisson with his attendants, presented himself at the hotel of the Duke of Burgundy upon business connected with his office of constable. The porter opened the door as usual. They dismounted, and Clisson, followed by a single esquire, ascended the staircase. Upon reaching the first saloon he found two of the duke's knights, inquired for their master, and asked to speak with him; one of them accordingly repaired to the duke who was at that time conversing with a herald on the subject of a grand entertainment that had lately taken place in Germany.

"My lord," said the knight interrupting him, "Messire Olivier de Clisson is here and awaits your lordship's pleasure to speak with him."

"In sooth does he?" exclaimed the duke, let him come, and that directly, for his arrival fits well with our intended purpose."

The knight then returned towards the apartment where he had left Clisson, and all the doors being open, made a sign for him to pass through. The constable was soon in the duke's presence, who, on sight of him, changed color; but Clisson not appearing to perceive it, doffed his hood and bowed.

"My lord," said he, "I am come hither to receive your orders, and inquire concerning the future regulations of the kingdom."

"Future regulations of the kingdom! Clisson," echoed the duke in a stern voice; those are matters which concern me and none other. As for my orders, they are these, that you depart instantly from my presence; in five minutes leave this hôtel, and in one hour quit Paris."

It was now Clisson's turn to change color. The duke was regent of the kingdom, and there was no alternative save submission; so remounting his horse in no very cheerful mood, he hastened back to his hôtel, ordered immediate preparations for his journey, and the same day left Paris, and with only two attendants, crossed the Seine at Charenton, nor did he stop until evening, when he arrived at his Castle of Montlhéry.

The plan thus adopted with De Clisson, was followed up by the Duke of Burgundy with all the king's late favorites; Montaignu, indeed, on learning what had happened to the constable, secretly left Paris by the Porte Saint-Antoine, took the road to Troyes in Champagne, and only stopped at Avignon. Jean Le Mercier would fain have followed his example; but less fortunate, was arrested at his own door by some appointed guards, who conducted him to the Castle of the Louvre, where Le Begue de Villaine had preceded him. As for the Sire de La Rivière, although forewarned so to do, he would not quit his residence, saying, that having nothing wherewithal to reproach himself, he would cheerfully submit to the will of God: and when the arrival of armed men about to demand entrance was notified, he caused his doors to be thrown open and went out courteously to meet them.

Thus were these guiltless men, by the mere reaction of party, subjected to all the penalties which had just been incurred by the murderer Craon. The property and estates of John Lemer cier at Paris and in other parts of the kingdom were seized and divided; and a noble residence which he possessed in the diocese of Laon, and on which he had expended 100,000 livres in embellishments, was given to the Sire de Coucy with all its dependencies, rents, lands and privileges.

Towards Messire de La Rivière there was shown still greater severity: like Lemer cier he was stripped of everything save some property of his wife's: nor was this all: he had a young and beautiful daughter lately married to the Seigneur de Chatillon, whose father subsequently became master of the cross-bow-men of France. This marriage (one of mutual affection) had been cemented by every tie binding in the sight of man or sacred in the eyes of heaven; yet it was broken without pity or remorse. The knot was severed which the Pope only (says our author) had a right to untie, and the unhappy lovers were compelled to re-marry according to the mandate of the Duke of Burgundy.

The wretched king still remained powerless to arrest these persecutions;—his malady seemed to increase rather than diminish, and one only remedy was now

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looked to with any hope, the effect that might be produced on him by the queen's presence. She it was whom he had loved above all, and it was fondly hoped that although all others were forgotten he would nevertheless remember Isabel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NOVICE OF LA TRINITE.

THE king's unfortunate malady had brought about, as we have already seen, an entire revolution in the affairs of the state. Those (as so commonly happens under similar circumstances of mental aberration), who were the most in favor during the enjoyment of his reason, were the first to be disgraced during the period of his insanity.

The reins of government, which during these seasons had escaped from his powerless hold, had fallen entirely into the grasp of the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry; and those princes making the public welfare entirely subservient to their personal animosities, had converted the word of justice into a weapon for revenge. None but the Duke of Orleans could have balanced their influence in the council; but entirely devoted to his guilty passion for the queen, he had readily abandoned his pretensions to the regency, and displayed no energy in support of his own rights, or those of his friends. Relying on his title of the king's brother—supported by its ducal power—rich from his immense revenues—young too, and thoughtless, he carefully restrained within his heaving bosom every breath of ambition which might have obscured with clouds the brilliant sky of his present existence. Henceforth at liberty to behold, in all places, and at all seasons, the royal object of his love, this privilege filled up the measure of his happiness; and if, from time to time, a hitherto suppressed sigh of remorse escaped from his burthened conscience, or a transient cloud passed over his countenance, a single word or even the slightest smile from his adored mistress would lull the smart of his guilty soul, and chase the gloom from his perturbed brow. As for Isabel, young as she was, she was (says our author) Italian both in heart and soul; her's was the wolf-like love; the lion-like hatred; that commingled excess of passionate feeling which makes the sum of existence to consist solely of extreme emotions, and which never satisfied with an even tenor of life is unceasingly requiring new excitements, just as the fell simoon exists in the desert, and tempests in the bosom of the ocean. Nevertheless she was beautiful, truly beautiful beyond compare, and but for an almost fiendish glance occasionally gleaming within her brilliant eye, her exterior was perfectly angelic, and none who looked on her, especially as we shall now, not yet risen from her night's repose—beside her couch a *prie dieu*, and upon it an open book of devotion, none seeing her thus, could have supposed her other than an innocent young maiden, awaiting the maternal kiss which is wont to be each morning impressed on a young damsel's forehead. Yet what was she? An adulterous wife expecting her lover, and that lover, the brother of her husband, lord and sovereign—an unconscious, dying man!

A door, concealed in the tapestry and communicating with the king's apartments, opened, and gave entrance to the Duke of Orleans; he cast a glance around to see that none beside those whom he intended to meet were present. Finding the queen alone, he advanced hastily towards the couch. His countenance was pale; his frame agitated.

"What is it, my sweet duke?" said Isabel, with a smile, extending her arms towards him; "for she was accustomed to those forbidding clouds which ever and anon shadowed her lover's brow."

"What is it, come and tell me."

"Ah! what think you I have learnt?" cried the duke, kneeling beside the queen's couch and encircling her with his arm; "they say you must be sent to Creil, since your presence is necessary for the king's restoration."

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"Yes, 'tis Guillaume d'Hersilly who pretends to think so. What say you, my lord?"

"That the very first time he leaves the castle, in order to cull simples in Beaumont forest, I will have him suspended by the stoutest branch of the most firmly rooted tree—miserable fool! Now his science is completely at fault, he would fain convert you into a remedy, without a moment's thought of the danger you would incur thereby."

"Indeed! and should I be exposed to risk?" the queen inquired, looking at the duke with tenderness.

"Ah! madame, risk of life; the king is often furious. In a moment of delirium did he not kill the bastard De Polignac, besides wounding three or four other nobles? Think you he would recognize you, when he knew not me, his brother, and falling on me would have plunged his sword into my bosom, but for my horse's speed. Ah! and better, perchance, had it so been he had killed me."

"Killed you, my lord! O! attach more value to your life; is it not rendered blest and happy by our love, and is it not ungrateful to set so little value on it?"

"It is but fear for you my Isabel; it is because I should tremble at each sound issuing from that accursed chamber; at the sight of each servant who should open the door of my apartment; it is because each hour, whether of day or night, I should know you to be alone with a madman."

"Oh! but yet, my lord! there may be no danger, none but such as your fears have magnified into importance: it was then the clash of steel, the sight of arms which made him furious!" Isabel here gazed at the duke intently, as she continued, "but I, instead of that would speak to him in the tenderest accents, and, subdued by my caresses, the lion would grow gentle as a lamb; surely he would recognize the wife of his bosom, for well you know how devotedly he loves me."

As she thus spoke, a deep red flush mounted even to the duke's temples, and, abruptly, rising, he disengaged his arms from around the queen's waist—"Yes, yes, he loves you, I know it," he replied in a deep hollow voice. "Ah! therein lies all my misery. No, no, he would not harm you, no; doubtless, on the contrary, your voice would calm, your caresses soften him. *Your voice! your caresses!* good heavens!" He pressed his forehead between his hands, while Isabel, leaning on one arm, regarded him steadfastly. "Yes, I shall behold him calmed; shall hear him exclaim how 'affectionate she has been,' and, instead of thanking, you will make me curse heaven for such restoration of my brother's health; yes, ingrate that I am, already! you will make me *Your love! your love!* it was my Eden, my paradise; the possession I have enjoyed alone, and must I share it with another? Oh! keep it, keep this fatal love all undivided; and let it at least be wholly his, or wholly mine."

"And wherefore not have told me this at the first," exclaimed Isabel in a tone of exultation.

"Wherefore?" responded the duke.

"Because I should then at once have told you that I will not go to Creil Castle."

"Not go!" exclaimed the duke, hastily approaching the queen, then stopping short—"But how can you avoid the doing so? and what would be said by the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry?"

"Think you," said Isabel, "that they are really anxious for the king's restoration?"

"No, upon my soul! Our uncle of Burgundy loves power; he of Berry loves gold; my brother's malady invests the one with double authority, while it fills the coffers of the other; but they are good dissemblers, and when they find that you refuse to go Besides, you cannot!—Oh! my brother, my poor brother!" Tears fell from the duke's eyes.

The queen raised her lover's head with one hand, while she dried up his tears affectionately with the other.

"Come, come, my sweet duke, be comforted, I will not go to Creil; but the king will, nevertheless, get well, and your fraternal heart," she slowly and in a

slightly ironical accent added, "your fraternal heart will have no cause for self-reproach; we have discovered an expedient."

As Isabel spoke, a smile of indefinable malice curled her beautiful lip.

"And what?" enquired the duke.

"That we will tell you by and by; in the meantime be easy, and give us one of your fondest looks."

The duke obeyed.

"How handsome you are, my lord!" continued the queen, "nay, I could be almost jealous of your complexion. Nature certainly intended you for a woman, and altered her intention for the express purpose of making me one day a fool."

"My Isabel!"

"Look here, my lord," said the queen, taking a medallion from beneath her pillow, "what think you of this picture?"

"Your portrait!" exclaimed the duke, snatching it and pressing it to his lips, "your dear, dear portrait, adored. . . . Hush, hide it, some one comes!" The door at that moment opened, and gave entrance to the dame De Coucy.

"The person sent for by Madame the queen is, she said, just arrived."

"See, Madame Coucy," continued Isabel, "here is our brother Orleans on his knees, entreating us not to go to Creil Castle, fearful lest our royal person should incur some danger there. I believe you gave also similar advice, when our well-beloved uncle of Burgundy came yesterday to tell us that the physician recommended by your husband thought my presence would be beneficial to the king. Hold you the same opinion now?"

"Most assuredly madame, and it is that of many persons about the court."

"Well, this quite determines me; decidedly I will not go. Adieu, my lord duke. Your loyal regard demands our thanks, and we are not ungrateful." The duke bowed and took his leave.

"'Tis the superior of the Convent de la Trinité, is it not, Madame Coucy?" asked Isabel, turning towards her lady of honor.

"Herself."

"Let her enter."

The superior came in, and Madame Coucy left her with the queen.

"Mother," said Isabel, "I wish to speak to you privately on a matter of great importance relative to the affairs of the kingdom."

"To me, *Madame la Reine*!" returned the abbess humbly, "and how can I, retired wholly from the world and devoted to God, how can I have ought to do with earthly matters?"

"You remember," continued the queen, without answering her question, "how that in return for the beautiful spectacle in front of your convent, with which you greeted my entrance into Paris, I sent you a silver shrine destined for Saint Martha, whom I know to be a particular object of your devotion."

"I am a native of Tarascon, Madame La Reine," returned the Abbess, "where St. Martha is highly honored, and I was truly grateful for so rich a present."

"And ever since," continued Isabel, "I have selected your convent for the performance of my Easter devotions, and have shown, I trust, on every such occasion, that the Queen of France is neither niggardly nor forgetful."

"Most true, madame, and, inasmuch as we have yet done nothing to deserve such favor, we are the more grateful for your goodness."

"And we have still sufficient influence," resumed Isabel, "with our holy father of Avignon to procure you spiritual gifts in addition to our temporal supplies—all such indulgences as we might solicit for your community."

The abbess's eyes sparkled with holy ambition.

"Madame," she said, "you are a great and mighty queen, and if our convent could do anything to show——"

"Not your convent, but possibly yourself mother," interrupted Isabel.

"I, madame? only command, and if but in my power——"

"Oh, nothing can be easier—the king, as you know, is suffering from a phrenzy fever. Hitherto his attendants have been men clothed in black, and wearing masks, who by means of the terror they have inspired, have compelled him to submit to the

regimen of his physicians ; but the state of agitation wherein he is thus kept, prevents the remedies from having due effect. It is now thought better to attempt by persuasion that which hitherto has been accomplished by force, and it has been suggested that one of your holy sisterhood, some young and gentle creature, should be substituted for the dark phantoms that surround him ; such an one, it has been hoped, might seem to him as some celestial vision, shedding calm and repose upon his troubled spirit, and restoring reason to his bewildered brain. Herein, mother, I have thought of you, being anxious that the honor of the king's recovery should belong to no convent save your own ; and, doubtless, to *your* prayers it will be attributed, to the intercession of Saint Martha, and the sanctity of the worthy abbess who guides the innocent flock of the sisters of La Trinitè. For this cause mother have I summoned you. Am I deceived in thinking that my proposition is one of agreeable import ?”

“ Oh ! you are too good, madame, and, from this day, truly, shall I esteem our convent an object of heaven's especial favor. You are personally acquainted with some amongst my daughters, would it then please you madame to point out one on whom you would confer the privilege of tending the precious sufferer, whose cure all France is now imploring at the shrine of heaven.”

“ I leave that entirely to your discretion, mother,” ejaculated the queen ; “ choose for this holy mission whom you will ; the doves confided to your care, are all beautiful and innocent ; take one at hazard, Heaven will guide your hand, the blessing of the people will rest upon her, and the queen's favors will be showered on her family.”

A flash of ambition illumed the hooded brow of the venerable abbess.

“ Madame la Reine,” said she, “ I am ready to obey your orders, and my election is made ; tell me only how I shall proceed.”

“ As soon as possible let the young girl be conducted to Creil Castle ; orders shall be given for her admission to the king's apartment. The rest must be left to Heaven.”

The abbess bent, and advanced a few steps towards the door.

“ By the by,” said the queen, “ I forgot to tell you that I have ordered to be sent to your convent this morning a relique of pure gold, enclosing a piece of the true cross, sent me by the King of Hungary, who received it from the Emperor of Constantinople. May it draw down on your house the favor of Heaven, and fill your treasury with the alms of the faithful ! You will now find it in your own church.”

The abbess again bent low, and withdrew. Isabel then immediately summoned her women, dressed, and, ordering her litter, proceeded to the *Rue Barbette*, to inspect a small hôtel she had recently purchased with a view of making it an occasional residence.

Meanwhile, the wretched king, surrounded as Isabel had truly represented by twelve men dressed in black and wearing masks, was controlled entirely by compulsion ; his days were divided by alternate intervals of violence or perfect apathy according as the workings of the fever ranged high or low : in the former case he was as a prey to a consuming fire ; in the other to the most distressing and piercing chill, whilst memory and discernment alike failing him, his mind seemed to be lost to every sense of consciousness save that of suffering.

From the first day of his attendance, Maitre Guillaume had indeed studied the malady of his royal patient with the greatest care ; he had observed that every echoing or ringing sound caused him alarm and uneasiness, and he forthwith directed that no bell should be allowed to tingle ; he also perceived that the sight of *fleurs-de-lis*, from some inexplicable cause, would greatly irritate the sufferer, for which reason every such emblem of his royalty had been carefully removed : Charles would not go to bed when up, neither would he get up when in bed, until Guillaume, under the idea of awing him into submission, caused him to be attended by men with painted faces clad in black, and in singular costumes. On their sudden appearance the king's moral courage took flight with his reason, and nothing being left save the animal instinct of self preservation, Charles, who in his sober mind was naturally so brave, would tremble like a child—obey like an automaton—cease murmuring, and,

almost, to breathe. But the skilful physician failed not to perceive that the physical benefit of the remedies forced on his patient by such means was powerfully counteracted by the moral injury to which those very means gave birth, and this led him to entertain the idea of substituting other remedies of a more gentle nature. At this period, indeed, whether his disorder had taken a more favorable turn, or that his strength was exhausted, Charles became considerably calmer, and his attendant fondly hoped that a well-known and well-beloved voice might penetrate to his heart, and thus awaken memory which had so long been dormant; and then it was he thought of the queen, and proposed her presence to complete the cure which he believed was, indeed, happily commenced. We have already seen the motives by which Madame Isabel was prevented from acceding to this plan, whose partial accomplishment she nevertheless desired by the substitution of another for herself.

Maitre Guillaume was accordingly apprized of the purposed modifications in his project, and though less sanguine of success, he nevertheless, resolved, on its execution, and looked forward, not without hope, to the young sister's arrival.

At the hour appointed the maiden made her appearance accompanied by the abbess; nor could the physician have desired a more angelic looking being for an instrument of the miraculous cure which he was desirous of effecting; she was not however clad in the holy garb of a sister of La Trinité, and her unshorn tresses betokened that her vows had not as yet been pronounced.

Maitre Guillaume had fancied that the poor timid girl would have stood in need of much encouraging exhortation; but he beheld her so calm and, seemingly, prepared for her task, that he only invoked a blessing on its performance; he had also prepared a string of instructions concerning the duties of her attendance, yet not one passed his lips because he felt assured that he might safely entrust the direction of every thing to the suggestions of her tender and devoted nature.

Odette (for it was none other), had acquiesced in the wish of her aunt—the abbess, only the more readily, on perceiving the danger and consequent self-devotion involved in the duties she was called upon to undertake. When love's emotions have been repressed within a generous bosom, they oft-times reappear in the form of exalted virtue; those alone who can lift the veil are able to recognise it in its altered shape, whilst to the common observer it passes but for what it seems.

Charles had gone abroad with his keepers. The mid-day sun was wont to affect him, and the morning and evening were, consequently, chosen for the periods of his walking. Odette thus found herself alone within the royal chamber, and in this unwonted scene, many an unusual and unthought of feeling arose within her bosom. Poor girl! strange was it too, that she, born in a sphere so distant from the throne, should seem for ever destined to be brought in contact with it, even as a fragile bark is drifted with the tide towards the side of some stupendous rock.

At this period every thing in the king's apartment betokened the presence of mercenary attendance, for the affectionate care of personal attachment; and Odette's heart was melted to pity at the cold and unfeeling sight. There reigned, in this spacious chamber, sad and solemn silence, where the light of day only penetrated through, in long and narrow streaks, the deep-set windows of stained glass: and although the hottest time of summer, yet there was burning a fierce fire within a massive chimney of sculptured stone just opposite to his bed, whose green damask curtains, richly flowered with gold, were now in shreds and tatters, giving fearful indication of the phrenzied struggles of its turbulent occupant. The inlaid floor was strewn too with fragments of furniture and vases broken by the king in his several desperate fits of fury, for they were negligently left, unremoved; and the appearance of every thing, indeed, combined to present a melancholy picture of that active intelligence, whose destructive agency on the inanimate objects around, seemed rather to have been the work of some ferocious beast than that of a being in human form.

As Odette gazed on these things, her woman's timidity well nigh overcame her fortitude. Defenceless as the poor timid faun thrown into a lion's den, she felt that the maniac in whose power she was placed, might, with a single grasp, as easily effect her destruction, as he had that of the several objects, whose scattered fragments were everywhere beneath her feet; moreover she had no David's harp wherewith to charm away the phrenzy of this kingly Saul.

Odette was entirely engrossed by such thoughts as these when she was startled by a loud noise—cries and lamentations, indeed, like those uttered by a person fleeing in terror, commingled with voices as of others hot in pursuit; the king had, in fact, escaped from the hands of his keepers, who had only overtaken him in the adjoining apartment where a struggle was then going on. Odette trembled at the fearful sounds; she would have taken flight through the tapestry covered door by which she had entered, but not being able to find it she ran to another; but here the sounds approached so near as to prove that its pannels alone divided her from those by whom the affray was caused: she then took refuge in a corner, at the bedside, and drew the curtain round so as to conceal herself, if possible, from the first gaze of the infuriate king: scarcely had she done so, ere she heard the voice of Maitre Guillaume, exclaiming—"Let the king alone;" and saw the door open.

Charles entered, his countenance pale, and suffused with perspiration; his hair erect, and his clothes torn: no sooner had he quitted his persecuting keepers, than he ran to the opposite end of the apartment in search of some weapon of defence, but meeting with none, he returned affrighted towards the door: finding it had been shut after him, he seemed somewhat reassured, looked at it fixedly for some seconds, then advancing on tip-toe, as if not to be heard, he turned the key quietly, thus locking himself in. Looking next around the apartment for some additional means of security or defence, he seized hold of the bed on the side opposite that where Odette was standing, and dragged it before the door which he was so anxiously seeking to defend against his enemies: having performed this feat, he burst into one of those fits of senseless laughter, whose sound chills the very life-blood, and, with head inclining on his breast and arms hung listlessly by his sides, he went and seated himself before the chimney, without perceiving Odette, who, although she had not stirred from her place, was now exposed to view by the removal of the intercepting curtain.

By this time, owing either to the fever having passed off, or the removal of his fears from his having shut out the objects which had occasioned them, the king's fury was succeeded by a fit of weakness, and sinking back into the arm chair wherein he had seated himself he uttered low and plaintive moanings which were presently followed by a fit of ague, causing his teeth to chatter, and every limb to tremble.

At beholding this, terror gave way, in the bosom of Odette, to feelings of extreme pity—she kindly extended her hands towards him, yet without daring to advance, and said in a timid voice, "My lord, what can I do for you?"

The king turned his head and perceived Odette at the other end of the apartment: he looked at her for a moment with that melancholy but sweet expression, which was natural to him in former days of health, and replied slowly, his voice growing weaker and weaker at each word:

Charles is cold . . . cold . . . cold . . .

Odette advanced quickly. The king's hands were, truly, of icy coldness; she then went to the bed, and taking off one of the coverlets, she warmed it at the fire, and wrapped it around the king. This clothing seemed to afford him some relief and comfort, for, greatly to the encouragement of Odette, he began to smile like a delighted child.

"And why is the king so cold?" she asked.

"What king?"

"King Charles."

"Ah! Charles."

"Yes, why is Charles so cold?"

"Because Charles was afraid," and here he again began to tremble.

"And how can Charles be afraid? he who is so great and brave a king," asked Odette.

"Yes, Charles is great and brave, and he is not afraid of men." Here he lowered his voice—"but he is afraid of the *black dog*!"

The king pronounced these words with so strong an expression of terror, that Odette could not help looking round for the animal of which he had spoken.

"No, no, he's not come in," said Charles, "but he will when I go to bed; this

is why I wont go to bed I wont I wont Charles will stay beside the fire. Besides, Charles is cold cold cold."

Odette rewarmed the coverlet, again wrapped it round the king, and seating herself at his feet took both his hands between her own.

"That black dog is very wicked then?" said she.

"No, but he comes out of the river, and he's covered with ice."

"And he ran after Charles this morning?"

"Charles went out because he was very hot, and wanted air; he went into a beautiful garden where there were flowers, and Charles was very happy." The king here withdrew his hands from between those of Odette and pressed them against his forehead, as though he wanted to still some lurking pain; he then continued.

"Charles was walking on a smooth green turf, covered with daisies; he walked so much, so much, so much that he was tired: then he saw a beautiful tree with golden apples and emerald leaves, and he lay himself down under it, looking up at the blue sky which was all diamonded with stars. Charles looked at it for a long time, for it was a very, very beautiful sight; and then, all at once, he heard the dog howling, but a long way off; a very long way off. Then the sky grew black, and the stars became red, and the fruits on the tree began to shake as if there were a high wind, and every time they struck against each other, they made a noise just like a lance falling on a helmet; presently, there sprouted out of every one of these beautiful fruits, a pair of great bat's wings; then there came eyes, and nose and mouth, but just like those of death's heads. The dog howled again, but nearer, nearer; the tree shook down to its very root; the bat's wings began to flap; the heads cried out; the leaves were covered with dew, and every drop fell cold, cold, cold upon Charles. Then Charles tried to get up and to flee away, but the dog howled again, close, close by. . . . And he felt it crouching upon his feet, benumbing them with its weight, and then creeping up slowly to his breast, heavy as a mountain; and when he wanted to push it away with his hands, it licked them with its icy tongue, "Oh! oh! oh! Charles is cold cold cold."

"But if Charles would go to bed," said Odette, "perhaps Charles would be warmer."

"No, no, Charles wont go to bed, he wont. . . . Directly Charles is in bed, then will come the black dog, and raise the coverlet and lie down upon his feet, and Charles would, sooner, die." The king now made a movement as if to get away.

"Well, well," said Odette rising, and putting her arms round him, "well, Charles shall not go to bed."

"Yet Charles would like to sleep," said the king.

"Well, and Charles shall sleep here;" then seating herself on the arm of his chair she put her hand around the king's neck and laid his head upon her bosom."

"Is Charles," said she, "easy now?"

The king looked up in her face with an ineffable expression of gratitude.

"Oh yes," said he, "Charles is easy now, very very"

"Then Charles can sleep, and Odette will watch by him, and hinder the black dog from coming near."

"Odette," said the king, "Odette." He raised his head and laughed, then laid it again upon her bosom, whilst Odette restrained her gentle breathings lest they should chase away the drowsiness that was beginning to weigh down his eyelids.

Five minutes after, the tapestried door opened and Maitre Guillaume entered softly: he advanced on tip-toe, took the king's hand as it hung down, and felt his pulse; approached his ear to his breast, and listened to his breathings. Then looking at Odette with a joyful expression of countenance, he softly whispered, "the king sleeps better than for a month past. God bless you my sweet maiden, for you have performed a miracle!"

This judgment caused a great sensation throughout the kingdom, each party viewing it according to the relative interest he took in public affairs, but very many declared it to be a stroke of good policy thus to secure, during the king's illness, the passing of a sentence which, in health, he would never have been prevailed upon to have ratified.

It was at this eventful period that great hopes were entertained of Charles' speedy recovery ; the reports of each day brought, indeed, marvellous accounts of the improvement in the king's health.

One cause which had greatly contributed to divert the royal mind was a new invention by a painter named Jacquemin Gringonneur, who lived in the rue de la Verrerie. Odette, bearing in mind the talent of this man, whom she knew at her father's, had, by letter, desired him to bring to her some singular and gaudily colored pictures, such as she had formerly seen him execute. Jacquemin accordingly made his appearance with a pack of cards.

No sooner had the king seen these paintings, than he was highly pleased with their execution, as he gazed on them with the simple curiosity of a child ; when, however, his reason gradually returned, they afforded him increased amusement, for he then learnt that the figures depicted on each card were intended to play a particular part in an allegorical game—war and government. Jacquemin instructed the king how the ace must necessarily have precedence over every other card, even over kings, because its name was derived from a word signifying *money*, and mankind all know, that money is the sinew of war ; for this reason he alleged that a king, possessing no ace, was so weak as to be easily beaten by a knave, who has one. He further informed him that the club (*trèfle*), the meadow clover, was intended to remind him who cut it that a general ought never to pitch his camp on any spot deficient in forage for the use of his army. As for the spades (*piques*), it was easy to guess that they were representations of the halberts then borne by the foot-soldier ; whilst the diamonds (*carreaux*) were none other than the iron heads of a species of arrow, called *vireton*, discharged from the cross-bow. The hearts (*cœurs*) were evidently emblematic of the courage requisite in officers and soldiers ; while the names given to the four kings, *David*, *Alexander*, *Cæsar*, and *Charlemagne*, denoted, that however numerous and brave an army might be, it was requisite, in order to ensure victory, that it should be commanded by prudent, courageous, and experienced leaders. Then as brave generals would require brave aides-de-camp, the knaves chosen for them from among the ancients, were, Lancelot and Ogier, peers of Charlemagne ; and among the moderns, *Rénaud** and *Hector*†. The title of knave (*varlet*) being one then strictly esteemed to be honorable, and borne, indeed, by the greatest of the nobles, until they had received the distinction of knighthood, those on the cards were intended to represent the lords, having under their command tens, nines, eights and sevens, who were all symbolic of the soldiery and lower classes.

As for the queens, Jacquemin had as yet given neither of them a name, save that of their respective husbands, thus indicating that women are nothing of themselves, and can possess no power or distinction independent of that which they derive from their lords and masters.*

The relief afforded to the mind by this amusement went far speedily to restore the king to a state of tranquillity ; and consequent on this tranquillity was a gradual return of bodily strength, and he soon began to eat and drink with good appetite, and his fits of phrenzy were far less frequent and powerful, in proportion as the fever which had caused them became thus abated, and he also ceased to fear reposing in his bed, and slept tranquilly, provided Odette were on the watch near him. So great, indeed, was the improvement, that Maître Guillaume pronounced him to be strong enough to ride on a mule, and, shortly afterwards, he was even permitted to

* Rénaud, Châtelain de Coucy.

† Hector de Galard.

* The ladies were, however, christened in the following reign. Argine, queen of clubs, whose name is an anagram of *regina*, was intended for Marie d'Anjou, wife of Charles VII. ; the beautiful Rachel, queen of diamonds, was Agnes Sorel (See her Portrait No. 1. and Memoir in this Magazine). The Maid of Orleans (See her Portrait No. 87, and Memoir in this Magazine) was personified by the chaste and warlike Pallas, while Isabel of Bavaria (See her Portrait No. 88, and Memoir, in this Magazine) betraying herself by the title of Queen of Hearts, reappeared upon life's active stage, under the name of the Empress Judith, wife of Louis le Débonnaire, who, be it always remembered, must on no account be confounded with the Jewess, who cut off the head of Holiherncs.

mount his favourite horse. The sport of lark-hunting was then proposed, and Charles and Odette, sparrow-hawk on wrist, were seen in the open country around Creil Castle, where they were heartily greeted by the peasants, the former with joyous acclamations, the latter with looks of gratitude.

There was soon nothing talked of at Court save the restoration of the King's health, and the marvellous way in which it had been brought about. Many of the ladies, prompted, no doubt, by jealousy of the beautiful unknown, attributed her cure only to motives of self-interest, and they each believed that they could have displayed the same devotion, though Odette, alone, had gone forward in the day of misfortune to lend a helping hand : nay more ; to such a height had their jealousy risen, that they were worked upon by more than passive fears that the same influence was likely to be maintained over the King—in health, by his gentle attendant, which the humble—unambitious Odette had providentially acquired over him when he was almost bereft of reason.

The Queen herself, growing also uneasy at the consequences of her own arrangement, sent new presents to the Convent of La Trinité, enjoining the abbess to recal her niece, who, in consequence, received a summons to rejoin the sisterhood.

On the day fixed for her departure, Odette, her eyes suffused with tears, approached the King and knelt before him : Charles looked at her with apprehension, and fearing that she had been subjected to some injury, or was plunged in some distress offered her his hand, asking her why she wept.

"Dear Sire," said Odette, I weep because I must leave you."

"Leave me!—thou! Odette?" returned the astonished king, "and wherefore my child?"

"Because you no longer need me, Sire."

"And thou fearest," said the king, "to remain longer with a poor insensate? Well, thou art right : already have I taken too many hours from thy bright and joyous existence, and shall I seek to overcloud another moment with the gloom that darkens mine ; already have I robbed thy youth of too many of its flowers, and shall I wither it during even another day beneath my burning touch? No!—thou art tired, too, of this seclusion, and pleasure calls thee hence ; go!" and as he spoke, Charles threw himself into a chair, and bending down his head, covered his face with his hands.

"Sire, the abbess of La Trinité, has come to seek me, and it is the convent that recalls me."

"Then Odette, thou dost not wish to leave me?" the king uttered eagerly, as he hopefully raised his head.

"My life is yours, Sire, and happy should I have been to have devoted it to you."

"And who then takes thee from me?"

"Foremost, I believe, the Queen ; next the Dukes of Burgundy and Berry."

"The Queen, my uncles of Burgundy and Berry? they who forsook me in my days of weakness, would they return to me now in my days of power? Odette, Odette, it is not thou then that wouldst leave me?"

"I have no other will save that of my lord and sovereign. Whatever he commands, that would I do."

"Well then, I command thee to remain," said Charles, joyfully. "This castle seems not to be thy prison ; the cares that thou hast bestowed on me, are not those of pity only. Oh! if thus it were, Odette, then should I be, indeed, unhappy! Look at me, again, again. Oh! thou art not away."

"Sire, sire, speak not to me thus."

"Odette, know'st thou," said the king, taking both her hands and drawing her towards him, "know'st thou not that I have learnt the habit of seeing thee, of an evening, as I fall asleep ; of a night, when I dream ; of a morning, when I open my eyes? know'st thou not that thou art the guardian angel of my reason whose magic wand hath chased away the demons who were howling round me? My days thou hast made pleasant, my nights tranquil. Odette! Odette! know'st thou not that gratitude is but a feeble sentiment to be awakened by benefits such as these? Odette! know'st thou not that I love thee!"

K.—August, 1840.

Odette disengaged her hands from those of the king, and stood trembling before him.

"My lord, my lord," exclaimed she, what is it that you say!"

"I say," continued Charles, that you have become necessary to my very existence. . . . It was not I who sought thee out. . . . I was ignorant even of thy existence, but it was thou, angelic being! who having learned that suffering dwelt here, came to assuage it by thy presence. In owing to thee my reason do I not owe thee all; power, strength, royalty, empire? But should'st thou go, then would'st thou leave me poor as when thou camest hither, for with thee my reason would depart. Oh! I know, I feel, even at the bare idea of losing thee, as if my life were at this very moment overshadowed by a dark and dismal cloud." He raised his hands to his forehead. "My God! my God!" he continued, in tones of terror, "am I growing mad again? Heaven have pity on me!"

Odette uttered a scream and flew towards the king. "Oh sire, sire," she exclaimed, "speak not in this manner."

Charles gazed on her with a bewildered expression.

"Oh! sire, look not at me thus."

"I am very cold," said Charles. Odette threw herself into the king's arms, and pressed him against her warm bosom.

"Keep away, Odette, keep away," said the king.

"No, no," repeated Odette, without hearing him, "no, you shall not grow mad again. I will always stay by you, never leave you for a minute, for a second; I will be always here,—always here."

"In my arms, thus?" asked the king.

"Yes, thus."

"And thou wilt love me?" resumed Charles, compelling her to sit on his knee.

"I,—I,—," said Odette, shutting her eyes, and hiding her face on the king's shoulder; "Oh! I must not—I cannot."—The burning lips of Charles were pressed upon her own.

"Mercy, mercy, sire," she muttered forth, and fainted.—

Odette remained to cheer the blighted days of France's beloved and benighted monarch.

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT,

And now thy glorious banner, night's unfurl'd
In soften'd splendour o'er the silent world,
And o'er the Cader hill, the lucid sky
Gleams trembling to the young moon's majesty.

I love to mark the lessons thou can'st teach
And list the voices of thy varied speech,
For many a tongue thou hast, oh night! for those
Whose waken'd sense can read thy deep repose.
High lore of wisdom in thy solemn calm
Peace for the restless, for the wounded, balm—
Sweet contemplation, sweet abstracted thought,
On all so beautiful, so wonder fraught.
Unbounded store for minds of high expanse,
And food for marvel in a transient glance.

Here let us come when thorns our bosoms vex,
When discords ruffle or when cares perplex,
And pondering here, where all is fair and pure,
The sorrowing spirit shall receive its cure.
No longer own the force of this world's power
In the wild radiance of this soothing hour.
But calm within, as all without is calm
Feel nature potent, every wound to charm,
And full of joy, and thankfulness and love,
Taste e'en on earth, the peace that reigns above.

B.

[THE COURT

THE REGENCY BILL.

IN the "Queen's Gazette" to which we beg to refer our readers, it will be seen that Her Majesty very wisely and most graciously commanded her ministers to consider the propriety of, and necessity for "a regency bill" during, at least, those brief intervals of happy domestic *retirement*, applicable to which, only, we trust, a regency bill could at this time be mooted for our Queen-regnant.

Her Majesty's youthful reign is indeed pregnant with events of deep interest, and the record of them, in connection with our ancient histories is more than usually worthy to be handed down to posterity.

We have just spoken of a regency, some four centuries ago, in France, under extremely painful circumstances; here we record a bill, which although springing from a totally different occasion, is yet, in some points, sufficiently parallel to heighten the interest of our historical reminiscences. The other event is the providential escape of Her Majesty from the attack of poor insane Oxford.

Beyond this it is neither our wish nor our province to enter upon the thorny paths of politics, we shall therefore say but a few words on this subject. His Royal Highness possesses, as far as a nation's short acquaintance will warrant our declaring an opinion, confirmed, nevertheless, by the good report of the days of his earliest youth, many amiable qualities as a prince, a husband, a man just entering upon a world full of temptations and snares; we have no reason, therefore, to doubt his earnest desire to secure the rights of the crown for the benefit of his own offspring; at the same time, privately, we are fully aware that never uncle loved niece, nor niece uncle, more warmly or more disinterestedly than have loved, and we hope still do, Her Most Gracious Majesty and H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex. But if we were asked why such a bill was brought forward at such a time, we could only find for answer that the business of acting as guardian to children of the marriage was *forgotten* in the settlement, such a matter not belonging, perhaps, in the case of princes, to the ordinary every day instructions for marriage settlements, for surely her Majesty's Ministers fear not another insane attempt upon the Queen's most precious life. We have made these comments, since we would, least of all, have it imagined, for a moment, by the public, that there is more pressing occasion for such a measure at *this* moment, than might have been fairly anticipated a very few months ago: or, perhaps, with great wisdom, her Majesty's Ministers delayed this important arrangement until they were better acquainted with his Royal Highness: yet, after all, what if the Prince, under certain unfortunate events thus provided for when he shall become King—or Regent rather—neither go abroad, nor turn Catholic, nor marry, but be moderately uncontrollable! We merely state this, because the time chosen for bringing forward the measure trenches upon the royal quietude, somewhat painfully to *our* liking; at so interesting a season of woman's life.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR having communicated her Majesty's gracious message to the house, said, he trusted that their lordships would be of opinion that the importance of the subject to which he was about to call their attention justified his departure in some degree from the usual custom in that house of not making any statement upon any bill proposed to their lordships until the period of the second reading. He was anxious that their lordships should be put in possession of the general provisions of the bill he now introduced before it was put into their lordships' hands. It would be recollected by their lordships, that, immediately after the accession of her present Majesty, it was thought necessary and proper by Parliament to provide for the only contingency which at that time seemed at all to be within the

range of probability, in which there might be any deficiency of the means of exercising the Royal prerogative. That contingency appeared to be the possible event of the Crown descending to an illustrious individual, who, in consequence of the important functions he had to fulfil as the sovereign of another kingdom, might not be in this country at the time of his succeeding to the throne. Whilst guarding against that possible event, their lordships and the other house of Parliament thought proper to make arrangements, which were necessarily limited in their nature, for securing the due administration of the powers of the Crown in this country, and the succession of that illustrious individual, until he might have the opportunity of coming to this country for the purpose of assuming its government. But that was not now the only contingency to be guarded against. Their lordships could under-

stand that possible events might happen which for a long series of years, might leave the country in this state—namely, that the heir of the throne, whether the heir apparent or the heir presumptive, might be an infant of tender years, and incapable, in the possible event of the crown descending to him, of administering the duties and exercising the rights and prerogatives of a sovereign. But that was a contingency which their lordships were unwilling to contemplate, and one which, if the prayers of the nation were heard, would never arise. (Loud and general cries of “Hear, hear.”) The country might reasonably hope, that the life of Her Majesty would be prolonged to a period beyond that in which any heir to the throne would attain the age of maturity. (Hear.) Still it was for the wisdom of Parliament to guard against every possible contingency. Therefore, their lordships were called upon to make those provisions, which, if that event should unfortunately happen, and happen it possibly might, would produce those circumstances of difficulty to which he had before alluded, by reason of the crown devolving upon an infant sovereign of tender years, who would not arrive at maturity until the lapse of a long series of years. Their lordships then would have to consider whether or not it was expedient to guard against that possible event, and to provide the means by which under any contingency the duty and prerogatives of the Crown might be secured and exercised. If their lordships were of opinion that it was expedient to make those provisions, the question then would be, in the first place, to whom the important trust of exercising the Royal powers during the infancy of the sovereign should be confided, and whether there should be any provisions made as to the mode in which that individual should exercise those functions. It was a great relief for him, in submitting a measure for that purpose to their lordships’ consideration, to find that, under circumstances very similar, the opinion of Parliament was declared by an act passed in the year 1830. That measure which had received the sanction of both houses of Parliament, and become the law of the land, was introduced by his noble and learned friend (Lord Lyndhurst), who was then a member of the Administration, but it made but little progress before that Administration was changed. It was, however, taken up by the new Government, and became the law of the land with the unanimous approbation of all parties in both houses of Parliament, having been proposed by his noble and learned friend with the concurrence of those who formed the Government. That act enabled him to recommend for their lordships’ adoption those provisions which it contained as far as they were applicable to the circumstances of the present case. It therefore superseded the necessity of travelling back to the earlier periods of our history, or of calling their lordships’ attention to the discussions which had formerly taken place in Parliament on matters connected with this subject. That act was passed on the accession of his late Majesty, her present Majesty being then of tender years, and unable, had the crown descended to her personally, to discharge the

duties of a sovereign. It was provided by that act, that in that event the illustrious mother of her present Majesty should have the guardianship of the person of the Queen, should exercise the duties of a sovereign, and should reign until Her Majesty reached the age of 18 years; also, with certain restrictions, that the regent should exercise all the powers of the Crown. That act contemplated the crown finally descending to her present Majesty, and it made provision for the government of the country, in the event of the sovereign being a minor, and having a surviving parent. He apprehended that the person to whom their lordships would naturally look as the proper person under such circumstances to have the guardianship of such persons of the infant sovereign was the surviving parent. It was so considered in 1830; and he trusted their lordships would be of the same opinion now. (Hear.) But another question would arise—whether the regent should be fettered by any Parliamentary restrictions, or whether the Regent should exercise all the powers, functions, prerogatives, and jurisdictions of the Crown? It might be thought necessary, on account of some temporary absence or temporary indisposition of the sovereign, to provide means for exercising the Royal authority, and the great object would be to maintain all the powers of the Crown unimpaired until they were resumed by the sovereign. Such was the design of the provision, that the lords the justices should dispense the prerogatives of the Crown until the arrival of the King of Hanover in this country. But when their lordships were considering the provisions of a bill the object of which might be to provide for the government of the country for a long series of years, he thought their lordships would be of opinion that it would not be prudent, nor safe, nor consistent with the principles of the British constitution that the sovereign power should be fettered in the hands of the regent. (Hear.) The powers and prerogatives of the Crown were given to preserve the balance of the constitution, and to preserve the authority and dignity of the Crown in that condition which was thought must prove beneficial to the people, and not for any other purpose. Therefore, these powers should be defined, guarded, and as occasion might require, strengthened, according as the progress and state of public affairs made it necessary. If it was necessary that those powers should be exercised when in the hands of the sovereign sitting upon the throne, and in possession of all the plenitude of power in his own right, how much more was it necessary when they were deposited in the hands of one acting as a substitute for the sovereign—but not in his own right, and for the benefit of the nation? Any restriction, therefore, any fettering of the authority of the Crown, any restraint of its legitimate powers, while exercised by a regent, would, he thought, be a dangerous experiment; and one it was which he apprehended that their lordships were not disposed to encourage. (Hear.) But there were certain restrictions which could not interfere with the due exercise of the powers of the Crown, and for which it might be expedient to provide. He referred to those pro-

visions which were introduced into the bill of 1830, and which appeared to be so proper and so free from objection, that he had introduced them into the present measure. It must be obvious that a regent acting for and in behalf of a sovereign incapable by reason of infancy or from other causes from acting himself, should not have the power of assenting to a bill for changing the line of succession to the throne, or to any bill which would alter the laws relating to the uniformity of the church of England, or interfere with the privileges of the church of Scotland. With the exception of such restrictions as those, he trusted their lordships would be of opinion that the powers of the Crown in the hands of the regent should be unfettered. (Hear, hear.) It surely would not be objected that this bill was unnecessary. If God in his providence should inflict upon this country the great misfortune of taking away the life of the sovereign before the period when the heir to the throne could assume the reins of government, should that event happen, and no provision be made by anticipation for such a state of things, the country would be in a condition which he was sure none of their lordships could wish it to be, because then the important question would remain to be discussed, at a most unfitting season, as to how the royal powers were to be dispensed. Whereas, now their lordships were called upon calmly and deliberately to provide for a state of things which, however remote and contingent it might be, might nevertheless possibly happen. (Hear.) Having thus briefly stated the object and provisions of the bill, he must say, that it would afford great satisfaction to the minds of the illustrious persons to whom it more particularly referred if it should be found that the measure met with their lordships unanimous approbation. (Hear, hear.) The noble and learned lord concluded by presenting to their lordships "A Bill for effecting the objects of Her Majesty's gracious Message of the 14th ult."

The preamble of the Bill, after setting forth the occasion of it as above, enacts:

Clause 1. That if at the demise of Her present Majesty (whom God long preserve) there shall be issue of Her said Majesty who shall become and be King or Queen of this realm whilst under the age of 18 years, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Consort of Her said Majesty, shall be the guardian, and shall have the care, tuition, and education of such issue, until such issue shall attain the age of 18 years, and shall till such age have the disposition, ordering, and managing of all matters and things relating thereto; and His said Royal Highness Prince Albert shall, until such issue of Her said Majesty shall attain the age of 18 years, and no longer, have full power and authority, in the name of such issue, and in his or her stead, and under the style and title of 'regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,' to exercise and administer according to the laws and constitution thereof, the royal power and government of this realm, and all the dominions, countries, and territories to the Crown thereof belonging, and use, and exercise, and perform all prerogatives, authorities, and acts of government and administration

of government which belong to the King or Queen of this realm to use, execute, and perform according to the laws thereof, but in such manner and subject to such conditions, restrictions, limitations, regulations as are hereinafter for that purpose specified, mentioned, and contained.

Clause 2. That all acts of Royal power, prerogative, government, and administration of government, of what nature or kind soever, which shall be done or executed during the regency established by this act, otherwise than by and with the consent and authority of the said regent, in the manner and according to the direction of this act set forth and prescribed, shall be absolutely null and void to all intents and purposes.

Clause 3. That the regent, before he shall act or enter upon his said office of Regent, shall take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy in the form prescribed and required by an act passed in the first year of the reign of King William and Queen Mary, entitled, "An Act for abrogating the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, and appointing other Oaths," and shall also take the oath of abjuration in such manner and form as is set down and prescribed in an act passed in the sixth year of the reign of King George III., entitled "An Act for altering the Oath of Abjuration and the Assurance, and for amending so much of an act of the seventh year of her late Majesty Queen Anne, entitled, 'An Act for the Improvement of the Union of the Two Kingdoms,' as after the time therein limited requires the delivery of certain lists and copies therein mentioned to persons indicted of high treason or misprison of treason;" as also the following oaths—that is to say—

OATHS.—"I do solemnly promise and swear, that I will truly and faithfully execute the office of regent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, according to an act of Parliament made in the fourth year of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, intituled, 'An Act to provide for the administration of the Government in case the Crown should descend to any issue of Her Majesty whilst such issue shall be under the age of 18 years, and for the care and guardianship of such issue;' and that I will administer the Government of this realm, and of all the dominions thereunto belonging, according to the laws, customs, and statutes thereof, and will in all things, to the utmost of my power and ability, consult and maintain the safety, honor, and dignity of his or her (as the case shall require) Majesty and the welfare of his or her (as the case shall require) people.

"So help me God."

"I do faithfully promise and swear, that I will inviolably maintain and preserve the settlement of the true Protestant religion, with the government, discipline, rights, and privileges of the Church of Scotland as established by law.

"So help me God."

Which oaths shall be taken before the Privy Council then in being, who are hereby empowered and required to administer the same, and to enter the same in the council books.

Clause 4. That it shall not be lawful for the King or Queen of this realm, for whom a Regent is hereby appointed, to intermarry before

his or her age of 18 years, with any person whomsoever, without the consent, in writing, of the regent, and the assent of both houses of Parliament, previously obtained; and every marriage without such consent and such assent of the two houses of Parliament shall be null and void to all intents and purposes; and every person who shall be acting, aiding, abetting, or concerned in obtaining, procuring, or bringing about any such marriage, and the person who shall be so married to such King or Queen under the age of 18 years, shall be guilty of high treason, and suffer and forfeit as in cases of high treason.

Clause 5. That the Regent shall not give or have power to give the Royal assent to any bill or bills in Parliament for repealing, changing, or in any respect varying from the order and course of succession to the Crown of this realm, as the same stands now established by the act of the 12th year of the reign of King William III., intitled "An Act for the further Limitation of the Crown; and better securing the Rights and Liberties of the Subject," or to any act for repealing or altering the act made in the 13th year of the reign of King Charles II., intitled "An Act for the Uniformity of Public Prayers and Administration of Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies, and for establishing the form of making, ordaining, and consecrating Bishops, Priests, and Deacons in the Church of England," or an act of the fifth year of the reign of Queen Anne, made in Scotland, intitled "An Act for securing the Protestant Religion and Presbyterian Government."

Clause 6. Provided always, and be it further enacted, that if his said Royal Highness Prince Albert shall at any time after becoming such Guardian and regent, marry a person professing the Roman Catholic religion, or shall cease to reside in or absent himself from the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, then and in either of such cases his said Royal Highness shall no longer be Guardian and regent, and all the powers and authorities which he may have derived under and by virtue of this act shall thenceforth cease and determine.

The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the order of the day for the second reading of the above bill.

The Duke of SUSSEX said he took the liberty of being the first to rise on this important discussion, and he did so with very great diffidence, but at the same time, considering the peculiar situation in which he stood in this country, he thought it his duty towards his Sovereign and towards his family to express those opinions, which, he believed, were in accordance with the general feeling and opinion of the house, still limiting himself to those observations which he might deem it expedient to offer to their lordships, and which, from circumstances that it was in his power to communicate, it was his most anxious wish and desire to lay before them. He had another desire in wishing to present himself to their lordships, inasmuch as, looking to the tone and temper which seemed to prevail, he trusted that, in

taking the liberty of addressing the house, he should manifest that temper and moderation with which a subject of such magnitude ought to be considered, and from the discussion of which all party feelings ought to be banished. He could have no wish to excite angry feelings—much less to give any opposition to the bill brought into the house by his noble and learned friend, if he might be allowed so to call him; but he should follow the excellent example which his noble and learned friend had set him in the introduction of this measure, for he must say, that nothing could be more temperate, or more perspicuous, than the manner in which his noble and learned friend brought the subject forward, or more delicate than the manner in which he treated it. He had considerable experience in regency bills, for he took an active part in that of 1812, when there was a proposition for conferring the royal authority upon his late Majesty George IV., then Prince of Wales, and he recollected with pain the acrimonious feelings at that time displayed by certain parties; but he was consoled by the thought that on the present occasion no such feelings were exhibited. Her Majesty had communicated the anxious wish to take the advice of that and the other House of Parliament upon the best means of establishing a permanent Government, should unfortunate events take place, to which he must refer; but at the same time, if the prayers of the nation were listened to, no such events could possibly happen. Nothing could be more right or proper than that all persons should take measures, and adopt all prudent precautions, for the regulation of their families in the event of their own demise. It was alike the duty of all to consider the state of their affairs, and make such provision in the event of their being suddenly called off as would enable the family which they might leave behind comfortably to enjoy their rights. With these feelings Her Majesty had graciously and wisely anticipated the contingency which might possibly happen, and she therefore required the advice of both houses of Parliament. It had been seen that these prudent precautions had had no influence upon the state of Her Majesty's health, any more than those measures had which were adopted to provide for the security of the succession of his illustrious relative, who, now holding sovereign authority abroad, was prevented thereby from attending in his place in that house. Looking at the whole of these circumstances, he thought that the nation could not do otherwise than feel most grateful to the Queen for the kind consideration which Her Majesty had manifested for the interest and happiness of the nation. The contingency in question might arise, and ought by all means to be provided for. In the mode of making this provision he had every wish to concur, and he did not see any

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reason for differing from the responsible advisers of the Crown; but there were some points connected with the question, upon which he had not yet touched, but which he thought he should be acting unfairly, and showing that he did not take that interest in the welfare of the people which he really felt, if he did not address a few further remarks to their lordships upon a matter which not only concerned the welfare of the people, but the rights of the Crown, which rights were intended to secure the liberties and rights of the people. As to the principle of the bill, it was one to which he had then no objection to offer, inasmuch as there were many points in which the bill differed from that which was passed in 1812. The present bill rested upon totally different grounds, and it must be recollected that its provisions were widely different from that of the measure against which he argued when the noble lords opposite were in power. He had then contended that the individual exercising the Royal authority should possess it most fully and completely, and it appeared to him that the longer a case of that nature was likely to last the greater would be the necessity for this full enjoyment of power, and the stronger ought the arguments to be considered which he used on a former occasion. When he said that the regent ought to enjoy all the powers of the Crown unfettered, he asserted that upon which he believed there would be no contention. The next point which might properly occupy the attention of their lordships was the custody of the infant. There could be no doubt that the *custos* of the person of the Sovereign in such a case ought to be the surviving parent; he fully acceded to that, but in acceding to it he could not forget that his noble and learned friend had congratulated the house that no moment could be more favorable than the present for discussing this most important subject, for the three branches of the Legislature were now fully represented. On the present occasion the Crown was in a condition to protect its own rights; not, as on a former occasion, when the powers of the Crown might be said to be dormant, and when there remained only two branches of the Legislature to take upon themselves the duty of offering to an individual member of the Royal Family that which of right belonged to the natural head of that house. Whatever the Parliament in its wisdom might think proper to do, of course he should willingly acquiesce in; it would be for him to obey the decision of the Legislature so soon as it became law. Blackstone, in a note, stated, if the Crown were vacant or that the monarch could not exercise the functions of royalty, that in such case the two houses of Parliament might take upon themselves the appointment of a regency. In that he did not fully agree. Why not when once really acting upon the principle of regulating and

securing the tranquillity and peace of the country, why not go a step further, and declare that which was to be done in the event, during the regency, of there being any incapacity to discharge the functions which belonged to the Crown? They were now about to enter upon the important duty of appointing a regent. It struck him very forcibly, at the same time he urged with much diffidence his own views, that the measure then before them ought to go a little further. Their lordships, he was sure, would do him the justice to believe, that he submitted to them these observations in a spirit of perfect sincerity and disinterestedness. (Hear, hear.) He could assure the house that he had had no communication with any person whatever upon the subject of the present bill. From the moment at which the question was first mooted to the present he had never opened his mouth upon the subject to any human being, for he felt restrained by the delicacy of his own situation. He stood nearest to the throne of any person in this country, and he had voluntarily surrendered to Her Majesty the precedence which belonged to him. In taking that course he trusted that he had shown his goodwill as unequivocally as any man could desire. His wish was, as far as possible, to reconcile at that moment all feelings which could be entertained in any quarter. The noble duke opposite would understand what he alluded to without its being necessary for him to enter into more minute particulars; but this he would repeat, that from the time the regency question was first brought forward till the instant at which he was then addressing their lordships he had never said a word with reference to it, right or left; but now he felt that his duty to the Sovereign, as well as to the country, required that he should address these observations to their lordships in his place in Parliament. To come back, however, to the matter more immediately before them, he begged their lordships to ask themselves this—if they provided a regent, might he not be in a situation which would incapacitate him from discharging the high functions of the office with which he had been intrusted? His noble and learned friend had congratulated them upon being in such a situation as that, whatever plan of regency might be adopted, it would receive the sanction of the three branches of the Legislature; but a contingency might happen after the commencement of a regency in which further provision would be required, and that it would be found necessary to make that, when one of the branches of the Legislature was not in a situation to concur therein. If they left this second contingency unprovided for, then he should say that they would be under the necessity of settling a new regency when they were not in the situation in which they now were, and upon which his noble and

learned friend congratulated them on being. What would be the use of passing a bill of that nature, should such an event as that to which he alluded take place? He need hardly observe that the difficulty of their situation would be greatly increased, for not only would the magistracy of royalty be unprovided for, but there would be no provision for the custody of the infant, and in these circumstances they would be obliged to legislate and make provision for contingent events, with only two branches of the Legislature capable of acting. It was not for him to say who was the proper person on whom to impose the duty of regent in the event of the illustrious individual named in the bill being incapacitated by his own act, or by any other circumstance; but he thought it his duty to lay before the house the considerations which presented themselves to his mind in reference to this important subject. He hoped that it would be unnecessary for him to prove that no idea concerning himself, in connexion with these proceedings, had ever entered his mind. He challenged the noble lord (Melbourne), whom he had known many years, and with whom he had had many confidential communications, to say if any act of his had ever shown an ambitious nature; but that, on the contrary, he had at all times, and under all circumstances, acquiesced in the decisions of the Legislature and the Crown, and that he was ever anxious to set an example of obedience to the monarch and the laws; that he had never stood as an obstacle in the way of any appointment; and, least of all, was he capable of doing so on an occasion like the present. He was not aware whether a near and illustrious relative of his was then present (we did not see the Duke of Cambridge in the house), but he would appeal to him whether, in any transactions which had ever occurred between them, or in any affairs which concerned the family to which they both belonged, he had ever betrayed a self-interested or an ambitious spirit. His illustrious relative had, during four-and-twenty years, been at the head of the Government of Hanover, and he would ask him whether, in the transactions which arose out of that or those which arose out of family compacts, he had ever behaved otherwise than sincerely and disinterestedly. Before he proceeded further, he wished to remind their lordships of the proceedings which took place in the year 1765 on the subject of a regency, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York being the only sons of George III. then born. That bill no doubt was founded upon a totally different principle from that upon which the present measure rested; but still it must be considered that there was a general analogy in all cases of regency. He was sure his noble and learned friend would be satisfied that he was not attempting then to argue the princi-

ple of the measure, but rather considering how that principle might best be carried out. In the year 1765, Queen Charlotte was appointed regent in the event of any incapacity on the part of the monarch, or in the event of his death. Failing the Queen, the Princess Dowager of Wales was to be the regent, with a council, in which were included the Duke of York, the King's brother, William Henry, Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Henry, who died. For what purpose did he refer to this? To show the strong wish entertained by George III. to keep the Royal Family together, and, as a further proof of it, he would mention this fact—that Prince Henry and Prince William Henry were both minors at the time, but it was determined that they should be added to the council as soon as they arrived at full age. He now came to the exceptions which the bill contained. He concurred in all of these. It was quite right that it should be impossible for the regent to consent to any measure for altering the succession, and for that provision the Royal Family felt grateful. It was equally right that the form of worship which prevailed in the church of England, and the rights of the church of Scotland, should remain unchanged. All these provisions had his perfect concurrence, and he had no doubt that they would meet also with the entire concurrence of the house. He had very few further observations with which to trouble their lordships, and he trusted that he should make these in the same temper with which he had commenced; he had a duty to discharge, and therefore he looked with interest to the state of the country. He looked with feelings of delicacy and affection towards that distinguished person, his nephew, who was principally concerned in the provisions of the present bill, and to whom, as far as he knew him, he felt sincerely attached, as he told him at the time of his marriage, when he (Prince Albert) said he hoped he might rely upon his (the Duke of Sussex's) friendship, to which his reply was—"My thermometer is your attention to the Queen—your attention to her happiness and comfort; upon that my friendship depends." It was only justice to add, said the illustrious duke, that ever since then he had fully merited that friendship. But he found in the bill further and other restrictions. The regent might not marry a Papist. To him it appeared that the inclinations of the regent ought not to be placed under any constraint with respect to matrimony. This was a subject upon which he wished to touch with as much delicacy as possible; but he was sure, when the house recollected the youth of that illustrious person, they would agree in thinking, that though at first his feelings might revolt from the formation of a second alliance, yet that those feelings would be mellowed by time, that therefore no obstacle should be

thrown in the way of his again marrying, for it was most important that he should set an example of propriety to the whole nation. He presumed the house had not overlooked the fact that the prince might marry a subject of this country, or that, if his wishes so led him, he might marry abroad, whether he received the approbation of the Government or not; and unless he came to Parliament to make provision for the expenses attendant or consequent upon such marriage, that Parliament would have no right to interfere in any way whatever. It would perhaps be a matter worthy of the consideration of their lordships whether any marriage should be effected without a previous communication on the part of the regent, and the assent of both houses of Parliament. He laid somewhat the greater stress upon this point, because in the act for providing a regent in the case of the demise of King William IV. there was a very extraordinary clause, to enable the Queen Dowager, if she was regent, or the Duchess of Kent, though they could not marry any foreign prince, to marry a subject of the British Crown. The only prohibition was, that the Queen Dowager should not marry a Papist under any circumstances; and further, that she should not marry a foreign prince without the sanction of Parliament; but a subject of the realm she could marry. Their lordships would do well to bear in mind that here was a young prince, unshackled in any way whatsoever, except in the one point before alluded to. Now, he spoke with all friendship towards that illustrious individual, and with all willingness to support him, and support him he would, whenever it was necessary for him to do so; but still he thought that this was a subject which might demand their lordships' serious consideration. It should be remembered that her present Majesty was a native of this country, and that she owed her accession to the throne to her descent from the Duke of Kent, who was also an Englishman, and a descendant from King George III., that most revered Sovereign, his father, whose name was never pronounced in that house without eliciting feelings of the utmost respect and veneration for his memory. (Hear, hear.) Whoever had read the opening speech which that departed Sovereign made in that house would never be able to forget it. These were his words:—"He gloried in being born and educated a Briton, and declared that the greatest pleasure of his life would be to promote the happiness and welfare of a loyal and affectionate people, being convinced that such a course would be the greatest security for the throne." (Hear.) All the Royal Family bore the same fond attachment to their country and the same desire for the welfare of the people. Should his Royal Highness Prince Albert unfortunately become regent

—he used the term "unfortunately," in reference to the deprivation the country must suffer to produce such a result,—he doubted not that the same feelings would actuate that illustrious person. But it must not be forgotten that it was his union to Her Majesty that endeared him to this country, and should that link of attachment be broken, it was clear to him, although he should support the authority of the Crown, that the affection of the people towards the prince, to become permanent and durable under such a change of circumstances, must be strengthened by an extended acquaintance with the character of that illustrious individual. Having given expression to these few thoughts, which he thought might be worthy of their lordships' notice, he assured them he had no intention of making any factious opposition to the bill, because, as he had stated before, he felt bound to admit that it was a wise bill; and he really thought it was so, and one he was sure which would conduce to the happiness and tranquillity of Her Majesty, who must necessarily feel anxious upon this subject, if this or any other measure would be the means of tranquillizing the mind of Her Majesty previous to the time that she would be exposed to those sufferings which were the common lot of woman-kind. Could he have found an opportunity of giving utterance to his ideas elsewhere, he should have done so, and thus have saved their lordships the endurance of a heavy speech, yet a speech delivered, he trusted, with temper, and with great respect for their lordships. He had done his duty, and it was for their lordships to judge whether he had said anything worthy of their consideration. He should support the bill, and he trusted that their lordships would think it right to imitate him in this respect at least. For on a question of such great magnitude there should be unanimity of opinion between both sides of the house; there should be no difference of sentiment with regard to a measure the object of which was clearly to secure the welfare of the country. He was sure that he could say of the noble lords who sat opposite to him, and to whom he had been opposed for many years, that he believed at the same time that these noble-minded individuals had nothing but the welfare of the country at heart. (Hear, hear.) "I hope," said his Royal Highness in conclusion, "that what I have uttered will be received with the same kind feeling in which it has been delivered; and having said this much, I will now sit down in peace, and may God's will be done."

The LORD CHANCELLOR, said, it was very natural that His Royal Highness should take an opportunity to state to their lordships the views he entertained of the question now before the house; it was very natural that His Royal Highness should

ministry. He concurred in the policy of not fettering the regent by any restrictions, and he also concurred in the principle of not attempting to provide against every possible contingency. Nothing was so unwise as to go beyond the necessity of the case, by attempting to foresee—an attempt that must be ineffectual—every contingency that could arise, and to tie up the hands of future Parliaments by making provisions for remote contingencies, such as the unfortunate demise of the regent. It was unwise to make provision for a contingency so exceedingly remote, and which would be much better provided for by the Parliament in being, at the time when the necessity arose. He must also say, agreeing as he did in the principle of supporting a sole regent, unfettered by any council of regency, that he thought Parliament had done wisely in giving the guardianship of the future sovereign to the nearest relative, and in not separating from it the functions of the regency. That was the principle on which he (Sir R. Peel), and the Government of which he formed a part, acted in 1830, with respect to the Duchess of Kent and her present Majesty, then Princess Victoria; it was then considered that the mother had the deepest interest, not only in the custody of the child, but in the mode of administering the government, and it was the principle on which they proceeded when, in contemplation of the possibility that the Queen Dowager might have been pregnant at the demise of the late King, they provided that in case of the birth of a posthumous child, Queen Adelaide should have the guardianship of the child, and exercise the functions of regent. He had only to state, therefore, that the bill had his most cordial concurrence, and would conclude as he began, by expressing a hope that the contingency contemplated by the measure might be averted by the favor of Divine Providence. (Cheers.)

Mr. FRESHFIELD concurred in the provisions of the bill, but wished to call the attention of the House and of the noble lord, more for the purpose of obtaining in-

formation than of making any objection, to the state of things which might exist, if at the death or disqualification of the regent Parliament should be prorogued, or should be dissolved, and no new Parliament assembled. All the precedents down to 1830 had provided for this contingency. The case of an accession was provided for, but he was not aware of the existence of any authority to assemble Parliament in case of the death or disqualification of a regent. Why should not some provision for this contingency be inserted in the present bill? He broadly admitted, that in the bill of 1830 no such provision was made, but he did not know what inconvenience would arise from introducing it. There was only one more point to which he would advert. In the precedent of 1811, when His Majesty was incapable of exercising the Royal prerogative, they had been obliged to resort to what certainly appeared a very crooked proceeding, although he admitted it was justified by the circumstance of the case. The two Houses of Parliament authorized the Great Seal to be put to a commission without the sign manual, and the commissioners appointed by that commission gave the Royal Assent to the Regency Bill. At the time, the proceeding was much objected to, and particularly by hon. members on the other side, who preferred an address to a bill. It was thought that the contingency should have been provided for by a general law, and that the President of the Council should be authorised to supply the want of the sign manual in such a case. This could not be considered a fanciful objection, when it was remembered that in the Act repealing the attainder of the Duke of Norfolk the want of the sign manual was made the ground of repealing that attainder.

The bill was then read a second time, and ordered to be committed the next day.

On the motion of Lord J. Russell, this bill was committed, and, being reported, without amendment, was ordered to be read a third time on Friday, July 31.

TRIAL OF OXFORD FOR HIGH TREASON.

For our last month's Number we had provided the following report of the evidence in this case, as detailed before the Privy Council.

Official Depositions, taken at the office of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the 11th June, upon which the prisoner Edward Oxford was committed to take his trial for High Treason.

Samuel Parkes, on oath, says—"My name is Samuel Parkes, I now reside at 199, Tottenham-Court-road, &c. I was yesterday on Constitution-Hill; I went there about five o'clock; I was standing under the portico waiting to see the Queen; I remained there about three-quarters of an hour; there were many others waiting there for the same purpose; I saw her Majesty's carriage come out from the gateway, about a quarter past six o'clock; it was an open carriage, very low; she was sitting on the left side, the Prince on the right; no other persons were in the carriage, which turned on the left up the Hill; when the carriage first came out I had a glance of her Majesty, and then cut across the corner to have a second view; I kept on the left hand by the garden wall; I suppose I advanced about a hundred yards on the left hand; I was then about six yards in advance of the carriage; I observed the prisoner exactly opposite, and in advance of the carriage about six yards; I stopped and turned round to have a full view of her Majesty; the prisoner was walking with his arms folded, and his hands under the lappels of his coat; when the carriage came near he turned round and gave a nod with his hand, as if with a sneer; the carriage came up and passed about one foot beyond me; I observed the prisoner take a deliberate aim at her Majesty and Prince Albert; he fired; the ball (I supposed it to be the ball) passed directly before my face; there was a whizzing noise in front of my eyes; I was about a foot behind; the ball apparently passed between the back of the carriage and me; I next observed the prisoner turn his head round as if to see if any one was behind; he kept his right hand in the same position as when he fired; he then drew a pistol with his left hand from his right breast, and rested it upon the pistol in his right hand; he took a deliberate aim at her Majesty and fired; the carriage had then passed about two or three yards; it drove on; I immediately crossed over to the prisoner; a man took him by the coat, and another man took the pistols from him; I heard him say, 'I did it—it was me;' that was in consequence of a person who had taken the pistols from him, having been laid hold of by mistake; he appeared to be very composed when firing, but rather excited when seized; I am sure the prisoner is the person I saw fire the two pistols at her Majesty."—Examined by the Prisoner: "I was on the left of the carriage; I suppose it was a hundred yards up; when you fired first, you were not in advance of the carriage; you pulled the pistols from your breast; you took them from under your breast; you took them from under your coat; the Prince was sitting on the right side; I was too late to arrest you."

Charles Lord Colchester, on oath, says—"I was on Constitution-Hill yesterday evening about a quarter-past six; I observed her Majesty's carriage come out, and followed it at a foot's pace; I was on horseback; after I had proceeded a short way, I heard a report of fire-arms, and saw smoke rising over the trees; her Majesty's carriage might have been at that time about 80 or 100 yards from me; half a minute afterwards, on hearing a second report, I observed a man standing in the pathway between the carriage-way and the railing; he had his back towards me, and his right hand raised, and the smoke was issuing from the weapon which he held apparently in his right hand; I immediately rode towards him, but before I reached him several persons on foot had surrounded him; when I got up two persons were holding him by the collar; there was a pistol in his left hand, and a second upon the ground; I did not hear him say anything; the person taken into custody was about the height of the prisoner, but I did not see his face."—Examined by the Prisoner: "It appeared to me that you discharged the pistol; the carriage appeared to be in advance of you about thirty yards when you fired the second pistol."

Joshua R. Lowe, says—"I am a spectacle maker living in Copthall-court; I was on Constitution-hill yesterday evening; I heard the report of a pistol; it was at that time about 200 yards from the gate whence her Majesty came out. I was on the side of the carriage; Immediately after the firing the carriage had gone on, and then I saw the prisoner; he had a pistol in his right hand; I saw his arm drop with the pistol; he then turned round as if to see if any one was behind, and advanced his left hand with a pistol across the right; he fired the second pistol in a direction towards the carriage; I saw the pistol pointed towards the carriage in which her Majesty sat, and it was so pointed when he fired it; my nephew Albert Lowe, was with me; we both ran across the road and laid hold of the man; my nephew laid hold of both pistols, and some one said, 'that's him.' The prisoner said 'I'm the man who fired; it was me.' I kept hold of him with several

others; I said to my nephew, "you had better look round Albert, for perhaps he has some friends." Prisoner turned round and said, you're right, I have." The police then came up, and he was taken to the station house; it was after the police had taken him that he used the expressions."—Examined by the prisoner: "I was on the left hand side of the road; the Queen was on the left of the carriage; when the first pistol was fired you were in a line with the carriage; when the second, the carriage was from five to eight yards above you, I can't tell whether you fired at the Queen or the Prince."

Albert Lowe—"I am the nephew of the last witness; was with him on Constitution-hill yesterday evening; I saw her Majesty and Prince Albert drive up the hill; I was on the wall side, and ran by the side of the carriage; I heard the report of a pistol; I looked across the road, and saw the prisoner holding a pistol up; I then saw him fire a second shot; thought he held that in his right hand; that which he had just discharged, I thought was in his left; I thought the second pistol was pointed at the carriage; I had an opportunity of seeing it; I ran across the road, and took both pistols from the prisoner; he was taken into custody; some one took hold of me, supposing I was the person who fired; and I said, 'you confounded rascal,' or something to that effect. The prisoner said 'It was me that did it;' I delivered one pistol to the inspector at the station-house; that was one which I took from the prisoner; this is the one; I made a mark on the stock; the other pistol I did not mark, but it is like it. Going along the road my uncle told me to look out, for perhaps he had some friends with him; the prisoner said 'You're right, I have.' The prisoner was quite alone."—Examined by the prisoner: "I was very near the door when the carriage came out; I was by the side of the carriage when the first pistol was fired, on the left-hand side of the carriage; I was on the left side when you fired the second; I saw you fire it."

John Oliphant Murray, says—"I am brother of Lord Elibank; was on Constitution-hill yesterday when the Queen's carriage passed up; I was on the left hand, and pulled up and saluted her Majesty; immediately after the prisoner fired, my horse reared; I immediately tried to ride over him to prevent his firing again; before I could get my horse under control he had fired the second time; I saw him draw the second pistol out of his breast with his right hand, and take deliberate aim at the Queen and Prince Albert; the prisoner offered no resistance and appeared quiet: I examined the wall, and saw what appeared to me to be the mark of a ball; it appeared to be in the direction of his aim."—Examined by the prisoner: I was on the left hand side of the road; I was nearly opposite to you when you fired first; you were then near the rails behind the carriage; I was close to you when you fired the last.

John William Field, says—"I am a gun-maker; the pistols now shown to me were made at Birmingham; they are of a very common description; there is the Birmingham proof mark; I should say they were made by a man of the name of Smith, Russell-street, Birmingham; they do not appear to be much used; I should say they are not worth thirty shillings.

William Phelps, on oath, says—"I am a baker, No. 6, West-place, West-square. Prisoner is my brother-in-law; I am married to his sister; he has followed the occupation of a barman at public houses; the last situation he had was at the Hog-in-the-Pound-Oxford-street; he left it five or six weeks back; he has lodged in his mother's apartment; I and my wife lodge there now; he used to sleep in the front room, first floor; his box was in the room; that was his room yesterday; two gentlemen lodged in the house; prisoner used frequently to take the key of the room with him when he went out; the names of the two gentlemen are Westrop and Sutherland."

Samuel Hughes, says—"I belong to the A division of Metropolitan Police; I am an inspector; I searched the prisoner's lodgings, 6, West-place, Lambeth, about a quarter before eight o'clock; I searched the first floor front; it was opened by the prisoner's sister; when she came in, the door was locked; when she opened it, I saw a large box in the room; the prisoner's sister said she had not the key; it was a painted deal box, about two feet deep, and a foot and a half wide; the landlady, at my request, procured me a chisel and hammer; I broke open the box; I found in it a short sword and scabbard; this is the sword; I found a black crape; this is it—a bullet mould; this is it; I found two pistol bags; these are them; I found a powder flask; this is it; there were four or five loose bullets; these are them; I found a pocket-book; it contained four papers which I produce; I marked them; on my return to the station-house from the prisoner's residence; I showed him the box; he said, "that is mine;" I cautioned him before not to say anything which might criminate him; he saw the box and the articles in it; he said they were his; I asked him if the memorandum book was his; he said that was his book and his papers; that he had intended to destroy them before he went out in the morning, but had forgotten it; I then asked him where Smith, who signed the paper, lived; he said, "that I don't tell;" I asked him for the address of any of the persons whose names were on the foolscap paper; he said he should not tell; they were all assumed; I produce also a small book and razor, which I took from the box.

Prisoner says—"A great many witnesses against me; some say that I shot with my left, others with my right; they vary as to the distance; after I fired the first pistol, Prince Albert got up as if he would jump out of the carriage, and sat down again as if he thought better of it; then I fired the second pistol; this is all I shall say at present."

EDWARD OXFORD.

We should have followed up this examination with a complete account of the trial as a matter of the greatest historical and national importance, but the enquiry having ended in that most satisfactory of all results, both as regards the character of England and that of the unfortunate individual, a verdict of *insanity*, we shall content ourselves with briefly noticing its final issue, and a few facts of peculiar interest connected with the proceedings.

The trial of Edward Oxford, charged with the late attempt upon the life of our beloved Sovereign, came on at the Central Criminal Court, on Thursday, July 19th.

In order to prevent confusion, tickets of admission were issued by the Sheriffs, by means of which the Court, although most numerous, was not inconveniently attended.

At a little before ten o'clock, the Attorney, and the Solicitor-General, with Mr. Wightman, the Counsel for the prosecution, attended by Mr. Maule, Solicitor to the Treasury, entered the Court and took their places at the Counsel's table, where Mr. S. Taylor and Mr. Bodkin, retained for the defence, were already seated with Mr. Pelham, the prisoner's Solicitor.

On the prisoner's appearance, he advanced with a smile to the bar, then casting a rapid glance round the Court and galleries, he leaned listlessly on the front of the dock, and with the smile still playing on his features began playing with the herbs with which it was strewed. He appeared perfectly calm and collected. The Judges, Lord Denman, Mr. Baron Alderson, and Mr. Justice Pattison, with the Recorder, having been introduced by the Sheriffs and City Marshal to their seats on the Bench, the Deputy-Clerk of Arraignment read the prisoner's indictment, to which, in a distinct and firm tone, he answered, "Not Guilty."

The Jury was then sworn, and the Attorney-General proceeded to state the case on behalf of the prosecution.

The learned gentleman stated that the mode of conducting the present trial was regulated by an Act of Parliament passed in the 40th year of the reign of King George III., the effect of which was this—that where there was a trial for high treason in which the overt act was a direct attempt upon the life of the Sovereign, such trial should be conducted in the same manner as the case of an indictment for murder. The object of that Act was to give the life of the Sovereign the same protection as was afforded by the law to the life of the meanest subject of the realm; because before that statute it was necessary, on an indictment for high treason, even where the life of the Sovereign had been attempted, or had actually fallen a sacrifice, to prove the act by two witnesses, and a number of forms were provided by the old law which were salutary and proper in cases where the charge bore a political aspect, where the treason consisted in an alleged rebellious conspiracy, in cases where it might be considered in the nature of constructive treason, and where it might be supposed the prosecutor had an interest in bringing home the charge to the party accused; but in cases where the charge of treason was supported by a direct attempt upon the life of the Sovereign, the law now said the trial should be conducted in the same way as if the party was indicted for a direct attempt upon the life of the Sovereign The first question, in this case, the Attorney-General said, would be whether, supposing the prisoner to be accountable for his actions, he was guilty of the offence laid to his charge; and the second, whether at the time he committed the act, he was accountable to the law for his actions. Commenting on this second question, the Attorney-General further said, "that in former times the plea of insanity could not be set up in cases where the treason consisted in an attempt upon the life of the Sovereign, but the law of Henry VIII. had been repealed, and, according to the dictates of reason, of justice, and of humanity, the law held that a man who was not competent to know what he was doing, should not be held accountable to the law. But he further stated that the party setting up such plea, must show, not merely that at other times the party on whose behalf the plea was set up had exhibited strangeness of manner, eccentricity of conduct, violence to others, or actual delusion, but he must show that at the time the offence for which he was tried was committed, he was not an accountable agent—that at that very time he was labouring under delusion—that he could not distinguish between right and wrong, and was unconscious of consequences at the time he was committing the offence. According to the law of England, in order to establish exemption from responsibility for a criminal charge, there must even be a greater degree of aberration of mind proved than would be necessary in a civil transaction to annihilate a contract made by the party, or to prevent him from continuing in the management of his own affairs. In criminal proceedings it must be proved that the insanity at the time was

an insanity connected with the offence committed. He would mention one or two cases in which this question had arisen. One of them was the well-known case of Arnold, who was tried for shooting Lord Onslow in 1767. It appeared that Arnold was to a certain extent deranged, but had formed a regular design to shoot Lord Onslow, and was convicted. Another was that of Lord Ferrers, who was indicted for the murder of his steward, Mr. Johnson, and it appeared that his lordship had taken up a spite against him on account of some family disputes, and he shot him. It was proved on the trial that several of his lordship's family had been insane, and that he himself had been so at different times; but there was afforded no reason for supposing that at the time he did the act he labored under insanity, and the consequence was that Lord Ferrers was unanimously found guilty by the judgment of his peers. . . . In the case of Hatfield, on the contrary, who in the year 1800 was tried for shooting at his late Majesty King George III. in Drury-lane Theatre, and therefore, a case very analogous to the present, the plea of insanity most properly prevailed. . . . It was proved that he had been a Dragoon in the 15th Regiment; that he had been wounded in action, and left for dead on the field; that he had been afterwards conveyed to the hospital in a state of insensibility; and when he came to himself he called himself King George and felt for his crown. It was further proved that three of the wounds had penetrated his skull and thereby injured the brain. Common questions he could answer correctly, but questions of religion and crime he answered irrationally. He was discharged from the army on the ground of insanity, and had been subsequently confined as a lunatic. From the 11th May, 1800, up to the 15th—the day on which the offence was committed, he had shown aggravated symptoms of insanity, which in that case had been brought down to the very time the outrage was perpetrated, thus entitling the prisoner to an acquittal. . . . The Attorney-General proceeded to say, that having stated his view of the law, it remained for him to consider whether the prisoner came within any of these definitions of insanity which would exempt him from criminal responsibility; in other words, whether he was insane at the time the act laid to his charge was committed. He should most unfeignedly rejoice if such had been the case, and, in giving utterance to that wish, he believed he spoke the sentiments of all loyal subjects of the Crown. . . . Yet, as far as he was aware, he knew no grounds for contending that the prisoner Edward Oxford was, at the time he did this act, in a state of mind that exempted him from the force and punishment of the law.

After the Attorney-General had concluded his opening speech, witnesses were called, whose evidence, much to the same effect as that taken before the Privy Council, concluded the case for the prosecution—when

Mr. S. Taylor addressed the jury for the prisoner. The learned gentleman argued that there was no proof of the pistols having been loaded with ball, or actually aimed at Her Majesty; but his chief line of defence was to prove the prisoner in such a state of mind as not to be responsible for his actions, or amenable to the laws of his country for punishment. He said that "he was quite sure that it would give the greatest satisfaction to Her Majesty to find that a jury of her subjects could not in their consciences declare that any man in this kingdom, of sound mind, could raise his hand against her life. . . . For the instances which had occurred during the reign of Her Majesty's grandfather, George III., one of the insane persons who contemplated his life was a woman, and the attempts (as in this instance) had thrown the country into a state of great excitement and alarm. In the case of Margaret Nicholson, it appeared that His Majesty was riding in his carriage when she presented a petition to him, which His Majesty stretched forth his hand to take; when, taking advantage of his position, she attempted to stab him with a knife; on her being seized rather roughly by a Yeoman of the Guard, the exclamation of His Majesty was, "Don't hurt the woman, she must be mad," a very natural conclusion to arrive at from the nature of the act itself. But that attempt was, nevertheless, committed under circumstances of premeditation, for it appeared that although she presented a blank sheet of paper to the King, it was headed in the usual form, "To the King's Most Excellent Majesty," in order that those words might arrest his attention, with a view to secure her object. When asked why she presented a blank petition, she said it would have answered her purpose as well as any; and if that case was to be tried here to-day, the Attorney General would have had a right to press the circumstance of premeditation against any plea of insanity which might be set up; but in that case the circumstances went still farther, for the conduct of the woman was not such as to induce the people to believe that she was really mad. She used no incoherent expressions at the time; and when asked about her family, she at once declared where they had lived, and when the person with whom she resided was sent for, he said, that although he had known her for eight years, he never suspected that she was insane; and another person, who had known her for five years, gave similar evidence before the Privy Council. Here was a woman who, although not exhibiting symptoms of insanity, was not brought to trial by the prosecutors; and yet, so clear a case of insanity was it considered, that they sent the woman to Bethlehem Hospital where she was confined for life. . . . In the year 1800, occurred the case of Hatfield, already

alluded to by the Attorney-General; but there was something more in that case than in this, by which a motive could be implied. It appeared that Hatfield had received his severe wounds in guarding the life of the Duke of York, the son of his then Majesty, and that he was afterwards discharged from the army upon a pension of fourpence per diem, and that being dissatisfied, and not without reason, that the service he had rendered to the King's family had not been better remunerated, it appeared that he went to Drury Lane Theatre, and discharged a pistol loaded with slugs at the King. Now in that case there was premeditation and contrivance, for he concealed the pistol so artfully on his person, that his intention was never suspected. When the King entered the box of the Theatre, Hatfield, who was in the pit, rose up, and taking deliberate aim at his Majesty, fired the pistol. In that case, there was no doubt whether the pistol was loaded or not, although that was a question which was left very doubtful with the present inquiry. In the case of Hatfield, one of the bullets was found in the box, but the result of the investigation was, that his Majesty had the satisfaction of learning that no sane subject in his dominions could make an attempt on his life. . . . He was quite sure also that in this case the jury would come to the conclusion that the act of the prisoner was not that of a sane person. . . .

This would be a ground of congratulation to all her people, and he was sure Her Majesty would be the first to say this desperate act of an isolated madman ought not to be viewed as that of a sane person, and she would feel happy in reflecting that no one of her subjects who loved and revered her would be guilty of such an atrocious crime. One of her illustrious predecessors—a queen too—declared, when a similar attempt was made upon her life, that she would not believe of any of her people that which a mother would not suspect of her own child. This was the declaration of queen Elizabeth's, and he was sure that queen Victoria would never think that a youth like the prisoner would be guilty of contemplating her death. . . . The learned counsel after concluding his address called evidence in refutation of the prisoner's state of mind being such as to leave him answerable for his acts. By these it was proved that the prisoner's grandfather had at one period of his life been in a state of raving madness, and at all times very strange and eccentric. The mother of the prisoner gave evidence to the same effect as to the strange and insane conduct of his father, stating numerous facts tending to prove the prisoner himself of unsound mind!

Numerous other witnesses were then called whose evidence fully corroborated that of the prisoner's mother, touching his aberration of mind from an early age up to the present time. Medical evidence was also adduced to the same effect. Dr. Conolly, a physician to the lunatic asylum at Hanwell, having had conversation with the prisoner, also gave it as his opinion that he is a person of unsound mind. This witness stated, that on examination of the anterior part of the prisoner's head, it appeared to him to exhibit the same appearances which exist where there is a disease of the brain, or the brain is not properly developed. The result of his observations with respect to the prisoner was, that he exhibited an occasional appearance of acuteness, but a total inability to reason. A singular insensibility as regards the affections. An apparent incapacity to comprehend moral obligations—to distinguish right from wrong. An absolute insensibility to the heinousness of his offence, and to the peril of his situation. A total indifference to the consequences of trial. . . . Dr. Chowne, a physician at Charing-cross hospital, &c. and Mr. J. F. Clerk, a surgeon, added their testimony to the same effect, which closed the case for the defence. The Solicitor-General then addressed the jury in reply to the evidence produced on the part of the prisoner, arguing by turns in refutation of the three heads under which the counsel for the prisoner ranged his defence, viz. as to whether her Majesty was the object of attack, whether the pistols were loaded with ball, and whether at the time the prisoner committed the act, he was responsible for it in law. . . . After the conclusion of the learned gentleman's address the Lord Chief Justice proceeded to sum up the evidence. . . . The jury having retired, re-entered the court in about three quarters of an hour, when their foreman returned the following special verdict:—"We find the prisoner, Edward Oxford, guilty of discharging the contents of two pistols, but whether or not they were loaded with ball has not been satisfactorily proved to us, he being of unsound mind at the time." The Attorney-General here referred their lordships to an act of parliament, 40th Geo. III., which provides that persons acquitted on the grounds of insanity shall be imprisoned during his Majesty's pleasure. . . . A considerable discussion on the verdict arose owing to the jury not having been able to decide the point whether or no the pistols were loaded with bullets, they again retired; during their absence the question was again argued, and it appeared to be the opinion of the learned judges that the jury were bound to return a verdict of guilty or not guilty upon the evidence brought before them. After an hour's absence the jury returned again into court, and found the prisoner "guilty, he being at the time insane."

Lord Denman said, "Then the verdict will stand thus—not guilty on the ground of insanity." The Attorney-General then moved their lordships on behalf of the crown, that the prisoner should be confined in strict custody during her Majesty's pleasure. Lord Denman replied, that was a matter of course. The prisoner who evinced but little alteration of manner during the whole of the trial, was then removed from the bar in custody.

PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, July 28th, 1840.

Me voila ma chere et belle amie, just returned from one of my chateaux where mon Mari and myself have been projecting various improvements. I find our cher Paris very dusty, very hot and very dull, all our bells are ruralising, mais tu sais bien cherie, qu'on ne se mit pas en bonnet de nuit pour cela, ainsi parlons modes un peu.

We have got some new and pretty materials for summer wear. *Les cupes Rachel*, and *cûpes*—*masagran* amongst them. The one a sort of foulard *chiné*, the other a kind of Barige craped. We have besides mousseline de laine *glacé*, and then a variety *ad infinitum* of mousselines de laine, and plain and striped shot silks, &c. &c. &c. White and coloured muslins always in favor at this season, are much adopted; redingottes of clear India muslin lined with paille blue or pink, and trimmed with lace or rich embroidery are exceedingly fashionable; as well as those with colored ribbons run into the hems and tucks or *bouillons*.

Redingottes in every material are more worn than any other make of dress. The corsages are invariably, I may almost say, made only half high, and open in front to the waist very nearly, some tight to fit the bust, and others in folds like the corsages *croissés*, only *not crossed*. But the grand question at present is, "what determination are we to come to about sleeves!" Some of our *Elegantes* say, "they must be tight;" others say, "loose, by all means, but not of extraordinary dimensions!" The fact is, ma chère, that after *pros* and *cons* a decree has passed *nem. con.* in the court of fashion that every lady is to please herself in her sleeves. Thus, you see, some of our belles who wish to display the exquisite symmetry of their arms, wear sleeves to fit them as tightly as possible, nay, many of them even have their sleeves shaped out like those of a man's coat, with two

seams. Much as they may however show a beautifully shaped arm to advantage, they have not yet become sufficiently familiar to us to admit of our bestowing upon them our unqualified approbation: perhaps, if we saw no others for three months, we might fancy we looked deformed in those we so fondly cling to just now. Custom reconciles us to most things—yet, if a fashion be really unbecoming, as these very sleeves in question are, to many ladies, why, for the sake of following the fickle goddess in all her whims, must we persist in rendering ourselves frights for a period sufficiently lengthened to make us forget how we looked in any others? I very much question that they will ever become prevalent, especially on account of their not suiting every figure. An arm too much inclined to embonpoint, or a long thin bony arm would certainly appear to greater advantage beneath the slight folds of the drapery formed by a moderately loose sleeve, therefore as all others are not yet exploded, I may tell you that those a la François 1st. which you know are confined at distances by rows of *entre-deux* (insertion) have been making some progress lately: they are pretty, although they have the disadvantage of making the arm look over long: however, in dress, if the bands of insertion be covered with colored ribbon, and at each band if there be a small bow of the same, it takes off a great deal from the appearance of the length. A sleeve plain at the shoulder, and the remainder moderately full to the wrist or plaited down at the shoulder, the remainder left loose to the *poignet*, is what we see most generally worn; and for short sleeves, those perfectly plain with *engageantes*, or else with a plain *guispure* cuff turned up half way over the sleeve, prevail over all others. All the dress corsages are made *à pointe*, and those of black velvet to wear with white or coloured silk or crape skirts have a

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fall of black lace round the waist. White plain *organdi* dresses are much worn in dinner and evening costume, as well as *organdis brochés*, and *organdis* worked in coloured worsteds.

Hats.—The greatest change in the hats is that they are worn rather closer to the face, *Paille-de-riz-poux* de soie, and *crêpe lisse* are the materials, with fine straws and leghorns. The crowns sit back quite flat, and the fronts are rather less open, or, as I tell you, are worn closer at the sides of the face, but they are very long at the ears. The most elegant bonnets of *poux de soie* are covered with what we call a *voilette* of lace or *tulle illusion*, this little veil does not fall at all over the face, but merely covers the bonnet, being frequently brought from underneath the front; a long lap-pet falls as low as the waist from each side of the bonnet; another particular of these *voilettes* is, that on coloured hats, the *tulle illusion* of which they are composed is of the precise shade of the silk of the hat. Drawn capottes are also de mode, some have *voilettes* and others a *ruche* of narrow white *tulle* round the edge of the front. The straw and leghorns are all trimmed with velvet, violet, or dark green; a *torsade* intermingled with straw goes round, and the front of the bonnet is edged inside and out, with a band of velvet more than an inch in depth, put on perfectly plain; velvet ribbon will not answer for this purpose, as it could not be made to sit flat where the bonnet is round, therefore the bands must be cut out of a large piece of velvet exactly to the shape of the point of the bonnet; a flat ostrich feather is placed on at one side, and lays perfectly flat across the bonnet, drooping to the opposite side; this feather may be white or the colour of the velvet, or any colour that contrasts well with the trimming, as sulphur colour feathers with violet, &c. The younger ladies, who do not wear feathers, prefer a half wreath of field flowers.

Flowers are very fashionable. Lily of the valley, jessamine, mixed daisies, hyacinths, balsams, pinks and roses, with poppies, blue corn flowers, ivy, holly, and raspberries, with ripe and unripe fruit are amongst the most prevalent, but any flower can be worn. Some are formed into *couronnes*, and others into half-wreaths or bunches.

[MAGAZINE.]

Long cashmere shawls are coming in; it is thought they will become more fashionable than square shawls, and are to be worn *long*, as they originally were, or perhaps you would understand better if I were to say worn as scarfs; white, black, and blue grounds preferred, and the patterns, palms or rosettes, united by light running patterns, guirlands of flowers; bright colours, too, are sought after in the patterns of these shawls. Black shawls trimmed with lace or fringe, and black silk scarfs trimmed all round with lace, or only with silk fringes at the ends are universally worn. There are a few coloured silk scarfs. It is *trio-distingué* to have your scarf and your dress of the same colour; and with a white dress, the scarf to be of the colour of the bonnet, if it be silk, and of the trimming if it be straw or leghorn.

Of course, you have heard of the *jupons* of *Crinoline*, they are very light and cool, and make the dress sit beautifully, and one perfection in them is that they never crease or get out of form.

In jewellery there is nothing so *recherché* at present as coral, a necklace of *camios* of cut coral united by fine gold chain work, more valued just now than perhaps any precious stone. Diamonds, of course, keep precedence of all.

White caneaus are coming in, and they are seldom more than half throat high. Some are richly embroidered, and trimmed with lace, others are trimmed with *ruches* of *tulle*; they have small collars very open in front.

Black and coloured velvet spencers are much worn, and coloured skirts, with white muslin spencers, or corsages, have made their appearance. In our time, *ma belle*, these latter were worn in morning dress, with long sleeves, *de rigueur*, and very pretty and becoming they were.

Cuffs or ruffles are indispensable. For morning they are quite plain, and frequently made of fine linen, with a row of stitching round. For promenade dress, they are of cambric, embroidered and trimmed with lace, or of *guipure*, to match the collar, which they always do. Embroidery is a great deal worn. Our belles are of the same opinion as the Widow Barnaby, "that nothing looks so lady-like."

Colours.—There is a tolerable choice in the prevailing shades. White, mauve, pink and paille, are for bonnets; dark

violet and dark green to trim straws, and for dresses, violets, sapphire, a sort of drab or dust colour, always prevalent at this season, and little green. Voilà

ma toute aimable de quoi te rendre belle.

Je t-embrasse de cœur.

L. de F——.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES IN THE PRÉSENT NUMBER.

(*Subscribers copies.*)

(THESE ARE OF DATE PARIS, JULY 27th, AND AUGUST, 8^d.)

No. 861. — *Walking and Carriage Costume.* 1st. *Figure.* — Redingotte garnie, of mauve colour striped silk; the corsage à pointe en cœur (see plate.) The sleeves are long and full, plaited down at the shoulder, and confined by a honillon of the same, the remainder full to the wrist, but it will be perceived they are by no means immoderately large. The poignet is deep, and entirely covered by an embroidered cambric cuff. A row of silk buttons precisely of the colour of the dress goes down the front of the corsage and is continued down the skirt, which is likewise ornamented with two flowers, beginning at each side of the point of the corsage (see plate) and going down the fronts, being rounded at the corners and continued round the back of the skirt; it will also be remarked, that the flounces begin as narrow as possible at the waist, and increase gradually in width until they become very deep after the turning below (see plate). The white embroidered pelerine is very small, rounded at back, and the two small points cross in front (much higher up than the waist): between the pelerine and collar is a paille ribbon, finishing by a bow in front. A little bit of the embroidered chemisette is visible at the opening of the corsage. Dress Hat of paille de riz, with a fall of very deep blonde, forming the demi voile. A couronne or wreath of roses goes round the crown of the hat, and the brides or strings are of straw color ribbon to match that on the neck. The hair is brought low at the sides, formed into broad braids, and turned up (à la Clotilde); a rose is placed under the bonnet at each temple, but as our readers may perceive, is wholly unaccompanied by any blonde or lace border. Straw colour kid gloves, cambric embroidered

handkerchief, black varnished shoes, ribbed silk stockings, very small ombrelle à manche brisée.

2nd. *Figure.* — Half high dress of white muslin corsage plissé à la greque; sleeves precisely the same as those on the other figure; pelerine trimmed all round with two rows of lace (see plate), two deep flounces on the skirt, both edged with narrow lace; capotte of white poux de soie, trimmed with bows of pink ribbon, and a half wreath of roses; straw colour gloves.

No. 862. — Morning Concert Dress; toilette d'Interieur.

1st. or Standing Figure. Dress of poux de soie; blue shot with pink. The corsage is plain at back and half high; the fronts also tight to the shape, but only meeting at the very waist, being sloped away in the form of a V. 'Victoria,' and trimmed with two rows of falling lace. The skirt is without garniture, save a hem of itself, about a quarter of a yard in depth; the sleeves are plain and loose, cut on the straight way of the material; they are not confined any where, and reach only midway of the lower arm, the buttons of the sleeves being turned up like cuffs (see plate), in order to display a pair of under sleeves, made of fine India muslin à la mode de François premier; these sleeves belong to a corsage, the front of which is to be seen; it has drawings across (bouillons) like the sleeves, and is finished at top by a row of narrow lace edging; deep ruffles of lace fall over the hands. The hat is of white crape lisse and has three ostrich feathers at the side; the strings are of crape lisse, with a very fine satin piping all round, and edged with narrow blonde. It will be perceived, that the crown of the bonnet sits so flat that it is not at all perceptible in front. Straw

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colour gloves, varnished shoes, small parasol. Hair à la Clotilde, with flowers underneath the bonnet.

Sitting figure.—Dress of white book muslin (*organdi*). The corsage is precisely the same as the one just described, except, that instead of being trimmed with two falls of lace, it has two frills of muslin small plaited, and put on with a *bouillon*, through which a ribbon may be inserted at pleasure. This trimming is continued down the front of the skirt of the dress, the *bouillon* and two plaited frills at each side of a piece being entirely small plaited, and inserted *en tablier* down the centre of the front; a glance at our plate will suffice to make this intelligible. The chemisette, appearing in front, is richly embroidered. The sleeves of this dress are plain at the

shoulder, and the remainder nearly tight, with a plaited frill headed by a *bouillon* at top, and finished at the wrist by a ruffle falling over the hand, also à *petits plis*. Gauze cap trimmed with *bouillons* of the same and satin ribbon; the cawl is round, and sits far out from the head, at the same time that it goes back quite flat, like the crown of a cottage bonnet; there is no head-piece, the *bouillons* merely giving the effect of one; they also descend low at the ears, and the cap is without strings to tie. Hair in bands, brought low at the sides of the face, where it is turned up again. The ceinture of the dress is of very rich *Georgian* or satin ribbon, tied in front, pendant with long ends (see plate). Straw colour gloves, black satin shoes.

Description of the Portrait accompanying this month's publication, of

THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR,

Born in the year 1720—died anno. 1764.

[No. 90 OF THE SERIES OF AUTHENTIC ANCIENT PORTRAITS.]

In this portrait we have a superb specimen of the costume of the last century, at the period when the belle of the day, not content with the artillery of her natural charms, was wont to call in the aid of powder and patches as indispensable munitions of amorous warfare. The robe or gown of the beautiful Marquise is composed of rich brocaded crimson silk; and, looped up on one side, it displays a white satin petticoat, with two broad flounces, each headed by a puffing thickly set with full blown roses. A full trimming of the same material, and flowered in like manner, forms a facing down each side of the robe, and, narrowing from the bottom to the waist, again increases in width as it passes over the shoulder. The form of the bodice is pointed, the stomacher being decorated down the centre with satin bows of like colour with the dress, a jewelled stud forming the centre of each rosette. The sleeves, tight from the shoulder (and very similar to those worn at the present day,) are finished at the elbow by a deep frill, beneath which depends a ruffle of superb point lace. The powdered hair, a good deal drawn off the forehead and rather gracefully arranged, is decorated with roses; while, placed carelessly on one side of the head, is a very small cap or toque of crimson velvet, decorated by a plume à la *Turque*, springing from an aigrette of diamonds. A full satin puffing, fastened in front by a jewelled clasp, supplies the place of a necklace. White gloves, reaching half way up the arm, with bracelets worn over them, and the fan, that coquettish weapon whose exercise (in England about the same period) is so humorously described in the *Spectator*, completes the attire of this finished beauty of the court of Louis Quinze.

Though out of view, save by the extension it produces, we must not forget the ungraceful though stately hoop, (that "fantastic round" of Fashion), from which the belles of our own Court were not emancipated till the crowded "drawing-rooms" of the last reign refused space for their evolutions; or, perhaps, a "new light" caused them to be looked upon as a puppet-show vanity.

(The memoir of this lady will be given in some number of this half yearly volume.)

L—AUGUST, 1840.

Monthly Critic.

Practical Remarks on the causes and treatment of Deformities of the Spine and Limbs, Muscular Weakness, &c., with Plates—by Joseph Amesbury, Surgeon, M.R.C.S. &c. Longman and Co.

CONSIDERING the large number of persons suffering, in greater or less degree, from disorder of the spine, we cannot but hail as a boon to society, this published result of many years' professional experience and ingenuity applied to this distressingly important subject.

The work is, however, too professional to admit of analysis or lengthened extracts in our pages, but we cannot forbear quoting the subjoined passage as opposed to that generally adopted mode of treatment which subjects the unfortunate patient for weeks, months, and years to the *peine forte et dure* of a recumbent position. In doing so, we can of course venture no opinion as to the superior efficacy of those means proposed by Mr. Amesbury, but having seen many a sufferer under the old-established practice, whose progress towards improvement was slow indeed, we should certainly rejoice at seeing it superseded by another more salutary and less painful.

"Some seek to restore the bones to their proper position, by confining their patients on the back, and by the use of weights and windlasses. This plan has been long followed on the Continent, and, on a more limited scale, in this country.

A late author, when treating of the plans which he had witnessed in France, says, "I have visited all the establishments in Paris, where spinal deviations were treated by the ablest men in the profession.—I saw the children in the Gymnasium, in bed, shielded with irons of all sorts.—He says, "some orthopedists are so devoted to this method, that no punishment inflicted in a prison, can be compared to that inflicted by their machinery on innocent children; *the slave trade alone* can furnish examples of similar cruelty in ships where wretched victims of cupidity are bound down, or fastened by a chain only six feet long."

"Every one pities prisoners, but in mechanical beds the movements are more limited, the chest is deprived of motion, it is a species of anticipated death."

The bones may certainly be much influenced, and even brought into their proper relative places, by such mechanical forces rightly employed, but there is not sufficient aid to sustain them in their places, neither are any of the means resorted to, under this plan of treatment, sufficient to restore the natural powers of the muscles.

Persons are confined for years in the inclined or horizontal position, and subjected to all the routine of management connected with this practice, not only with little ultimate benefit but sometimes with positive mischief, constitutional and local. This is a practice to which (continues the author) "I am much opposed; and with the additional aid I now possess, I might say that I am not acquainted with any case of curvature unattended with disease, in which this practice would be justifiable. I object to this plan, because it does not answer the indications which should be carefully attended to in the management of these cases. It is not to be depended upon as a mode of restoration, and it is calculated to be injurious; weakening the patient and laying the foundation of disease."

The Honeymoon. By JOHN FISHER, A. M.—Longman and Co., 1840.

THE Honeymoon! a title, this, somewhat too redolent of sweets for a lengthy poem in two parts—thereby leading one to anticipate rather a cloying banquet. It must, however, be confessed, that no small variety of condiments has been brought together to furnish forth the intellectual repast here set before us. We have the honied subject in all its phases, from the first innocent young moon which illumined the bowers of bliss in Paradise, even to such orbs as look down unblushingly upon our sinful world, and, rising over the bosom of fair Tweed, are wont to light scapegrace lovers or fortune-hunted heiresses to Gretna's smoky temple.

"London," with its densely packed inhabitants, its varied characters and manners, as it existed some thirty years since,

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affords subject-matter for the first division of the poem, the author, on his marriage, having retreated to the "peopled solitude" of the great metropolis, instead of vainly seeking retirement in his native village, where the newly-linked pair would have been "the observed of all observers." Providing also against another possible contingency, that of growing tired at the ceaseless conjugation of the verb *aimer* and arriving ere "the moon had filled her horns" at the first tense of *s'ennuyer*, he resolved, as it would seem, before burying his fair bride in the country, to give her a peep at "life in London," just so much of it as befitted her innocent young eyes to gaze on. Thus, auctions, exhibitions, operas and routs, are rapidly in succession brought in review before us; but with reference to these descriptions we think it a pity that they have slumbered so long in the drawer of the desk whereon they were penned: thirty years since is a period at once too near and too remote for sketches of society, (unless individual portraits) and these have acquired somewhat of a faded hue. Making also due allowance for the obsolete mode of expression suitable to the Spenserian Stanza, in which the first part of the poem has been *re-composed*, there is a good deal of obscurity in the diction; take, for instance, amongst numerous others, the lines descriptive of his bride's simple wonder at the new scenes around her:—

"Past admiration e'en awakes in me;
But Novelty revived to trace aright
It is that she I shelter—'tis that she
Marvels at wonders new and strange to
sight,
Her young eyes sparkling with unfeigned
delight."

We like our poet best, in "the country," his second part, and think his poetry reads more easily in its original garb of blank verse. Some of the descriptions of rural scenery and objects are accurate and pleasing, though not undisfigured by pedantic words and expressions, as where we are told, that
"—— passion a dense medium spreads
O'er the true *diagnosis* of the mind."

Again, speaking of fat bees on their way to market:—

"As they with ears as gross and *hebetate*,
Would hear the poet's song ——"

and in an otherwise pretty description of a leveret, encountered in a country walk, she is described as fleeing from her foes,
"With *tendinous* and nimble-footed speed——"

This rencontre with "puss" leads to an apology for field sports, which, from the pen of a clerical author, might almost subject him to the denomination of "hunting parson," but we like this part of his poem, and not the less because it runs counter to extremes of sickly sensibility, the very antipodes of true and rational humanity both towards man and beast. A clever writer has said, "all men who are eloquent on the cruelty of hunting, beat their wives—This is a general rule, without exception." But, without going thus far, we are always distrustful of overweening tenderness, when untested by self-denying practice.

A man possessed of no taste for angling may inveigh pathetically against its cruelty, while, perhaps, he is an advocate for slavery; or late a slave-owner himself!

An opulent lady may shudder at beholding a miserable donkey overladen by an owner still more poor and wretched than itself, and yet scruple not when traveling, to insist on the conveyance of her heavy family carriage, servants, imperials and numerous weighty *et cæteras*, by the inadequate strength of one pair of jaded posters! Our author opens this subject by the following lines allusive of humanity's *own* poet, Cowper, he whose sympathy extended from the oppressed African to the crushed worm, whose tenderness, indeed, though rendered almost morbid by disease, was too amiable and too unaffected not to claim our love and veneration.

"But they o'errate the guilt of that fierce
warfare which men wage
Upon the peaceful race who sadly sing
Man's cruelty, and misery of Game.
One noble poet, who could touch the
chords
Of sympathy on every favoured theme—
Swore friendship to the friendless! and so
won
His little wards* by his protecting hand;
That, taking leave of liberty and fear,
They loved their prison for their keepers'
sake:
He bravely sung their cause, so closely
backed

* His tame hares.

With such appeal in prose, that all their
kin
Had future persecution well nigh 'scap'd.
Then followed on the heel of this full-
toned

And powerful advocate, a whimpering
race
Of minor poets, who with their laments
Awoke the mournful echoes of the
woods."

ON READING "A CREOLE'S LOVE."

*Dedicated, in our last number, to His Royal Highness Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg Gotha,
President of the Society for the Suppression of Slavery and the Civilization of Africa.*

G rant friendly indulgence, kind editor, pray
F orgive the attempt, if in measure, I say
C ommended be he who has wielded his pen
A gainst the unnatural traffic in men,
R enowned for deeds that have render'd his name*
D eservedly placed on the records of fame;
E very blessing, I pray,—that cause may attend,
N ow taken in hand by humanity's friend.

July, 1840.

ANONYMOUS.

This Acrostic and the following Letters both owe their birth to sympathetic feeling in the cause of oppressed humanity elicited by our Anti-Slavery tale of last month.—The former is from an anonymous pen, and the latter from that of a distinguished individual, whose *preference* we consult by withholding his name, although only under modest prohibition as to its use.

Dear Sir,—Your *Creole* has been read to me,† and the well drawn characters are as familiar to my mind as if before me. I was at two periods of my life upon the Jamaica station, in peace and war. That island, Cuba and St. Domingo, the Havanah, Cape François and Port Royal, are as familiar to my mind as the great squares in London. My first period was when the Emperor Christophe gained the independence of Hayti against all the power of France. He gave me a French frigate—it was a fine one, and is now in the navy, the *Clorinde*. This was at a period that no pen could describe. The conquerors of Europe (or nearly so) flying before a black army.

In 1809 I captured a French boat, off the Isle of France, manned by black creoles—one of them a complete Hercules. I persuaded him to enter our service—he did so—was my companion on shore in the most rash enterprises; and, in my firm opinion, occasioned, to a certain degree, the capture of the Isle of France. In page 146 you will see Colonel Keating and myself were in the power of my friend Johnson, which was his name. When my ship was captured, a council of war was held to decide if I could be tried for spreading about the island the proclamation and gaining over the inhabitants, &c. : the proclamation is at the end of the book! it was decided in my favor, that because I was taken in arms, I should be treated as a prisoner of war, whilst my poor pilot, by whom, in reality, I secretly gained the means of landing, was *tried and hung*. I dreamed of him four nights ago. Your creole has brought up old scenes. I know not your age, but you must be too young to remember the Emperor Christophe; but if you would wish to see a fine likeness of him I will make an appointment to meet you at the United Service Club, where it is, any day at one or two; but as I am very ill, if you wish it—pray be precise to time.

The dream I have alluded to was anything but a pleasant one. Johnson and myself were walking one day in 1809, when close to us a tremendous boa constrictor raised its head two or three feet from the ground, and darted his angry looks upon us. I was completely paralysed; Johnson was also of the same feeling—the only time I ever saw him but as cool as if asleep. *The boa constrictor was strangely mixed up in my dream.* I have sent the *Creole* to Colonel Nicolls, at No. 15, Parliament-street, where the office is for the suppression of slavery; and I will desire him to give it to the secretary to show to all the committee, and to keep the book."

* Founder of the Harrow-road Cemetery and the new system of ex-urban burial in England.

† The writer lost his sight on service.

Having received the above letter, we felt anxious to add to its interest by giving the writer's name; the following is a part of the answer to our application:

"I mean in my rough way to recommend to all those who are indifferent to the subject of the slave-trade, to read 'The Creole's Love,' to prove the dreadful effect slavery has upon the mind; but in respect to its authenticity I know not, except that the three characters—the Creole, Spaniard, and African, are so well drawn, that from my being so long at Cuba, St. Domingo, &c., the writer must have been at the West Indies or something to that purpose. In respect to my letter, mercy, and spare my name, but it is all true, and I think the Boa Constrictor was 20 feet long."

Letter addressed to the Editor of the Times.

AFRICAN TRADE.—Sir,—Anxious as every humane-minded person must be to see the slave trade supplanted by legitimate commerce—to see an end of the bloody wars in part occasioned by intercourse with white men, which constantly devastate the great African continent—to see the Ethiopian occupy a much superior place in the social scale than what he does at present; yet in striving to accomplish these great ends, we must not "harshly intermeddle with matters we do not thoroughly understand, even to do good," and we ought only "to expect good results from the prudent use of proper means."

It appears to us, who have inquired into the matter of slave-dealing, and who have also visited countries where it is practised, that much may be done to suppress it, not only by the British Government, but also by the English mercantile community. The fertility of the Portuguese possessions on the east and west coasts of Africa is most exuberant. From the river Gabon, under the Line, to 17 degrees south on the east coast, and from Cape Delgado, in 10 degrees, to Delagoa-bay, in 26 degrees south, on the west coast (see Butler's or Arrowsmith's map of Africa), there are vast riches to be collected in the shape of native produce, and which our merchants seem almost entirely to overlook. Some time ago the whole trade with central Africa was actually less than the trade with Ireland in the article of feathers alone, the former amounting to 456,000*l.*, the latter to 500,000*l.*

We think it is our duty, and it is also to our advantage, to cherish and to promote the interests of "our ancient ally," Portugal. Let us bear in mind, that it was the old Portuguese spirit of adventure, their admirable courage and perseverance, which first pointed out to us the road to the East—that the great navigators Gama and Diaz first doubled the Cape of Storms—that if we search in history for a man actuated by the most exalted feelings for his country's good, imbued with the highest courage, who died poor, after a series of splendid achievements, because he sacrificed everything for the public service, that man is Don John de Castro. The Marquis de Pombal, too, encouraged every useful invention, and laboured incessantly for the improvement of Portugal.

[MAGAZINE.]

The peasantry of Portugal are distinguished by industry, patience under privation, and intrepidity. The stranger who visits them is received with the heartiest welcome, and they make him, unsolicited, a tender of everything he stands in need of for his refreshment. The Portuguese officers and soldiers who fought side by side with our troops in the Peninsula, and, some (compulsorily) with Napoleon in Russia, proved themselves to possess the highest courage, and the best qualities of soldiers as to discipline and sobriety.

We, who have not seen in England, for ages, the enemy at our gates, forget that Portugal has been well nigh ruined by wars, foreign and domestic, ever since the beginning of this century, and it behoves us now to extend the hand of fellowship to her, considering, that though the Portuguese, with others, have carried on the slave trade, of late years they have unfortunately not had much else to depend upon; but let us now assist them to find out other sources of wealth than "a traffic in human beings."

We know there are many Portuguese who are most anxious to suppress the slave trade. We remember the earnest appeals against it by the brothers Sarmiento, men of high attainments and character, and one of whom is now Portuguese Envoy Extraordinary in London; and we do hope that we shall hear no more false accusations against the whole Portuguese nation for a determined opposition to the suppression of a traffic in slaves.

The profits to be realized by the East African trade, for instance, are very great. Before 1806, two merchant ships used to sail for East Africa from the port of Lisbon, with a freight of coarse goods; they returned with cargoes of from 40,000*l.* to 60,000*l.* value, consisting of gold, silver, iron, copper, ivory, hides, horns, tortoise-shell, ostrich feathers, pearls, drugs, gums, palm oil, beeswax, &c. Grain, too, used to be exported from several places on the east coast, at Zanzibar. The Americans and Arabs drive a considerable trade there, which we strangely neglect.

Let us then, by visiting the Portuguese settlements in the healthy months, from May to October, encourage the colonists to collect native produce to enrich themselves and us by fair trading, and let us also thus do good to the natives. Agriculture and

commerce are the best preparatives for the introduction of civilized habits and our holy religion. Of what use are all our expensive surveys, and the waste of the lives of our gallant seamen (who, whilst engaged on the African survey, were most kindly treated by the Portuguese, in sickness), if we do nothing in the way of trade there when so much is to be done?

We conclude this subject for the present by requesting attention to the following extract from a letter just received, and remain yours, most obediently,"

July 6, 1840

PHILO-LUSITANÆ.

"Cape-town, April 2, 1840.

"Much interest is excited here just now by the process of condemning the vessels containing slaves captured by our cruisers, and others not containing slaves, but said to be of suspicious appearance. For my own part, I wish they would, when slaves are actually found to compose the cargo, hang captain and crew at the yard-arm, without judge or jury; but I fear it will eventually be found that points have been stretched to make out cases in some instances, where compensation to the full may possibly be insisted upon by nations in alliance with Portugal.

"There is one case about to be settled in court on the 13th inst., of the Congress. She was captured, having no slaves on board but full of general cargo. She had, moreover, been overhauled already, and a certificate or pass given her by Her Majesty's ship *Actæon*. She was, however, subsequently captured, and all her people sent on shore, with the exception of the captain, mate, and one passenger, who were brought here.

"All the Court, as well as prosecutors, are interested in condemning her, and now the captain (deprived, as I have said, of his only available witnesses) is coolly ordered to find evidence on his side. Letters from a highly respectable house at Rio have been received by the American Consul (Mr. Chase), assuring him that the Congress was not concerned, either directly or indirectly, in the slave trade.

"But you will see that she will nevertheless be condemned, on the score of the hatch being some few inches too wide or too narrow to square with the last Act of Parliament, about which it appears that at Rio people were entirely ignorant.

"It does not look well that all our bullying should be directed to the Portuguese nation, whilst we do not seem disposed to dilate the nostril of indignation, or curl the lip of defiance, at the equally implicated Yankees."

"A fortnight at Rio towards the beginning of December is quite enough even for the most ardent admirer of the picturesque.

The heat in the city is intolerable. The mosquitos plague you to death. Above all, as in my case, the hateful scenes which I was on this my first visit to a slave country forced to witness of cruelty to the unhappy negro, created in me an utter disgust of the place. Such was the profound impression made on my feelings in that early part of my career, by the cries which ever and anon fell on my unwilling ear, that to this day I fancy I can hear the appalling sounds as distinctly as I did twenty-five years ago.

Letters on Paraguay by J. P. and W. P. Robertson—Murray.

"Those persons in England who still maintain that slavery is by no means so bad a condition for the negro, as pretended philanthropists have asserted, can never have been transported at the age of twenty years from the humane and happy land in which they live, to a country where the slave is coerced into blind and brute obedience, through the repetition of agonising wounds, inflicted on his uncovered body by a heartless, relentless, often vindictive executioner.

And let it not be said, that that which took place at Rio was not to be seen in our own settlements. It is a too melancholy and too well authenticated fact that the Portuguese, the English, and the Dutch, are all nearly alike notorious for their rigid and unrelenting character when converted into owners of slaves. I do not speak of those who have merely domestic slaves, though, in many cases, this class is badly enough treated, but of the proprietors of estates worked by slaves; of the man who has these unhappy wretches by droves, and first brings them down to the level of the beast of the field, and then uses them as badly as the worst used brute of the creation. In many cases he does this, it is true, through the agency of another; but is he, therefore, the less amenable to the laws of humanity for the sufferings of the colored slave?

On Deafness, &c., by H. Neil, Surgeon, Liverpool Institution. Longman & Co.

THE published results of practical science, especially when directed to the alleviation of calamity, must always be beneficial, both as serving to awaken fresh activity and emulation amongst professional readers, and to extend the knowledge and benefit of such methods of relief as have been discovered. Medical Reports of Public Charitable Institutions (whether Metropolitan or Provincial) are especially adapted to this end, and when put forth by men of acknowledged ability like Mr. Neil, cannot be too widely circulated.

[THE COURT

Glencoe, by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd.

We follow up our last month's favorable notice of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's taking tragedy by the following beautiful passage, in act third, when Halbert declares his long cherished passion for Helen.

HALBERT.

Be not alarm'd, sweet Helen ; if your looks,
Turn'd gently on me, had not power to still
The tempest my frail nature has endured :
The issue of this moment would command
All passion to deep silence, while I ask—
If my scathed life, enrich'd by yours, may
spread

Its branches in the sunshine, or shrink up,
In withering solitude, a sapless thing,
Till welcome death shall break it ?

HELEN.

Do not think

Your noble nature can require a reed
So weak as mine to prop it : virtue's power,
Which shields it as a breastplate, will not
yield

To transient sorrow, which a thankless girl
Can hurl against it.

HALBERT.

Little do you guess

The heart you praise : 'tis true, among the
rocks

I sought for constancy, and day by day
It grew ; but then within its hardening frame
One exquisite affection took its root,
And strengthen'd in its marble ;—if you tear
That living plant, with thousand fibres, thence,
You break up all ;—my struggles are in vain,
And I am ruin !

HELEN.

What a lot of mine !

I, who would rather perish than requite
Long years of kindness with one throb of
pain,
Must make that soul a wreck !

HALBERT.

No, Helen, no—

It is a dream ; your heart is mine ; mine only ;
I'll read it here ;—you have not pledged its
faith

To—any other ?

HELEN.

No ;—not yet.

HALBERT.

Thank God !

Then you are mine ; we have been betrothed
for years.

HELEN.

Would it had been so !

HALBERT.

You desire it ?

HELEN.

Yes ;

I then had kept such watch upon my soul,
As had not let the shadow of a thought
Fall on your image there ; but not a word
Of courtship pass'd between us.

[MAGAZINE.]

HALBERT.

Not a word.

Words are for lighter loves, that spread their
films

Of glossy threads, which, while the air's
serene,

Hang gracefully, and sparkle in the sun

Of fortune ; or reflect the fainter beams

Which moonlight fancy sheds ; but ours—
yes, ours !—

Was woven with the toughest yarn of life,

For it was blended with the noblest things

We lived for ; with the majesties of old,

The sable train of mighty griefs o'erarch'd

By Time's deep shadows ; with the fate of
kings,—

A glorious dynasty—for ever crush'd

With the great sentiments which made them
strong

In the affections of mankind ;—with grief

For rock-enthroned Scotland ; with poor
fortune,

Shared cheerfully ; with high resolves ; with
thoughts

Of death ; and with the hopes that cannot die.

Hold ! If you rend oblivion's slender veil
Thus fearfully, and spectres of the past
Glide o'er my startled spirit, it will fail
In reason.

No ;—it shall cast off this cloud,
And retain no impression save of things
Which last for ever ;—for to such our love
Has been allied. How often have we stood,
Clasp'd on yon terrace by columnar rocks,
Upon whose jagged orifice the sky
With its few stars seem'd pillar'd, and have
felt

Our earthly fortunes, bounded like the gorge
That held us, and an avenue beyond,
Like that we gazed on ; and when summer
eve

Has tempted us to wander on the bank
Of glory-tinged Loch-Leven, till the sea
Open'd beyond the mountains, and the
thoughts

Of limitless expanse were rendered sweet
By crowding memories of delicious hours
Sooth'd by its murmur, we have own'd and
bless'd

The Presence of Eternity and Home !

HELEN.

What shall I do ?

HALBERT.

Hear me while I invoke

The spirit of one moment to attest,
In the great eye of love-approving Heaven,
We are each other's. When a fragile bark
Convey'd our little household to partake
The blessing that yet lingers o'er the shrine
Of desolate Iona, the faint breath

Of evening wafted us through cluster'd piles
 Of gently-moulded columns, which the sea—
 Softening from tenderest green to foam more
 white
 Than snow-wreaths on a marble ridge—
 illumed
 As 'twould dissolve and win them;—till a
 cave,
 The glorious work of angel architects,
 Sent on commission to the sacred isle,
 From which, as from a fountain, God's own
 light
 Stream'd o'er dark Europe—in its fretted
 span
 Embraced us.—Pedestals of glistening black
 Rose, as if waiting for the airy tread
 Of some enraptured seraph who might pause
 To see blue Ocean through the sculptured
 ribs
 Of the tall arch-way's curve, delight to lend
 His vastness to the lovely. We were charm'd,
 Not awe-struck;—for the Beautiful was there
 Triumphant in its palace. As we gazed,
 Rapt and enamour'd, our small vessel struck
 The cavern's side, and by a shock which
 seem'd
 The last that we should suffer, you were
 thrown
 Upon my neck—You clasp'd me then;—and
 shared
 One thought of love and heaven!

HELEN.

Am I indeed
 Faithless, yet knew it not? my soul's per-
 plexed!—
 Distracted. Whither shall it turn?—To you!
 Be you its arbiter. Of you I ask,
 In your own clear simplicity of heart,
 Did you believe me yours?

HALBERT.

Yes; and you are.
 With this sweet token I assure you mine,
 [Places a ring on her finger.]
 In sight of angels. Bless you!

HELEN.

It is done
 I dare not, cannot, tear this ring away.

The Servant Girl in London; showing the dangers to which young girls are exposed on their arrival in town; with advice to them, to their parents, to their masters and mistresses.—London: published by R. Hastings, 13, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, 1840.

For having uplifted an admonitory and warning voice to that large and useful portion of society, whom he more immediately addresses, our author deserves their warmest gratitude, and no less does he merit the highest praise and (what, doubtless, he would value more,) the zealous co-operation of those classes on whom servants depend, and which are also so greatly dependent upon them for comfort, safety and respectability. Most sincerely do we recommend this little book to the notice of every mistress

of a family: if she be kind and conscientious, she will be much delighted at meeting with so cheap and useful an aid to the inculcation and performance (on her own part) of its relative duties; if one of careless and unthinking mind, it may serve to awaken her to her serious responsibility regarding the moral *surveillance* of those to whom her guidance now stands in lieu of the parental protection they have been compelled to forego. In either case, we are sure that attentive *perusal* will be followed by *presentation*. "There are no faithful and attached servants in the present day! the race is completely extinct, or sinking into the grave with the grey-headed butler, the respectable housekeeper, or nurse, whom we can remember, as children, weeping our departure, or welcoming our return home, with a degree of affection and proud pleasure second only to that of our parents."

These every one will declare are common remarks; but where do the causes lie on which they are founded? May we not find at least one of them in the changes wrought on the upper classes by overfondness for dress, love of late hours, and indulgence in every vanity. These will, however, apply still more, perhaps, to the middling ranks of society under the influence of modern habits. That class, which furnishes the chief supply of servants, may also, it is true, have been deteriorated by the action of debasing poor laws and other influences; but we will suppose the country girl much the same as the valuable domestic of the old school on her arrival in London to seek or enter upon service. But in this new world on which she is cast, there is now, doubtless, an increased degree of empty vanity, a restless love of change, encouraged by facilities of travelling, and above all, that luxurious selfishness to which we have alluded, which cannot but act materially on the relationship between heads of families and their servants. His remarks apply, as we have already said, more especially to the middling, or that class but one above the lower, in whose service the greater part of female domestics begin their career. Take, for instance, the wife of the petty trader, or professional man of low grade, living in London or its vicinity, keeping probably but one servant, and that a very young girl, on account of cheapness. Such a mistress is in many cases (thanks to inferior boarding-school tuition) much too refined to assist, or even instruct, the ignorant girl, whom she hires fresh from the country, in the duties of her station, or, at all events, only those portions of her work which conduce to the gratification of her own vanity, in the appearance of the house or table. More company is kept than perhaps her husband's means warrant, more work imposed on the servant than she was led to expect; her mistress sees the consequent discontent, and to avoid the trouble of seeking a new one,

[THE COURT MAG.]

in endeavours to put her domestic in good humour, and make up for undue imposition and severity at one time, by *familiarity* and improper indulgence at another. Then, mistresses of this description, with whom the stay-at-home habits of their grandmothers are grown as obsolete as their unpretending style of dress, are in the constant habit of leaving their houses for days, nights, sometimes weeks, in charge of a young and inexperienced girl, who can hardly be expected to keep faithful "watch and ward" either over her own conduct or her employers' property. The same thoughtless selfishness prevails in regard to minor matters of household arrangement;—things must be sent for at all hours, without regard to the dangers and temptations to the servant, which a little management on this point might almost entirely avoid, and connected with this subject our author reprobates, most properly, the hazardous custom of sending young girls for beer to public houses. The address and chapter on taking leave of parents, &c., could not be read unmoved by one just entering her noviciate of service, pure and guileless from her father's house, where she has had the advantage of maternal care and good example; in such a case we say that this little work (the gift of her mistress, a mistress who would not herself scorn to read and profit by its contents) would go far to shield her from the peril of her new life. Would it were always thus; but it is to be feared that in many instances, either through neglect, ignorance, or ill example on the part of parents, the soil is prepared in the country for reception of bad seed—if, indeed, some has not been sown already, awaiting only the hot-bed of London life to bring it to rapid and rank maturity. None acquainted with country life can deny the frequency of such predisposition; but this only makes a book like the one before us the more requisite and the more valuable; therefore, whether as preventive or antidote to evil, we again cordially recommend its introduction into every family, and particularly to the elderly ladies of Bath and many other fashionable watering places, where the sweetest faced young damsels, by order of their mistresses, after escorting them at 7 o'clock, to an evening party, find the best of their way homewards alone, with directions to return at 12 o'clock! with cloaks, clogs, umbrellas, &c., &c., for their mistresses' use, who further avail themselves of their service as an escort home, lest some *thoughtless* lothario, having, until that particular hour, doubtless, been at home and fast asleep, should then sally forth with intent to carry off some card-money-winning-prize, or perhaps even their valuable selves.

We say, then, to all classes, have regard to the duties imposed upon those about you.

M.—AUGUST, 1840.

Extracts from Holy Writ and various Authors, intended as helps to Meditation and Prayer, principally for Soldiers and Seamen. By Captain Sir NESBIT J. WILLOUGHBY, R.N., C.B., K. C. For gratuitous circulation.

The matter of this work, being derived from Holy Writ, or authors whose reputations as Christian writers have been long established, is, of course, above criticism; the manner of its composition is what alone we have to consider; and that, we think, is well adapted to the benevolent and pious purpose of its gallant author: the soldier and seaman have indeed reason to thank him for furnishing, ready to their hands, many a source of divine consolation in the hour of distress and danger which they might not otherwise have sought, or, seeking, might not have so readily found at the fountain head. To the public also, generally,—especially its poorer classes, this work may afford important benefit, and we hope that their richer brethren, will, therefore, not be backward in seconding the humane and pious views of the writer regarding its *gratuitous* distribution.

1. *The German Manual for Self-Tuition.* 2. *A Course of Exercises.* 3. *A Practical Guide to the Attainment of a Correct Pronunciation of the German Language.* By W. KLAUER-KLATTOWSKI.

The student, who is courageous enough to commence the study of the German language unaided by a master, will find admirable assistance in these little manuals of Professor Klattowski. The lessons, which are progressive, consist of analytic translations, leading from a knowledge of the simple parts of speech and the easy combination of words, to phrases arranged particularly with a view to enable the tyro of himself to undertake the reading of any easy German work without the trouble of very frequent recurrence to a dictionary—the best possible recommendation an elementary work can possess. In a very able and interesting introduction to the manual; the genius of the Gothic languages is curiously shewn, by versions of the Lord's Prayer in the early dialects of the different countries of the North.

On the Improvement and Preservation of the Female Figure, with a new mode of Treatment of lateral Curvature of the Spine. By G.B. CHILDS, Esq., M.C.S.

Mr. Child's sensible observations on the physical injury produced by the system of ultra accomplishment, as pursued in modern boarding-schools, to the exclusion of healthful exercise and recreation, are well deserving the attention of parents, and, where influential, will claim a large amount of obligation from the liberated victims of the duration he deprecates, not only as regards their present enjoyment, but also their future health and happiness. "The mind," he says, should never be cultivated at the expense of the body; and we doubt, indeed, whether the mental powers of youth *can* be advantageously developed by any course of education so depressive of their corporeal energies as that too generally adopted with young ladies of the present day. "Even," continues our author, "during those hours allotted to amusement in the open air, they are sent out without any advice or admonition how this portion of their time should be occupied, whether in active amusement or not. The duty of a governess is supposed to terminate with the children at the expiration of the school hours; hence they have no one to direct them, and these, their leisure hours, are either idly thrown away, or occupied in preparing their lessons for the subsequent day, from a dread of punishment, or childish ambition." The mischiefs of tight-lacing, bad positions in standing, sitting, writing, drawing, music, &c., are also pointed out with such precautions as serve to obviate or lessen their injurious tendency. The inclined plane, that piece of furniture so universally seen in school-rooms, whereon young ladies are described, as "lying like *patients* on a monument, smiling at white-washed ceilings," is an object of the author's decided disapproval, and connected with this subject is his recommendation of the "facial or prone position," a striking novelty in the mode of treating lateral curvature of the spine.

The author describes the construction of a prone couch on which the patient may be thus extended, and illustrates both this and various exercises by explanatory plates.

The Foot:—Corns and Bunions:—their treatment and cure. HENRY RENSHAW, 1840.

Amongst the bodily distresses not a whit less deserving of compassion because generally looked on as beneath it, are those *maux des pieds* by which an otherwise agreeable walk is frequently rendered a progress of pain not unlike that endured by Pindar's Pilgrims on their way to Loretto's shrine. To afford them such relief as the cunning Penitent obtained by the simple expedient of "boiling his peas," is assuredly a work of charity; and when a member of the profession (for such we imagine the writer of this little book) stoops to the feet, and deigns to point out remedies for a malady mostly termed trivial, he deserves the thanks of the suffering many who cannot do better than avail themselves of his kindness and skill, for in truth we never read a book more highly creditable to the writer, who has a thorough and useful knowledge of his subject.

AMONGST the numerous offerings of affectionate loyalty presented on the late subject of national rejoicing, we have pleasure in noticing an elegant tribute of this nature, in the shape of a lyrical effusion, from the pen of Mrs. Edward Thomas. The words, which we subjoin are very prettily set to music by Mr. George French Flowers, organist.

"SMILE ENGLAND, SMILE, THY ROSE IS
SPARED!"

Weep, England, weep! the traitor hand*
Aimed at the Sovereign of the land!
Its pride, its glory, she whose throne,
Is based in Briton's heart alone.

Smile England, smile! thy Rose is spared,
Each bosom the peril, the dread peril
shared,
But angels turned aside the dart,
Directed to Victoria's heart.

Weep, England weep! but tears of joy;
No evil can thy hopes destroy,
For Heaven vouchsafed the arm to save
Thy monarch from a timely grave.

Hark! to the shouts that rend the air;
Her grateful subjects voices raise,
Our Queen is safe, give God the praise—
Our Queen is safe, give God the praise.

* Hand of a pitiable insane.—Ed.

[THE COURT

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

L'Elisir d'Amore; Il Matrimonio Segreto; La Donna del Lago, &c.

The month of July has brought with it a continuance of the success in the singing and ballets which marked the last month, and has superadded the enjoyment of a representation, for the first time this season, of two delightful operas, the one modern, the other old.

L'Elisir d'Amore, the poetry of which is by Romani, and the music by Donizetti, is an opera buffa, light, pleasing, of melodious music, corresponding to the allegory of the libretto; but as we gave a report of it last year, we shall now merely make a few remarks.—MADAME PERSIANT continues the same consummate songstress. MARRIO is the graceful *Nemorino*; and in the duet with *Dulcamara* justly merits the abundant applause elicited by his singing and his elegance; but LABLACHE, as the charlatan doctor, *Dulcamara*, is altogether unsurpassable. This opera, repeated with moderation during the season, will always be well received, if equally well performed.

Il Matrimonio Segreto is another opera buffa, the poetry of which is as nothing, and the music, by Cimarosa, everything. It is too well known to need minute description, we shall only notice its execution and success. This was extraordinary, especially in the famous *terzetto, Vergogna, vergogna, &c.*, executed with wonderful skill by PERSIANT, GRISI, and TOZI, which was encored. LABLACHE, who enacted the deaf man, was excellent as usual, and gave the aria, *Godete tutti quanti*, a second time. The celebrated duet between Tamburini and Lablache, *Se fiato in corpo avete*, was a true piece of perfection, and was also encored. Rubini, too, in his popular air, *Pria che spunti in ciel l'Aurora*, awakened the enthusiasm of the audience, and was called on to repeat this genuine specimen of classic music. At the close of the opera, all the actors were summoned to receive an ample meed of applause, and similar expressions of satisfaction were bestowed upon the orchestra and the conductor, Signor Costa, for their perfect execution of the most beautiful of modern sinfonias, the overture to *William Tell*—which, however often repeated, will always be a delight, always the object of unbounded admiration and applause, as on this occasion, at her Majesty's theatre.

The ballet, *L'OMBRA*, had left the minds of the spectators in a state of deep anxiety, on account of the fall Taglioni received in her favourite flight when representing *L'Ombra*. The machinery by which she was supported broke, and in her flight she fell. So true it

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is that upon this earth none of us are *shadows*, but all veritable *bodies*, tending to the centre of gravity. But on the evening in which *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was reproduced, she appeared again before the public quite recovered from her fall, and the plaudits and the flowers that were showered upon her proved how deeply the public was interested in her health, and how great its delight in her graceful dancing. She charms at all times, but here more than ever, in her Spanish dance, which was encored.

Mademoiselle Cerrito filled the whole theatre with rapture, by the new and youthful elegance of her movements. Applauses, loud and many, procured a repetition of her difficult variation of the *Pas à trois*, as was the case also in *La Gitana*, where she was enthusiastically applauded, and on complying with the encore, was covered with a multitudinous shower of elegant flowers. At the close, the two most exquisite rivals were called for, and received a final ovation of infinite plaudits.

July 23.—This night *La Donna del Lago* was performed, and we listened with extreme pleasure to the exquisite singing of Rubini, Mario, Lablache, Madame G. Grisi, and Mademoiselle E. Grisi. It would be difficult to hear this well known and beautiful opera executed better by the principal singers, or worse by the choruses. Without a thorough reform of the choruses it will be useless to look for a just and worthy representation of Italian operas at her Majesty's theatre, just as, on the other hand, without better principal singers it will be impossible to give a proper idea of the German opera, at the Prince's theatre.

But in *La Donna del Lago*, how strange and incongruous it appears to see a Malcolm so small, so unlike the brave Scotch lover, as E. Grisi, who is not at all adapted for the character, either in person or voice. The blame, however, does not rest with her, but with the director.

To the very last, the dancing of Taglioni and Cerrito was truly marvellous—they flew, rather than danced. We admire very much the portrait which is made of these two dancers in the act of flying. Among the sketches of this kind, we were much pleased with one, a lithograph, in which Cerrito, gracefully covered with a veil, is rising from the fairy lake, and soaring to heaven. The composition is quite aerial, the design pure: it is a very beautiful thing, and would ornament the most elegant drawing-room. But there is another representing Guerra dancing with Cerrito, which is horrible—not aerial, but leaden: the two figures, heavy as lead, are very badly designed, have no point of equilibrium; in fact, seem about to fall! Pity, that the art of dancing should be so massacred by the art of painting, and that lithograph should repeat the massacre!



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

JUNE 30.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace for the reception of addresses on the Throne, when the general body of Protestant Dissenting Ministers of three denominations, presented an address of congratulation on Her Majesty's providential escape, to which a most gracious answer was returned. Similar addresses were afterwards presented by the body of Protestant Dissenting Ministers of the Presbyterian denomination; the first to Her Majesty, another to H. R. H. Prince Albert, and a third to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. Owing to the serious indisposition of H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, the appointed Physicians attend daily at Clarence House.

JULY 1.—The Queen held a Levee at St. James's Palace, which was very numerously attended. Her Majesty and Prince Albert arrived from Buckingham Palace in four of the Royal carriages. Her Majesty, previous to the Levee, gave audience in the Royal Closet to the following Foreign Ministers:—Count Mandelsch, the Wurtemberg; M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian; M. Dedel, the Netherlands; M. Fortique, the Venezuelan; and Baron Gersdorff, the Saxon Ministers, their Excellencies all delivering letters. H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, and H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge were present at the Levee; by the former, addresses of congratulation were presented to Her Majesty on Her Majesty's recent preservation, from the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England; from the Highland Society of London; from the inhabitants of Kensington and Hammersmith, and from the Vicar and inhabitants of Creech St. Michael, Somersetshire. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with numerous Noblemen and Gentlemen, presented similar addresses to Her Majesty from various counties, towns, corporate bodies, and universities, in England Scotland, and Ireland. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, attended by the Royal Suite, returned to Buckingham Palace after the Levee. Several Members of the Royal Family visited the Princess Augusta—and great numbers of the Nobility called during the day, at Clarence House, to make inquiries after the health of Her Royal Highness.

JULY 2.—Addresses of congratulation to H. R. H. Prince Albert on his late escape were presented from various counties, towns and public bodies in the United Kingdom. Also to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. The Princess Augusta received visits from the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George.

JULY 3.—The Queen held a Court at Buck-

ingham Palace, when Baron Bulow, the Prussian Minister, had audience of her Majesty to present his new credentials, and Baron Luck to deliver a letter from His Majesty the King of Prussia. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort with their company at their residence in Arlington-street. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess and Prince George of Cambridge, were also present. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited her Majesty. An address of congratulation from the British Medical Association, upon her Majesty's providential escape, was presented to H. R. H. Prince Albert.

JULY 4.—The Marquess of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had audiences of the Queen. The Marquess de Saldanha on a special mission from Portugal had audience of H. R. H. Prince Albert to take leave. The Duke of Sussex visited H. R. H. Prince Albert. The Queen Dowager rode on horseback attended by her suite in Bushy Park. Her Majesty also received a visit from their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, with Prince George and the Princess Augusta, who remained to lunch with Her Majesty and H. S. H. the Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar. The Duke of Sussex visited the Princess Augusta.

JULY 5.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal St. James's. Prince George of Cambridge visited H. R. H. Prince Albert. The Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Cambridge and Prince George visited H. R. H. the Princess Augusta.

JULY 6.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert entertained a dinner party. H. R. H. Prince Albert honored Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor with his presence at the christening of their infant daughter in Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley-street, after which H. R. H. Highness partook of a dejeuner in Park-street. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited H. R. H. the Princess Augusta.

JULY 7.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage, and honored the Italian Opera with their presence. H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta. H. R. Highness has been attended during her illness by her Physicians, Sir Henry Hallford and Sir Matthew Tiernay.

JULY 8.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited Her Majesty.

Her R. H. the Princess Augusta was visited by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Sussex.

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The Duke and Duchess of Cambridge honored M. Guizot the French Ambassador with their company at dinner. A Cabinet Council was held at the Foreign Office, attended by all the ministers: it sat four hours.

JULY 9.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert visited the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, where they were received by General Lord Hill, who afterwards attended the royal party to the Military Asylum. The boys of the institution went through their exercises. Viscount Melbourne had audience of Her Majesty. A deputation from the Royal Humane Society waited on H. R. H. Prince Albert at Buckingham Palace. The Duke and Duchess with Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge honored the Bishop of London and Mrs. Blomfield with their company at their residence at Fulham.

JULY 10.—The Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Judge Advocate-General, had audience of the Queen to submit to Her Majesty the proceedings of some courts-martial.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the German Opera with their presence. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent took an airing and visited H. R. H. the Princess Augusta.

JULY 11.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, accompanied by the Duchess Ida and Princess of Saxe Weimar visited the Queen. The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

The Princess Augusta received visits from the Queen Dowager and other members of the Royal Family. The answer given to enquiries of the Nobility at Clarence House, was, to the effect that the Princess had not had a good night, but that in other respects Her Royal Highness was much the same.

JULY 12. SUNDAY.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal St. James's, and in the afternoon the Queen and Prince took an airing in an open landau and four. The Duke and Duchess with Prince George and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge attended Divine Service in the New Church.

JULY 13.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council at half-past two o'clock at Buckingham Palace, when Earl Granville, G. C. B., Her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Paris, was presented to Her Majesty on his return by Viscount Palmerston.

Sir George Shee, Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at Stuttgart, and Mr. Fox Strangways, Her Majesty's Minister at Frankfort, were also presented to the Queen, the former on his return, the latter to take leave.

The Queen and Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage and four, after which Her Majesty had a dinner party. H. R. H. Prince Albert visited H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. H. R. H. the Princess Augusta had a good night and was somewhat better.

JULY 14.—Their R. H. the Duke and Duchess of Nemours, attended by the Countess d'Oraison and General Colbert arrived at Buckingham Palace on a visit to the Queen. The Hon. Colonel Cavendish the Clerk Marshal, preceded their Royal Highnesses a few minutes in one of Her Majesty's carriages and four. H. R. H. Prince Albert and the Duke and Duchess de

Nemours afterwards visited the Duchess of Kent. Viscount Melbourne had audience. The Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia Matilda, and Prince George of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta. Prince George of Cambridge left town for Liverpool.

JULY 15.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, took an airing in an open carriage and four. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent visited the Duchess de Nemours. The Duke and Duchess de Nemours visited the Princess Augusta, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Princess Sophia Matilda. The Princess Augusta did not pass so good a night, although H. R. H. continued in every respect the same as the day before, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Cambridge visited the Princess.

JULY 16.—The Queen held a Privy Council at Buckingham Palace.

Her Majesty and the Duchess de Nemours took an airing in an open carriage and four, with outriders. Their Royal Highnesses, Prince Albert and the Duke de Nemours rode out on horseback at the same time.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge visited the Queen.

The Duke of Cambridge visited the Duke de Nemours.

The Queen Dowager, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar, and the Duke of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta.

JULY 17.—The Queen held an investiture of the Most Hon. Military Order of the Bath at Buckingham Palace. The Knights Grand Crosses of the order having been robed in their mantles, and wearing their collars, passed into the Green Drawing-room. Among the Knights present were their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, the former as Acting Grand Master of the Order. The Knights having been called over, were ushered to the presence of Her Majesty in the Throne-room, the Queen wearing the mantle of the order, and H. R. H. Prince Albert the mantle and collar. Lieut.-Gen. Lord Keane was introduced between the Earl of Minto and Sir Hussey Vivian, the two junior Knights present, and was invested by her Majesty with the ensign of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order. Admiral Sir William Hotham was invested in like manner with the ensigns of a Knight Grand Cross, and Major-Gen. Sir Neil Douglas Rear-Admirals Sir Charles Dashwood, Sir John Wentworth Loring, Sir Robert Barrie, and Sir James Hilliard, with those of Knights Commanders. Her Majesty having received the Sword of State, was pleased to confer upon Sir John West the honor of Knighthood, and afterwards to invest him with the Ensigns of a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath.

Lieut.-Gen. Baron de Luck on a special mission from the King of Prussia had audience of the Queen.

Her Majesty and the Duchess de Nemours took an airing in an open carriage and four.

The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with

the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, honored the German Opera with their presence.

The Princess Augusta received visits from H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge. The answer to inquiries was, "Her Royal Highness has not passed a good night, but is not worse than yesterday."

JULY 17.—The Baron de Lück, Special Minister from the King of Prussia, had audience to announce the accession of His Majesty to the throne, and to take leave upon his return:

JULY 18.—The Queen visited H. R. H. the Princess Augusta.

Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy, had audience of the Queen, to submit the diplomas of the three new Academicians for Her Majesty's signature, and to obtain Her Majesty's sanction to the appointment of the Keeper and Librarian of the Academy.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, accompanied by the Duchess Ida of Saxe Weimar, arrived in town from Bushy Park, and, attended by her suite, went to the station of the London and Birmingham Railway in Euston Square, and left by a special train at half-past ten o'clock for the seat of Earl Brownlow, Belton House, Grantham.

JULY 19, Sunday.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The Anthem was, "Blessed be the Lord."

H. R. H. Prince Albert visited the Duchess of Kent.

The Duchess of Kent attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and the Duchess of Gloucester paid visits of congratulation on occasion of the birthday of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, who, in the afternoon, visited the Queen.

The account given in answer to enquiries respecting the health of the Princess Augusta, was—"Her Royal Highness has had some quiet sleep, and is somewhat better to-day."

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours attended Divine Service at the French Chapel in George-street, Portman-square. Their Royal Highnesses took an airing to Hampton Court.

JULY 20.—The Queen gave another State Ball, which was most numerously attended. The Queen's Guard of the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards were on duty by the Grand Portico, with the band of that Regiment; and the band of the Grenadier Guards attended in the Grand Hall. The Princess Sophia Matilda, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, were received in the Yellow Drawing Room by Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess de Nemours. Shortly before eleven o'clock, Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with the Royal Family, passed through the Grand Saloon, where the Company had assembled, into the Ball Room. A set for quadrilles having been formed, Her Majesty opened the ball with H. R. H. the

Duke de Nemours, H. R. H. Prince Albert, dancing in the same quadrille. Weippart's band was stationed in the principal Ball-room, and Collinet's in the Picture Gallery, performing, in the course of the night, the following music:—Quadrilles—"Torquato Tasso," "Oberon," "Robert le Diable," "Regina," "Nemours," "Le Rebus," and "Le Scherif;" and Waltzes—"Hochgeits," "Geburtstags," "Lucie," "Nachtwandler," "Meline," "Prince Albert," and the celebrated Tramp Galoppe. At one o'clock the Supper-room was opened, the tables being ornamented with a number of the most beautiful candelabra and epergnes. The beaufet of gold plate, at the end of the room, had a very elegant effect, being adorned with some of the choicest specimens of the Royal collection, which, illuminated by the candelabra, were reflected in magnificent mirrors, extending the entire width of the beaufet.

The Duchess of Kent was visited by the Duchess de Nemours.

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours honored Mr. Ross, A. R. A., with sittings for their portraits.

The Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess, with the Princesses Augusta and Mary of Cambridge, visited the Princess Augusta.

JULY 21.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, and the Duke and Duchess de Nemours honored the Italian Opera with their presence. Prince Albert and the Duke de Nemours, left town for Wimbledon Common, and inspected the 2d. Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and the 12th Lancers. The Royal party returned to Buckingham Palace in two carriages and four.

The Duchess of Kent and the Duchess of Gloucester visited the Princess Augusta.

JULY 22.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, left Buckingham Palace in an open carriage and four, with outriders, escorted by a party of Lancers, for Windsor Castle.

The Royal party drove to Virginia Water soon after Her Majesty's arrival, in a pony phaetons and four. In the first, were Her Majesty and the Duchess de Nemours,—in the second, the Duchess of Kent, Countess d'Oraison, Prince Albert and the Duke de Nemours—in the third, Lady C. Dundas, Lady R. Grosvenor, and Gen. Count Colbert—the Hon. Colonel Cavendish and Mr. Anson riding on horseback. The Military bands were in attendance at Virginia Water. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent left Ingestrie House for Windsor Castle.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, attended by the Earl of Denbigh, Master of the Horse, Earl and Countess of Sheffield, and suite, arrived at the Earl and Countess of Brownlow's. The Directors of the London and Birmingham Railway Company have a State Carriage, handsomely fitted up with white velvet, &c. in readiness at Derby for Her Majesty's use.

Her Majesty proceeded from the metropolis by railway, to Leicester, and from thence through Melton Mowbray to Grantham, &c. where upwards of 400 of the principal tenantry of Earl Brownlow, each decorated with a crimson rosette, lined the streets on Her Majesty's

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passage through the town, accompanied by the Countess of Brownlow, who had met her Royal Guest at Croxton Park, the seat of the Duke of Rutland.

JULY 23.—The Duke and Duchess and Princess Augusta of Cambridge left town for Walton-on-Thames, to honor the Earl and Countess of Tankerville with their company, at their residence, Mount Felix.

The Princess Sophia Matilda came to town from Blackheath, and visited the Princess Augusta. The Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Cambridge also visited her Royal Highness. The following is a copy of the bulletin issued this morning :

"The Princess Augusta has passed a tranquil night, and is as well as yesterday."

Viscount Melbourne returned to town from a visit to Her Majesty, at Windsor Castle.

JULY 24.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, arrived at Buckingham Palace, in an open carriage and four, with outriders in scarlet liveries, escorted by a party of Lancers, from Windsor Castle, when the Royal Standard was hoisted immediately on the Marble Arch.

The first Regiment of Life Guards and the Battalion of the Rifle Corps, stationed at Windsor, were inspected in the morning, in Windsor Home Park, Her Majesty and the Duchess de Nemours being present in a pony phaeton, Prince Albert and the Duke de Nemours on horseback.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent arrived at Ingestrie House, from a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle.

The Princess Augusta received visits from the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke and Duchess, and Princess Augusta of Cambridge.

JULY 25.—The Queen held a Court at Buckingham Palace. Count Bjornstjerna, Baron de Cetto, Count de Pollen, and Baron de Moncorvo, Envoys Extraordinary, and Ministers Plenipotentiary, from the Kings of Sweden, Bavaria, Sardinia, and the Queen of Portugal, had audiences of Her Majesty to deliver letters. The Marquis of Normanby and Viscount Melbourne had also audiences.

Her Majesty and the Duchess de Nemours took an airing in an open carriage and four, Prince Albert and the Duke de Nemours riding on horseback at the same time.

This being the birthday of the Duchess of Cambridge, H. R. H. received visits of congratulation from H. R. H. Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke and Duchess de Nemours. H. R. H. paid a visit to the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours honored Mr. Ross, A. R. A. with final sittings for their miniatures.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, honored the Italian Opera with their presence.

JULY 26. Sunday. — Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, took an airing in an open carriage and four.

The Duke and Duchess de Nemours attended Divine Service in the French Chapel in George-street, Portman-square. Their Royal Highnesses honored M. Guizot, the French Ambassador, with their company at dinner, at the residence of the Embassy at Manchester-square.

JULY 27.—Her Majesty and the Duchess de Nemours took an airing in an open carriage and four, their Royal Highnesses Prince Albert and the Duke de Nemours riding on horseback at the same time.

The Duchess of Kent, with the Duke and Duchess de Nemours honored the Royal Academy with a visit. Their Royal Highnesses were received by Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Academy, who conducted the Royal Party through the different schools.

The Princess Augusta received visits from the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess de Nemours.

JULY 28.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing, and afterwards inspected the Goodwood shield, and piece of plate, presented to Admiral Sir G. Cockburn, by eighty-six officers who served under him. The Duchess of Kent visited and took leave of the Duke and Duchess de Nemours. Their R. H.'s shortly afterwards taking their departure from Buckingham Palace for Goodwood. The Princess Augusta received visits from the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Cambridge.

JULY 29.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Marquis of Westminster with their company at his residence in Upper Grosvenor-street. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness were received by the Noble Marquis and Lord Robert Grosvenor, who attended the Royal party during their inspection of the pictures in the mansion.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Cambridge accompanied by the Princesses Augusta and Mary, visited the Queen to take leave of her Majesty on Her Royal Highness's departure for the Continent.

Viscount Melbourne, Lord Hill, and Lord John Russell had audiences of Her Majesty.

H. R. H. Prince Albert visited the Duchess of Cambridge to take leave of Her Royal Highness.

The following is this day's bulletin relating to the health of H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, "Her Royal Highness continues better."

JULY 30.—Her Majesty was visited by H. R. H. the Princess Sophia Matilda. The queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage and four. Viscount Melbourne had audience. The Duchess of Cambridge with the Princesses Augusta and Mary, left Cambridge-house for Dover, whence her Royal Highness will depart in a government steam packet for Calais, on her route to Frankfort. The Princess Augusta received visits from H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester, the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge.

JULY 31.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing in an open carriage and four.

H. R. H. Prince Albert rode out on horseback.

Her Majesty honored Sir W. J. Newton with a sitting for his coronation picture.

H. R. H. Prince Albert honored Mr. A. E. Chalon, R. A., with a sitting for a whole length portrait, in water-colours.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

H. R. H. Prince George of Cambridge, July 13.
 H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, June 30,
 July 1, 4, 6, 9, 13, 17, 22, 24, 25, 27.
 Lady A. M. Dawson, July 1, 4, 6, 9, 13, 14, 15.
 Earl of Surrey, 1, 8, 22, 24, 26*, 27, 28.*
 Countess of Surrey, 22.
 Viscount Melbourne, July 1, 8, 9, 13, 22.
 Lord Monteagle, 1.
 Hon. W. Cowper, 1, 8, 22, 24, 26*, 28.*
 Hon. J. Ponsonby, 1.
 Rt. Hon. George S. Byng, 4, 15.
 Mr. Geo. Edward Anson, 4, 22.
 Hon. Col. Cavendish, — 4, 14, 22, 24, 26* 28.*
 Sir George Anson, — 4.
 Baron Bulow, Prussian Minister, — 6.
 Lient.-Gen. Baron de Luck, — 6.
 Princess Lieven, — 6.
 Prince Dolgowroucky, — 6.
 The Duke of Rutland, — 6.
 Lady Adeliza Manners, — 6.
 The Marchioness of Clanricarde, — 6.
 Earl of Errol, — 6, 13, 15, 21.
 Earl Morley, — 6, 13, 15, 29.
 Viscount Palmerston, — 6.
 Lady Fanny Cowper, — 6.
 Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, — 6.
 Lord Sengrave, — 6.
 Hon. Miss Murray, — 7*
 Hon. Miss Lister, — 7*.
 Earl of Listowell, — 7*, 17*.
 Hon. Charles A. Murray, — 7*
 Mr. Rich, — 7* 17*.
 Lord Alfred Paget, — 7* 13.
 Colonel Bouverie, 7* 13, 17*, 22, 24, 26*, 28*.
 Mr. Francis Seymour, — 7*, 24.
 The Lord Chancellor and Lady Cottenham, — 24
 Earl of Uxbridge—June 29; July 8, 22.
 Lord Barham, 8.
 Lord Fred. Fitzclarence, 8.
 Marquis of Conyngham—2, 22.
 Selina Viscountess Milton, 9.
 Lord Robert Grosvenor—June 29; July 9, 22,
 27.
 Countess of Errol and Lady Ida Hay, — July 30.
 Earl of Charlemont, — 30.
 Lord and Lady Logan.
 Lord and Lady Methuen, — 30.
 Lord de Freyne, — 30.
 Colonel Cowper, — 30,
 Lady —, 22.
 Hon. Gen. Upton—9.
 Colonel Harcourt—9.
 Lady Catherine H—9.
 Lord and Lady Ashby—13.
 Lord and Lady Crofton—13
 Lord Bloomfield—13.
 Right Hon. G. Stephen—13.
 Lady Agnes Byng—13.
 Colonel Cornwall—13.
 Lady Barham 13,
 Hon. Miss Anson—13, 22, 24, 26, 28, in wait-
 ing.
 Hon. Miss Paget—13, 17, 22, 24, 25, 26.
 Baroness Letzen—13, 22.

Earl of Listowell—13.
 Duke and Duchess de Nemours, from 14 to 27,
 Earl of Albemarle, — 14, 15.
 Countess d'Oraison, from 14 to 27.
 Genl. Colbert, from 14 to 27.
 M. Guizot, 15, 24, 27.
 The Belgian Minister, — 15.
 Madame Van de Weyer, — 15.
 Sir Henry Wheatley, — 15.
 Baron de Stockmar, — 15, 22.
 Earl and Countess Granville, — 15.
 Ladies Eleanora and Constance Paget, — 22,
 Lady Mary Howard, — 22.
 Countess of Mount Edgcombe, — 22, 24.
 Lady Charlotte Dundas, — 22, 24, 27, 29.
 Lord Byron, — 22, 24, 26*.
 The Duke of Wellington, — 24.
 The Marquis of Headfort — 29.
 Earl and Countess de Grey, — 29.
 Earl and Countess Cowper, — 29.
 Lord Fitzallan, — 29.
 Lord in waiting on Her Majesty, the Earl of
 Fingal; Maids of Honor—Hon. Miss Murray,
 Hon. Miss Paget, Hon. Miss Lister, Hon.
 Miss Anson.

ROYAL MESSAGE.

To the Lords.

"VICTORIA REGINA—The uncertainty of hu-
 man life and a deep sense of my duty to my
 people render it incumbent on me to recom-
 mend to your consideration a contingency
 that may hereafter take place, and to make such
 provisions as in any event may secure the
 exercise of the Royal authority. I shall be
 prepared to concur with you in such measures
 as may appear best calculated to maintain
 unimpaired the power and dignity* of the
 Crown, and thereby strengthen those securities
 that protect the rights and liberties of my
 people."

The following is the dutiful answer of each
 House of Parliament:

"That a humble address be presented
 to Her Majesty, thanking Her Majesty for
 her most gracious communication, recommend-
 ing this house to take into its consideration
 a contingency that may hereafter take place,
 and to make such provisions as in any event
 may secure the exercise of the Royal authority,
 and to assure Her Majesty that this house will
 be prepared to concur in such measures as
 may appear best calculated to maintain unim-
 paired the power and dignity of the Crown,
 and thereby strengthen those securities that
 protect the rights and liberties of the people."

* In the message to the Commons, the words
 were, "honour and dignity."

NEW ROUTE FROM VIENNA TO CONSTAN-
 TINOPLE.—By way of Kustendjik to the
 mouth of the Danube, the route is now stated
 to be made by steam in 11—whereas, by
 Galatz, passengers rarely arrived in less
 than fourteen days. A coal mine has also
 been found at Pendararacchia, one of the
 finest ports of the Black Sea belonging to
 Turkey; and it is stated to be near the surface
 of the earth.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

No. 11. Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields:—

Office for the PRINTED ALPHABETICAL REGISTRATION of MARRIAGES, BIRTHS and DEATHS, after a plan proposed some years back to Government, and, by petition, to both houses of Parliament, by the founder of the Harrow Road Cemetery and the new system of exurban Burial in England,—part of which plan, viz., that a certificate should accompany each corpse that a double entry may be made, namely, in the Parish where a death takes place as well as at the place of interment, printed anno, 1824, will be found embodied in the instructions of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages and Deaths, printed somewhere about the year 1837—12 years afterwards! The public as well as the private advantages of this mode of Registration over every other system, if not at once self-apparent, is strikingly displayed in the name of John Woolly, Esq. in a recent number.—His residence was in Kent, he died at Brighton, and he is buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery: a few years hence how laborious might be the search, and how great the expense to discover the simple fact where he was interred. So also with persons marrying when distant from home.

So valuable, indeed, do we consider this plan, that we doubt not ere long few persons concerned will be inconsiderate enough not to register with this Establishment. So also as respects Births—how often is the house, in which born, altogether unknown—the place even forgotten—when such a record as this registration affords might be of infinite value; and there are, indeed, very few Life Assurance establishments which would not at once receive this *proof presumptive* of the day of birth as *proof positive* of an individual's age.

BIRTHS.

- Ackland, lady of George —, Esq., of a dau.; Ventnor, Isle of Wight, July 14.
 Alves, lady of John —, Esq., of a son; Euham-house, Hants., June 30.
 Bellis, lady of Richard —, Esq., of the Inner Temple, and Bath-place, Peckham, of a son, July 20.
 Brecknock, the Countess of, of a son and heir; Belgrave-square, June 30.
 Bruce, lady of Ernest —, Esq., of a son; Curzon-street, June 29.
 Burnett, lady of C. F. —, Esq., of a son; Park-crescent, Regent's-park, July 15.
 Burr, lady of Higford —, Esq., M.P., of a son and heir; Gayton, July 25.
 Cholmondeley, Lady Henry, of a dau.; Chesham-place, July 4.
 Cholmeley, lady of the Rev. J. Montague, of a dau., July 11.
 Combermere, Viscountess, of a son, still-born; Portman-square, July 19.
 Craigie, lady of Lieut.-Col. P. E. —, H.M.'s 55th Regt., of a dau.; Fort St. George, May 4.
 Drummond, lady of John —, Esq., of a son; 21, Belgrave-square, July 11.
 Duke, the lady of Dr. —, of a son; Hastings, July 9.
 Durant, lady of Major-Gen. of a dau.; Hyde-park-gate, Kensington-gore, July 29.
 Fisher, lady of the Rev. George —, of Greenwich Hospital, of a son; at Llanidloes, North Wales, July 22.
 Fryer, lady of F. W. —, Esq., of a dau.; Wilton-street, Grosvenor-place, July 19.
 Gordon, the lady Mary, of a dau.; Wilton-crescent, July 9.
 Graham, lady of George —, Esq., of a son; Paris, June 29.
 Green, lady of T. L. —, 50th Regt. of a dau., Vizianagram, March 10.
 Hamilton, the Hon. Mrs., of a son; Tonbridge Wells, July 3.
 Haswell, lady of the Rev. T. —, of a son; Negapatam, April 2.
 Haworth, the Right Hon. Lady Mary, of a son; at the Warren, Devon, July 2.
 Ilbert, lady of W. R. —, Esq., of Horswell-house, Devon, of a dau.; July 8.
 Lawrell, lady of Capt —, 64th Regt., of a son; Upper Grosvenor-street, July 22.
 Leversage, lady of Peter —, Esq., of a son; Ebley, Gloucestershire, July 22.
 Lister, lady of Daniel —, Esq., of a dau.; Berkeley-square, July 1.
 Mackeson, lady of W. W. —, Esq., barrister-at-law, of a son; Spanish Town, Jamaica, June 11.
 Macnaghten, Lady of E. —, Esq., Rae-park, Ireland, of a dau.; July 19.
 M'Adam, lady of James —, Esq., of a son; Upper Gower-street, June 30.
 Moreton, lady of the Hon. Augustus, of a son and heir; July 12.
 Murphy, Madame, lady of the Mexican Charge d'Affaires at this Court, of a dau.; July 12.
 Moir, lady of G. G. —, Esq., of a dau.; March 31.
 Monson, lady of William —, Esq., of twin dau.; Chart-lodge, Kent, July 18.
 Ogilvy, lady of J. B. —, Esq., Civil Service, of a son; Jessore, April 30.

Palmer, lady of the Rev. William —, M. A., of Worcester College, Oxford, of a dau.; Oxford, July 13.
 Pemberton, Capt. R. B. —, officiating agent to the Governor-General, of a son; Berham-pore, April 7.
 Plumridge, lady of Capt. J. H. —, Royal Navy, of a dau.; Falmouth, July 14.
 Pollard, lady of the Rev. Henry —, of a son; Blemell-house, Brompton, July 6.
 Rodd, lady of George —, Esq., of a son and heir; Trebursye-house, Cornwall, June 29.
 Rose, lady of Samuel —, Esq., of a dau.; Port Louis, Mauritius, March 23.
 Saurin, Lady Mary, of a dau.; Wilton-crescent, July 13.
 St. Clair, the Hon. Mrs. of a dau.; Nisbet, Berwickshire, July 4.
 Seymour, Lady Emily, of a dau.; at the Tower, July 22.
 Sutherland, lady of A. J. —, of Fludyer-street, Westminster, of a son; July 8.
 Taylor, Lady Sarah, of a son; Tunbridge-wells, July 20.
 Tracy, lady of the Hon. Chas. Hanbury —, of a son; Brighton, July 3.
 Tritton, lady of Henry —, of a dau.; in Portland-place, July 20.
 Tucker, lady of W. —, jun., Esq., of Coryton Park, Devon, of a dau.; at Way-house, near Taunton, July 22.
 Tyndall, lady of Capt. J. —, of a son; the Mahableswar-hills, April 4.
 Vansittart, lady of W. —, Esq., of a son; Bhangulpoore, April 21.
 Willock, Lady, of a son; Camden-house, Kensington, July 21.
 Wilmer, lady of Bradford —, Esq., of a dau.; 21, Connaught-square, July 21.
 Yaldwyn, lady of Major J. W. —, 21st regt., of a son; Amednugger, April 25.
 Yardeley, lady of Edward —, of a son; July 15.

MARRIAGES.

Ainslie, Sophia Mary, eld. dau. of the late General —, to the Rev. Richard Kempthorne; Leamington Priors, July 7.
 Atkins, Eliza Harriet, ygst. dau. of G. P. —, Esq., to George John Vine, Esq.; Guilsborough, Northamptonshire, July 7.
 Baaden, Eliza Lydia, ygst. dau. of W. B. —, Esq., to the Rev. Philip Smith, B. A., of London; Sheerness, July 14.
 Battye, Ellen Elizabeth, dau. of the late R. —, Esq., to William Atkinson, Esq., of Gloucester; Parish Church, Huddersfield, June 29.
 Beckley, Anne, relict of A. —, Esq., to Thomas J. Tilden, Esq., of Ifield Court; Southfleet, Kent, July 14.
 Birnie, Louisa, only dau. of the late Sir Richard —, to Lieut. W. H. G. Dermott, son of the late Col. —; Acton, Middlesex, July 15.
 Blakiston, Lucy, 2nd. dau. of Sir M. —, Bart., of Sandybrooke Hall, to the Rev. William N. Hooper; Ashbourne Church; July 16.
 Brett, Mary, eld. dau. of John —, Esq., of Newington-place, to Francis G. Moore, Esq., surgeon, Rotherham, Yorkshire; *St. Mary's, Newington*, July 16.
 Butcher, Sarah, ygst. dau. of G. —, Esq., to M. J. B. Brisson, of Toulouse; Bordeaux, June 23.
 Butler, Catherine Sarah, eld. dau. of the late C. —, Esq., to T. S. Davies, Esq., Royal Military Academy, Woolwich; Islip, Oxon, July 7.
 Compigne, Ann, only dau. of David —, Esq., of Gosport, to David R. Banbury Mapleton, Esq., of the Royal Navy; Alverstoke, Hants, July 21.
 Chermiside, Katherine Elizabeth, eld. dau. of Sir Robert —, M.D., to Arthur, ygst. son of William Beeston, Esq., of Grove-lane, Camberwell; the Hotel of the British Ambassador, Paris, July 18.
 Child, Jane, eld. dau. of S. P. —, Esq., of Clapton, to William Liddiard, Esq.; *St. John's, Hackney*, July 2.
 Cunningham, Elizabeth Mary, eld. dau. of James —, Esq., of Rodney-place, Clifton, and of the Island of Jamaica, to James Lewis, Esq., of Clifton, July 21.
 Davey, Emma, eld. dau. of Peter —, Esq., of Sussex-place, Regent's-park, to Samuel J. Tabor, Esq., 7th Bengal Cavalry; *St. Marylebone*, July 15.
 De Chair, Julia F. Stanley, to Lieut. C. —, Simmons, R.N.; *St. Martin's-in-the-Fields*, July 10.
 Dimsdale, Lucinda, eld. dau. of the Hon. the Baron of —, Camfield-place, Herts, to Capt. G. D. Griffith, 90th Light Infantry, 2nd. son of the late Maj. Gen. —, of Padworth-house, Bucks, by special licence; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, June 25.
 Dodds, Emma, ygst. dau. of the late William —, Esq., to A. Lewis, Esq., of Stamford-hill; *All Saints, West Ham*, June 27.
 Drummond, Jane, ygst. dau. of Sir Francis —, of Hawthornden, Bart., to William, Douglas Dick, Esq., of Pitkerro, Co. Forfar; Edinburgh, July 14.
 Dunsterville, Mary, dau. of the late Lieut. Col. —, to Capt. Herbert Jacob, 19th Regt. Bombay Army; *St. Pancras*, July 23.
 Edwards, Emily 3d. dau. of the late Col. —, to J. H. Whitehead, Esq., of Singapore; *St. Mary's, Cheltenham*, July 14.
 Foley, Ann, only dau. of the late W. —, Esq., to John Pickance, Esq., of Penshurst, Kent; the Sub-Deanery, Chichester, July 8.
 Fynie, Charlotte Pratt, only dau. of the Rev. W. —, Surat Mission, to Maj. Lester, of the Artillery; Mahableswar, May 5.
 Goad, Ann Elizabeth, widow of the late B. —, Esq., to Lieut. Gen. Sir T. Bradford; *Hove Church*, July 13.
 Goodenough, Frederica Mary, 2d. dau. of the late R. R. —, of Carlton, Notts, to the Rev. Charles Spencer Stanhope, Vicar of Waverham, Cheshire; *Kirkthorpe Church, Wakefield*, July 8.
 Hall, Flora Maria, only dau. of the late J. —, Esq., Bombay Army to E. E. Ward, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service; Cape Town, January 16.

- Hingeston, Sarah, dau. of James —, Esq., of Frostenden Hall, Suffolk, to John F. Vincent, Esq., of Wrentham, July 22.
- Hume, Isabella, dau. of J. D. —, Esq., of Reigate, Surrey, to Capt. S. Poole, 1st Regt., Bombay Light Cavalry; *St. Mary's, Reigate*, July 2.
- Hunt, Caroline, ygst. dau. of H. —, Esq., to George Haynes, Esq., Hampstead-road; *St. Pancras Church*, July 7.
- Ingilby, Jane, widow of the late Capt. Mitford —, 84th Regt. to C. Dance, Esq., of Hereford House, Earl's-court, Old Brompton; *Kirkleatham, Yorkshire*, July 6.
- James, Amelia Harriet, 3d dau. of W. —, Esq., to Thomas Jones, Esq., of East Dulwich House; *Chart Sutton, Kent*, July 4.
- Johnson, Frances, Maria, eld. dau. of H. —, Esq., to Josias Foot, Esq., of Stoke, Devon; *St. John's, Paddington*, June 2.
- Johnson, Elizabeth, Anne, eld. dau. of George —, Esq., of Brunswick-square, to William Golden Lumley, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; *St. Pancras*, July 4.
- Jones, Catherine Hester, eld. dau. of the Rev. Edward —, to the Rev. R. G. Young, Milton, Keynes, July 7.
- Keightly Emma, widow of the late Maj. —, Judge to Advocate-General of the Madras Army, to Capt. Henry Hitchens; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, July 11.
- Kenning, Elizabeth, dau. of S. —, Esq., to the Rev. J. Smalman, Masters, M.A.; *St. Alphage, Greenwich*, July 14.
- Keogh, Louisa Caroline, ygst. dau. of the late Michael —, Esq., of Dublin, to Richard B. Howe, B.A., Pembroke College, Cambridge; *St. John's Paddington*, June 11.
- Langley, Frances Jane, ygst. dau. of the late H. —, Esq., to the Rev. Robt. Handcock, *St. Thomas's, Dublin*; *Wellington*, July 7.
- Langston, Maria Sarah, dau. of the late John —, Esq., of Sarsden, Oxon, to the Rev. A. Huxtable, Rector of Sutton Waldron, Dorset; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, July 14.
- Leicester, Lavinia Sophia, ygst. dau. of the late C. —, Esq., to Robert John St. Aubyn, Esq.; *St. Marylebone*, July 14.
- Lloyd, Jane, only dau. of Capt. H. —, 36th Regt. N. I., to H. H. Delamain, Esq., Bengal Artillery; *Calcutta*, April 21.
- Ludgate, Caroline, eld. dau. of J. —, Esq., to Peter Cotter, Esq., of the Island of St. Lucia, West Indies; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, July 14.
- Martin, Christina, ygst. dau. of the late W. —, Esq., W. S., to George Kilner, Esq., of Ipswich; *Trinity Chapel, Edinburgh*, July 7.
- Mew, Harriet, 3d. dau. of W. —, Esq., of Apton Hall, Essex, to Huntley Bacon, Esq., Canewdon, July 7.
- Milward, Susanna, only dau. of the late Charles —, Esq., of Bromley, to the Rev. C. S. Ferris; *Trinity Church, Bath*, July 14.
- Minshull, Caroline, 4th dau. of the late W. —, Esq., to Francis John, Ford of Abbeyfield, Cheshire; *St. Pancras Church*, July 1.
- Montague, the Hon. Mary Margaret, 2d. dau. of Lord —, to Col. Frederick Clinton; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, July 9.
- Meckleston, Ann, 2d. dau. of the Rev. J. —, D.D., to Frederick Cuerton Travers Smyth, Esq., of Tenby; *Marborough, Leicestershire*, July 13.
- Nesbitt, Miss, of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, only dau. and heiress of the late W. A. —, Esq., Bombay, to John Murray, Esq., eldest son of James —, Esq., of Philiphaugh, Selkirkshire; *St. Marylebone*, June 28.
- Payne, Jane Ellis, eld. dau. of Lieut.-Col. C. —, to T. W. Hoare, Esq., 13th Bombay Native Infantry, son of Sir Joseph, Bart., and the Right Hon. Lady Harriet —, *Surat*, May 4.
- Persse, Arabella, Frances, eld. dau. of Lieut.-Col. —, C.B., 16th Lancers, to W. N. Berry, Esq., late of the 8th Hussars; *Dublin*, June 2.
- Phillips, Frances Mary, 2nd. dau. of C. H. —, St. James's, to J. D. Hinxman, Esq., near Bishop's Waltham, Hants; *St. Luke's, Chelsea*, June 2.
- Prinsep, Elizabeth, widow of Augustus —, Esq., and 2nd. dau. of Sir Francis M. Ommamney, to Samuel Beachcroft, Esq., of Cadogan-place; *Mortlake*, July 21.
- Rackham, Julia, 3d. dau. of William —, Esq., of Norwich, to Henry Smart, Esq., of Brompton; *St. Pancras*, July 2.
- Ramsay, Elizabeth, eld. d. of the Hon. A. —, of Banchan-lodge, Cheltenham, to T. H. Mackay, Esq., son of Spencer —, of Upper Harley-street; *St. Mary's, Cheltenham*, July 16.
- Read, Amelia, ygst. d. of the late Rev. T. C. —, to Thomas Faulconer, Esq., of Goldington, county of Bedford; *Fulford Church*, near York, July 7.
- Reed, Georgiana, only dau. of George —, Esq., Blackheath Park, to John Carr, Esq., of Ford, Northumberland; *Charlton, Kent*, July 21.
- Renny, Elizabeth Jane, 2d. dau. of Lieut.-Col. —, late of the 15th Regt., to Arthur Andrews, M.D., 82d Regt.; *Little Mill, Forfarshire*, June 27.
- Scott, Elizabeth, dau. of B. W. —, Esq., to John Henry Ord, M.A., Upper Clapton; *Stamford Hill Church*, July 14.
- Seymour, Maria Tryphena, eld. dau. of Dr. —, to W. H. Seymour Fitzgerald, Esq., of Oriel College, Oxford; *St. George's, Hanover-square*, July 1.
- Shand, Mary, ygst. dau. of the late F. —, Esq., to W. N. Ralph, Esq., 2d. or Queen's royal regt.; *Scotch Church, Oldham-street, Liverpool*, July 7.
- Shere, Letitia, dau. of John —, Esq., to the Rev. Frederick Hildyard, M.A., Rector of Swannington; *St. Pancras*, July 7.
- Slade, Horatia, eld. dau. of Capt. —, Royal Navy, to the Rev. Daniel Capper, A.M., Rector of Huntley, Gloucestershire; *Uley, Gloucestershire*, July 16.
- Spilsbury, Georgina, 3d. dau. of Edgar —, to Peter Potter, Esq., of Gorway-house, Walsall; *St. Matthew's, Walsall*, July 14.
- Sprot, Caroline ygst. dau. of J. —, Esq., of Clapham, to W. F. Blair, Esq., eldest son of Col. Blair, of Blair; *Edinburgh*, July 23.
- Tylecote, Catherine, ygst. dau. of S. —, Esq.; to Lieut.-Col. Dickenson, Royal Engineers; *Tamworth*, July 10.
- Ward, Caroline, dau. of S. —, Esq., to James Croft Brooke, Esq., Lieut., 31st Regt., Abbott's Langley, Herts., July 9.

Webb, Eliza, dau. of the late R. —, Esq., of Milborne, to J. H. Brewer Esq.; *Landford Church*, July 21.

Willasey, Mary Jane, eld. dau. of the late J. H. —, to Weynell Mayow, Esq., of the Bengal army; *St. Helen's*, Lancashire, July 1.

Williams, Augusta, widow of the late Capt. —, to Major Stanley Bullock, Madras Medical Department; *Barbican Chapel*, July 2.

Wilkins, Marina Flatholm, ygst. dau. of R. W. —, Esq., to R. T. Lankesheer, Esq., of the Island of Malta; *Kensington Church*, June 27.

Willis, Sophia, ygst. dau. of the late Rev. Dr. —, to Paul Wilmot, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-law; *St. Marylebone Church*, July 9.

Williams, Jane, 2d. dau. of the Rev. Dr. —, Prebendary of Winchester, to the Rev. Richard Payne, Fellow of New College Oxford; *St. Swithins*, Winchester, July 14.

Woolley, Harriet, eld. dau. of W. —, Esq., to Jas. T. Trimmer, Esq., of Peckham, Surrey; *St. Giles's*, Camberwell, July 14.

DEATHS.

Aitken, M'Dowell Grant Hunter, son of the Rev. Robert —; died 23d July; aged 14 days; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Arden, Right Hon. Lord; *St. James's place*, June 5.

Beverly, Miss Harriet Beresford, of the Grove, Hackney; aged 17 years; Highgate Cemetery.

Baillie, Mary Ann, relic of the late major — of the Engineers; *Calcutta*, April 27.

Baker, Sir Robert, Benchr of the Inner Temple, formerly Chairman of the Westminster Sessions, and Chief Magistrate at Bow-street, and, until lately, Treasurer for Middlesex, and Deputy-Governor of the South Sea Company — *Montagu-place*, *Russell-square*, July 12.

Ballin, Hannah, relic of the late Samuel —, Esq.; *Devonshire-street*, *Portland-place*, July 12.

Best, the Hon. John Charles, Captain of Her Majesty's 50th Regiment, and ygst. son of the Right Hon. Lord Wynford, drowned by the upsetting of a boat at Norfolk Island, Feb. 13.

Beverley, Harriet, Beresford, eld. dau. of C. J. —, Esq., of the Grove House, Hackney, July 5.

Blunt, Tillyer, Esq., of *Dorset-place*, *Dorset square*; *Thames Ditton*, July 18.

Boileau, Charlotte, the beloved wife of Capt. A. H. —, Bengal Engineers, *Barrackpoor*, April 29.

Bruyne, John, Esq., at his residence, *Clapham*, *New Park*, July 14.

Bruce, Priscilla, Mary, dau. of the late Rev. John —, of *Cawthorne*, *Yorkshire*; *Lamb's Buildings*, *Blackheath*, July 3.

Bywater, St. George, Esq.; at his residence, *Coleshill*, July 11.

Campbell, Col. David, late 9th foot, at *Frankfort-sur-Maine*, July 3.

Carrighan, Lieutenant-Colonel; *Duke-street*, *Grosvenor-square*, July 21.

Clerke, Thomas, Esq., M. D.; *Henrietta-street*, *Covent Garden*, July 9.

Comyn, Maj. Gen. William, of the H. C. S., at *Caernarvon*, after a few day's illness; July 9.

Cubett, Charlotte, wife of Major Stuart—commanding the Kumason Regt.; *Looho Ghaut*, in *Nessaul*, April 19.

Cox, Ann, wife of William, Esq., of 82, *Oxford-terrace*, *Hyde Park*, formerly of *Woodford Hall*, *Essex*, July 22.

Curling, Mrs. Lucretia, wife of William —, Esq., *Denmark-street*, *Camberwell*; died 14th July; aged 58 years; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Davidson, Isabella, daughter of —, Esq., *New Kent-road*; died 1st July, aged 17 years; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Dodson, eld. dau. of the late J. Dodson, D. D., of *Hurstperpoint*, *East Hendred*, *Sussex*, July 19.

Douglass, the Lady Charlotte, sister to the Earl of Morton, at *Harewood House*, *Yorkshire*, July 13.

Dunsmire, James, Esq.; *Carstoephine*, near *Edinburgh*, July 16.

Durham, the Right Hon. the Earl of; at *Cowes*, July 28.

English, Sir John Hawker, K. G. C. of *Warley House*, in the County of *Essex*; *St. Leonard's on Sea*, June 29.

Favene, Leah, daughter of Mr A. G. —, *Fenchurch-street*; died 29th June, aged 7 months; *South Metropolitan Cemetery*.

Field, Aletta, wife of Capt. G. B. —, late of the Hon. Com. Service, of cholera, after a few hour's illness; *Calcutta*, April 30.

Fitzmayer, Catherine, 2nd dau. of the late Major C. H. —, *Royal Artillery*, at her mother's residence, *Camberwell*, July 17.

Garvaron, Theodore, Esq.; *Tavistock-square*, July 11.

Goodrich, Lieut. W. B., of Her Majesty's 57th Regiment, only son of the late W. B. —, Esq., of *Lenborough*, *Bucks.*, and the *Rookery*, *Dedham*, *Essex*; *Trichinopoli*, April 26.

Goodford, John, ygst. son of the late John —, Esq., of *Chilton-Cantelo*, *Somerset*; *Eaton College*, July 3.

Gordon, Cadet, Robert, *Bombay Artillery*, son of the late Major —, *Bombay Engineers*, on his journey overland to *India*; at *Cairo*, May 13.

Gosset, George, Bagot, Esq., late of the 4th Dragoon Guards, ygst. son of M. G. —, Esq., *Connaught-square*; *Coire* in *Switzerland*, July 13.

Hamilton, Capt. William, of the H. I. C.'s late *Maritime Service*; *Peckham*, July 9.

Heath, Julia, Frances, 4th dau. of the late Rev. William —, of *Inkborough*, *Worcestershire*; *Spratton-hall*, *Northamptonshire*, July 23.

Herbert, Lady of the Hon. Edward, of a decline; 2, *Mount-street*, *Grosvenor-square*, July 15.

Hope, John, Esq., late Major of the 18th Royal Irish Regt. of Foot; at his house, *Great Stuart-street*, *Edinburgh*, July 14.

Holt, Jane, dau. of the late John —, Esq., of *Crossfield*, *Rochdale*; *Birkenhead*, *Cheshire*, July 23.

- Hunter, Capt. William, Commander of the schooner Ghika, off Cape Coast, on his voyage to England; May 8.
- King, Eleanor, relict of the late Geo. Thomas —, Esq.; at the residence of his son, Highbury Park, July 10.
- Kyffin, Lieut. James, W., H. M. 17th Regt., of apoplexy; Colaba, April 20.
- Larking, Dorothy, relict of John —, Esq., formerly of Clare House, in the county of Kent; Brompton-square, July 1.
- Lloyd, Thomas, Palmer, Esq., of Old Broad-street; Sandgate, July 18.
- Lucas, Thomas, Esq.; at the Moat, Lingfield, Surrey, June 27.
- Maurice, Marianne, wife of David, Pierre —, Esq., of Marlborough, and dau. of the late Henry Bullock, Esq., of Overtown-house, Wilts; Hastings, June 25.
- Martyr, Meliora, wife of William Lockyer —, Esq.; Evershot, Dorsetshire, July 9.
- McCormick, William, Esq.; at his house, Upper Gower-street, June 28.
- McDougall, wife of William M. C. —, Esq., her Majesty's advocate-general of Jamaica; at sea, on board the ship Thames, on her passage from Jamaica, June 29.
- Minshull, Geo. Rowland, Esq., formerly receiver-general of the county of Bucks., and one of the magistrates of Bow-street, for nearly twenty years; July 6, at Aston Clinton.
- Missing, Harriet, youngest dau. of the late Major —, B.N.I.; on board the Superbe, April 25.
- M'Kewan, James, Esq., late of Port-Royal; Jamaica; Pentonville, July 3.
- Morris, Frances Anne, the beloved and only daughter of D. E. —, Esq.; Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall-East; July 20.
- Maynard, Catherine, wife of Thomas Hog, Esq., of Mount Vernon, Hampstead, aged 32 years; Highgate Cemetery.
- Maynard, Herbert, Esq., late of the 24th Na. In., Bengal; Hampstead, June 9.
- Musgrave, Thomas, Esq., late Capt. of the Hon. E. I. Company's Service; Ipswich, May 31.
- Nassau William, Esq., Malvern Wells; June 6.
- Norris, Benjamin, Esq., Southwark; died 27th June, aged 62; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- Ogilvie, Hannah Charlotte, dau. of James —, Esq.; Calcutta, April 29.
- Orlebar, Frederick, Esq., brother of the late Richard —, Esq., of Hinwick-house, Bedfordshire; Ecton, Northamptonshire, July 1.
- Owen, Elizabeth, Ann, the beloved wife of William —, Esq., St. Helier's, Jersey; June 2.
- Paget, General Sir Edward, K.G.C.B., Colonel of the 25th Foot, and Governor of Chelsea Hospital; Grosvenor-street, July 26.
- Payn, William, Esq., treasurer for the county of Berks; Kidwells, Maidenhead, July 21.
- Pirie, Mary, ygst. dau. of the late W. —, Esq., Aberdeen; Upper Tooting, Surrey, June 23.
- Plunkett, Mrs. Jane, of Westminster; died 1st July, aged 92; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- Pocock, Sir George, Bart.; at Brussels, July 19.
- Ravenshaw, John G., Esq., of Dunstable-house, Richmond; one of the directors of the hon. E. I. C.; June 6.
- Raffes, Sophia, d. and last surviving child of the late Sir T. S. —, St. Leonards' on the sea, May 5.
- Raymond, Mary, relict of the Rev. John —, late vicar of Wimbiish, Essex; July 20.
- Rooke, Lieut. C., 22d. N. I., in camp near Sukker; Feb. 24.
- Sandys, Caroline, lady of T. —, Esq., C. S.; Calcutta, April 2.
- Sandham, Maria, wife of Major —, of Mowdell-house, Sussex; July 20.
- Sankey, Henry, Esq., Lieut. R.N., Haynes, Dover, June 1.
- St. David's, the bishop of; Great Malvern, July 6.
- Sewell, Robert, Esq., of the Madras Civil Service, eld. son of the late Major-Gen. —, of Twyford-lodge, Sussex; Carlsbad, June 5.
- Shaw, John Hamilton, son of Alex. West —, Esq., of her Majesty's Customs; 7, Conduit-street, Regent-street, July 14.
- Shea, Mary, relict of Daniel S. —, Esq., formerly of Jamaica and London; Shrewsbury-place, Isleworth, June 29.
- Simpson, Augusta, wife of Capt. George —, Indian naval storekeeper for the Fort; April 10.
- Simpson, Augusta, Eliza, lady of George —, Esq., hon. C. S.; Bombay, May 8.
- Skipwith, Fulwar, Henry, eldest son of F. —, Esq., C. S.; Chittagong, April 17.
- Smythe, Elizabeth, relict of the late Geo. Walter —, Esq., of Acton-Burnell, in the county of Salop; Walworth, June 25.
- Steel, Miss Anne, Camberwell Grove, aged 8 years died 16th June; buried in the South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- Stockwell, Mary, daughter of Mr. —, died 20th July, aged 36; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- Stopford, Hon. Col., at Courtown Castle, the seat of his brother the Earl of Courtown, Sunday, July 12.—Colonel Stopford was the second surviving son of the late Earl of Courtown, and cousin of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lothian, &c. He commanded a company in the 3d, or Scots Fusilleer Guards, but sold out of the service several years ago. Colonel Stopford married, July, 5, 1830, Horatia Charlotte, relict of R. Tibbets, Esq., by whom he has left an infant son, Mrs. Stopford is also deceased. An extraordinary mortality has prevailed in the Courtown family. The present earl lost his lady in the flower of youth, at Rome. She was sister of the Duke of Buccleuch; and since then Lady Mary Stopford, the Hon. General Sir Edward Stopford, Lady Eliza Stopford, and the late Earl have died.
- Tappenden, Frances, relict of Francis —, Esq.; Millbank-street, Westminster, June 30.
- Taylor, Eliza, daughter of Mr. Edward —, Crosby-row, Walworth; died 25th June, 14 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Tennant, the Hon. Maria Charlotte, relict of William —, Esq., late of Little Aston-hall, county Stafford; Gloucester-place, Portman-square, June 30.

Tessier, John, Esq., for many years merchant and agent at Mahé, and lately chief of that settlement; Tellicherry, April 20.

Tobin, Maria, wife of John —, Esq., M.D., of Rue l'Orangerie, Brussels; June 24.

Usborne, Henry, Esq., of Branches-park, Suffolk; Ryde, Isle of Wight; July 23.

Wallace, Elizabeth, Sarah, the beloved wife of the Rev. W. —; Thorpe Abbots, in the county of Norfolk, June 30.

Walford, James, Esq., 8, Chancery-lane; aged 67; Highgate Cemetery.

Warde, James, Prescott, Esq., of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, after a lengthened illness; Manchester-street, July 9.

Western, William, J., of the Bombay engineers. fifth son of James —, Esq., of Great James-street; Aden, June 4.

Wheble, James, Esq.; Woodley-lodge, Berkshire, July 20.

Winter, Mr. William, Thomas, of High Holborn, died 24th July, aged 27 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Woodford, Charles, Esq., assistant-surgeon H.C.S., attached to H. M. 63rd regt., from severe wounds inflicted by a tiger, when on a shooting excursion on the banks of the Attaran river; Moulmein, March 20.

Bonaparte, Lucien, Prince of Canino, died at Viterbe, June 29, aged 66. He was the second brother of Napoleon, and was born in the year 1775. Exiled from Corsica 1793, he took part in the several phases of the French revolution, till created Minister of the Interior under the consulate; he was subsequently ambassador in Spain and employed in various confidential missions, till, quarrelling with Napoleon about his second marriage, he separated himself from politics. He was taken prisoner by the English off the coast of Malta, and fixed his residence at Ludlow, where he was much respected. At the peace of 1814 he went to Rome, but returned to Paris at Napoleon's escape from Elba. After the final overthrow of his brother, he retired to Italy, where he passed the remainder of his days, devoted to literature and the fine arts, and was much respected in private life.

CORONATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.—This ceremony was performed Sunday, June 28, in the Royal Chapel of Friedrichsbord. On the previous evening their Majesties received the sacrament of the last supper, and the King held a chapter of the order of the Elephant, and created several knights.

The bells ringing merry peals, the King was invested with the coronation robes, wearing the crown on his head; at 11 a.m. his Majesty proceeded to the Queen's apartment, and with his own hand placed a crown on her head. Their Majesties then proceeded to their respective grand audience chambers, and on their thrones received a great number of the Court: at a quarter before 12, the Grand Master of the Ceremonies announced that all was ready, and their Majesties walked in procession to the chapel, every entrance to the Palace being then shut until the termination of the ceremony. The cortège consisted of all the great officers of the state, the members of the respective households. The King and the Queen was each under a canopy supported by four knights. The Bishop of Zealand received the King at the entrance to the chapel, to him belonging the right of per-

forming the sacred office, and with the rod of the clergy, conducted his Majesty to his throne. They then returned in the same order to conduct the Queen to her throne on the left of the King. At half-past 12, the service was commenced with the invocation to the Holy Ghost, whilst the choir was chanting the verse "Great God thou art ever near us," the Grand Conservator of the Archives of the Kingdom, delivered to the Bishop of Jutland, the phial of holy oil, blessed by the Bishop of Zealand. The King then resumed the Ensignias of Royalty, which he had put aside at the beginning of the service, and knelt at the altar while the Grand Chamberlain took from him the crown, the sword and sceptre, and opened his robes at his breast; and the Bishop of Zealand anointed him on the forehead, the breast, and the wrist of the right hand. This done, the King resumed the insignia, and returned to his throne. The Queen next underwent the same ceremonies, except that she was anointed on the breast and right hand only. Making a low reverence to the King, who, in return, saluted her by lowering the sceptre, she returned to her throne. The ceremony ended by a Te Deum, during which there was a triple salvo of twenty-seven shots fired, and the procession returned in the same order to the palace, where in the Queen's apartments, a grand reception was given to the Corps Diplomatique and the high functionaries of state who congratulated the Queen on her birthday, which happened to be on this same day. The Princes of the Blood, and officers of state were regaled by their Majesties at 5 p.m. at a magnificent banquet, during which, agreeably to the customs of old, depicted so admirably by M. Alexander Dumas, in the days of Queen Isabeau, when the public were allowed to promenade round the table. In the other halls of the Palace there were placed fourteen dining tables, for attendants at the coronation, and the evening was concluded, to the gratification of the whole population by a splendid display of fireworks, and grand illumination of the public buildings.

REGENCY BILL.

(Concluded from p. 140.)

On the motion of Lord John Russell, this bill was read.

Mr. FRESHFIELD said, that on a former evening he had called the attention of the house to the necessity of making some provision for the exercise of the royal authority in case of the death or disqualification (by any provisions of this bill) of the regent. The house did not give the subject on that occasion that attention which, in his opinion, its importance demanded. He, therefore, now felt it his duty to submit two clauses, embracing the provisions which he thought ought to be made. The honourable gentleman then proceeded to point out the necessity of assembling parliament in case of the death or disqualification of the regent. Clauses similar to those which he now proposed to introduce had been introduced in the bill of 1811; but why they had been left out of that of 1830 he did not know; but he was sure the omission had not been accidental. The hon. member, after stating several instances in which provision had been made for the exercise of the royal authority in regencies, concluded by moving the following clauses:—

“And be it further enacted, that if his Royal Highness Prince Albert shall depart this life during the continuance of the regency by this act established, or cease to be regent under any of the provisions thereof, the Lords of the Privy Council then in being, shall forthwith cause a proclamation to be issued in the name of the King or Queen for whom such regent shall have been appointed, under the great seal of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, declaring the same; and in case the Parliament in being at the time of the issuing of any proclamation declaring the death of the regent, or that he has ceased to be regent under any of the provisions of this act, shall then be separated by any adjournment or prorogation, such Parliament shall forthwith meet and sit. Provided always, and be it further enacted, that in case any such proclamation as aforesaid shall issue in any or either of such cases as aforesaid, at any time subsequent to the dissolution or expiration of a Parliament, and before the day appointed by any writs of summons then issued for assembling a new Parliament, then, and in such case the last preceding Parliament shall immediately convene and sit at Westminster, and be a Parliament, and continue during the space of six months, and no longer, to all intents and purposes as if the same Parliament had not been dissolved or expired, but subject to be sooner prorogued or dissolved. Provided also, that if any such proclamation as afore-

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said, shall issue in any or either of such cases as aforesaid, upon or at any time after the day appointed by any writs of summons then issued for calling and assembling a new Parliament, and before such new Parliament shall have met and set as a Parliament, such new Parliament shall immediately after such proclamation convene and sit at Westminster, and be deemed to be a Parliament in being, to all intents and purposes, under the provision of this act.”

The clauses were read a first time.

On the question that they be read a second time,

Lord J. RUSSELL said, he had not given any answer to the hon. gentleman's remarks on a former evening, because he did not feel himself called upon to give an opinion on the subject at that moment; but on a more full consideration of the subject he thought it would be much better to take the bill as it came down from the Lords on the precedent of 1830, and to leave any future contingency to be provided for by parliament, as it might arise. He must, therefore, oppose those clauses.

The clauses were then negatived, and the bill passed, declaring, under the circumstances therein set forth, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, of Saxe Cobourg Gotha, *sole Regent*.

AUG. 3.—ALARM TO HER MAJESTY, OCCASIONED BY A SHOCKING ACCIDENT AT HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.—The Queen and His Royal Highness Prince Albert arrived at Hampton-Court Palace by the way of the Home Park, the residence of the Earl of Albermarle, whom they honored with a visit. After alighting from the poney phaeton, as they were proceeding through the clock-yard, three men who had the appearance of bricklayers were on the roof, anxious to obtain a sight of the Royal party, when one of them overbalanced himself, and falling from a height of 50 or 60 feet, struck the ground not two yards from Prince Albert. The Queen was greatly excited, and evinced much alarm. The unfortunate man was immediately picked up, but life was extinct.

AUG. 4.—LATEST INTELLIGENCE OF THE HEALTH OF PRINCESS AUGUSTA.—“Her Royal Highness passed a very good night and is better.”

The Queen Dowager is now staying at Gopsall-hall, the seat of Earl Howe, where Her Majesty and Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Saxe Weimar intend remaining several days. On the 10th Her Majesty goes on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham at Stowe, and on the 13th, of August, Her Majesty's birthday, she intends being at Bushy.

We have selected this modern sketch, deeming it no *insupportable pendant* to the historic picture of ancient manners, which formed, as it were, our frontispiece for last month. And truly, one who reads the subjoined account of a procession of *le Bœuf gras* in this our nineteenth century, may easily imagine himself carried back again to the fourteenth, and a spectator of some such *cortège* as that attending the entry of "Isabel" into the good city of Paris.

MARSEILLES, JUNE 21.—"A scene of confusion, such as I never beheld, occurred this evening during the procession of Corpus Christi, which is celebrated here with extraordinary pomp by the four parishes of the city, which unite to give it the greater *éclat*.

All the male and female *confrerie*, the black, gray, and white penitents, and the few friars still existing in France, who have found a last asylum in Marseilles, were filing down the Rue de la Canebiere, preceded by a fat ox, carrying a child on his back, and the bishop, walking under a canopy, bringing up the rear, when all of a sudden a rush was observed towards the centre of the *cortège*, and in an instant a general panic seized the figurants in the procession, and the spectators, who fled in every direction, some seeking refuge in the adjoining houses, and the mass running like mad people through the streets branching off from the Canebiere. The clergy, who here imagine that they are doomed to martyrdom, were yet the first to set the example of the *saute qui peut*. The crosses and banniers were thrown down in the street by the bearers, and the bishop alone remained unshaken as a rock, notwithstanding the entreaties of his acolytes, who begged him to put his sacred person in safety, and save the holy sacrament from profanation. The prelate, however, had good reason for thus withstanding the shock of the disorderly multitude. He was preceded, flanked, and backed by platoons of the 20th Regiment of the Line, who stood undaunted at their post, but gazing with wonder at what was passing around them. The scene was the more awful, as not a cry was uttered, terror was still painted in every countenance. Nobody could tell what was the cause of the confusion; some said that the ox had become infuriated and was killing everybody before him. Others, that the horse of a Gen-d'-arme, after throwing his rider, was running loose in the crowd. Such, in a word, was the affright, that some of the fugitives were met at the top of the Rue de Rome, which is at least a couple of miles from the spot where it commenced. On inquiry, I discovered that the whole arose out of this simple cause. A man, who had business on the other side of the Canebiere, finding there was apparently no end to the procession, attempted to force his way through it, and, being collared by an individual standing on a chair, pulled him down, and with the latter fell a dozen ladies and gentlemen placed by his side. Hence the confusion. The dispersion was so general, that the *cortège* was unable to form itself again with any sort of order, but, thanks to the *batallion sacré* by whom he was surrounded, the bishop triumphantly walked over the ground, to the *Reposoir*, and thence to his Palace."

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

FOURTH AND LAST CONCERT, 18th July.—This musical feast justly demands from us our warmest language of praise, as exhibiting the effective zeal of the directors, among whom Lord Burghersh should be particularly distinguished, and as manifesting the progress of the pupils, under the able tuition of their excellent masters. The programme is admirably selected, containing an overture in F. minor, music by H. B. RICHARDS; the duet *Lasciami, non l'Ascolto*, from Tancredi; septett in D minor, and a concerto in A flat, by HUMMELL; a concerto by MAYSEDER; song, and chorus and fuge, by MOZART, BEETHOVEN's Fidelio; military symphony by LORD BURGHESH; a trio of HANDEL's; concerto, music by R. BARNETT; an aria from Robert le Diable, by MEYERBEER; concerto for the violin, by MAUREE; and a duet from Donna Caritea, by Mercadante.

His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the

Duchess of Inverness, the Duchess of Bedford, almost the whole of the ministry, very many of the most distinguished of the nobility and fashionable world were present, and expressed, in loud applauses, their warm admiration of the perfect execution of the pieces. The object most enthusiastically admired were the singing of Miss Foxall, who to beauty of person unites a fine soprano voice, and truly dramatic feeling; and the execution of R. Barnett in the performance of his clever concerto: in him his country has the promise of an artist of the first order. Much pleasure was evidently felt from the originality and philosophic harmony of the military symphony of Lord Burghersh, who must have seen, in the continued applauses that called for a repetition of this his masterpiece, how much the select audience present were delighted by his music, and by the impulse which his zeal has given to the art, in the Royal Academy of Music.

THE COURT AND LADY'S MAGAZINE,
MONTHLY CRITIC AND MUSEUM.



A Family Journal

OF ORIGINAL TALES, REVIEWS OF LITERATURE, THE FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c., &c.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER,

DAUGHTER OF GASTON, DUKE OF ORLEANS (BROTHER OF LOUIS XIII. OF FRANCE) AND
GRAND-DAUGHTER OF HENRI QUATRE, AND NIECE OF HENRIETTA MARIA,*
QUEEN-CONSORT OF CHARLES FIRST OF ENGLAND.

(*Embellished with a full-length authentic Portrait, after Philip de Champagne, in the
Collection of the King of France.*)

As a protectress of literature and an author, Mademoiselle de Montpensier stands foremost in the ranks of those princesses who have loved and cultivated learning—far higher claims to a distinguished place in history, than the equivocal celebrity she acquired during the wars of the Fronde : the part she enacted in those civil discords neither befitting a princess of the blood, nor a woman, but a rebel to royal authority, and an amazon.

Anne Marie Louise, Duchess de Montpensier, born at the Louvre, May 29th, 1627, was the daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans,—brother to Louis XIII., and Marie de Bourbon-Montpensier, heiress of that ancient and illustrious house. Anne of Austria,†—her aunt and the celebrated Cardinal de Richelieu, stood sponsors for this grand-daughter of the Great Henry, at the baptismal font. *Mademoiselle* (as this princess was styled conformably with the custom of the French court) having had the misfortune to lose her mother in earliest infancy, the care of her education was confided, by her grandmother, Marie de Medeis,‡ who tenderly loved her, to Madame la Marquise de Saint-Georges, a daughter of the Marquise de Montglas, who

* See Portrait and Memoir in this Magazine, 1839.

† See Portrait and Memoir of this Queen in this Magazine, April, 1839.

‡ See her Memoir, and Portrait after Rubens, in this Magazine, March, 1839.

had herself so admirably filled the responsible office of preceptress to Louis XIII., and other children of the royal family of France.

By the most unwearyed solicitude in training her royal pupil's mind in the paths of virtue, that excellent lady endeavoured to diminish the heaviest of all calamities—a mother's early loss—which source of affliction is thus affectionately deplored by the princess at the commencement of her memoirs:—

“The large possessions bequeathed me by my mother at her death, and of which she left me sole heiress, might, perhaps, in the opinion of the majority of the world, have been deemed sufficient consolation for so sad a bereavement; for my own part, comprehending, as I now fully do, the great advantages arising from maternal solicitude and influence during youth, I know not how I can sufficiently bewail her loss.”

Mademoiselle, who was on all occasions singularly minute in every thing concerning her state and dignity, expressly tells us that her household at the Tuileries was appointed on a scale of far greater splendor than that of any former *daughter of France*—not even excepting those of her aunts, the Queens of Spain and England, and the Duchess of Savoy. But the distractions of the times, which drove her ambitious grandmother, Marie de Medecis, into exile, and raised a feud between her father and his royal brother, Louis XIII., separated her, for a time, from those she most loved. Their majesties were not, however, the less affectionate towards their youthful niece, causing her to be frequently brought to them while resident at the Tuileries, and visiting her nursery, which was separated merely by a gallery from their own private apartments in the palace.

The sole sorrowful reminiscence recorded by this lady of her youth, save the parting with her father and affectionate grandmother, when both were sent into exile, affords a striking illustration of the marked attention she paid to every thing which bore upon rank, dignity and etiquette:—

“I remember being present at the ceremony of creating the knights of the Golden Fleece,† which took place at Fontainebleau, on which occasion also the Duke d'Elbœuf and the Marquis de la Vieuville were degraded from the order. On seeing their armorial escutcheons torn down from amongst those of the other knights and broken in pieces, I enquired the reason: they told me that they had incurred this dishonor on account of having joined the party of *Monsieur*, my father, against the sovereign. On hearing this, I burst into tears, and felt so deeply wounded at witnessing such a procedure that I was anxious to retire, not being able to remain there any longer as an indifferent spectator.”

This incident of the Chapter of the Order of Saint Esprit, did not, it seems, excite distaste in her mind for the court of her uncle, Louis XIII., her delight being unbounded whenever it left the capital for Fontainebleau, and their majesties sent to her to join the royal train for three or four weeks' country diversion. Mademoiselle, throughout her memoirs, makes frequent and most candid confession of waywardness and eccentricity; but ever adds, *c'est mon humeur*, and this is all the apology she deemed to be necessary for many a freak.

Throughout the winter, she was in the habit of going twice a-week to the assemblies held by the Countess de Soissons, at the Hôtel de Brissac. The ordinary diversions on these occasions, were comedies, and, afterwards, dancing, to please Mademoiselle, who, as well as her play-fellow, the young Princess de Longueville, was very fond of that amusement.

“We were accustomed,” says the princess, “to make free with every body, although there would have been little difficulty in retaliation, for we were dressed as ridiculously as it was possible to be, and gave ourselves the most absurd airs imaginable, so that our governesses were continually reprimanding us for misbehaviour. At last, the only means that they could devise for preventing us from indulging in such whims, was forbidding us to see each other, it being obvious that such privation would be the severest punishment that could be inflicted, by reason of the great friendship existing between us.”

On the death of her indulgent and exemplary governess, Madame de St. Georges, the Countess de Fiesque was appointed by her father to fill that responsible office.

† See Portrait and Memoir of Euriant de Nevers, wife of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, (by whom was instituted the order of the Golden Fleece), in this Magazine, January, 1839.

The first few days subsequent to the Countess's assumption of her post, passed over pleasantly enough. In her endeavours to divert the Princess, she is thus described as exhausting all her powers of pleasing:—

“She told me a thousand pleasant stories of events that had happened during her lifetime, so diverting, indeed, that I took great pleasure in her conversation, and, although old, she is the most agreeable person in the world to talk with. She entered upon her duties by taking an inventory of all my jewels, in order that I might not be able to give any of them away without her permission, and more especially of several that were kept in a cabinet apart, of which she feared I might make presents to Madame de Montglas. She next took the key of my writing-desk, in order that it might always remain unlocked; and kept it from me, because it was not proper, she said, for it to remain in my possession, and she thereby be prevented from seeing to whom, and every thing, I wrote. This proceeding was, in the highest degree, displeasing to me, and I found her surveillance exceedingly annoying. However, although little accustomed to such domination, I submitted to it without murmuring. But, to speak the truth, I was not so patient on another occasion, which happened shortly afterwards; when I could not forbear enumerating, in a very respectful manner, all the grievances I felt. From the period of that remonstrance, she behaved towards me with a bitterness which rendered her society as distasteful as it had formerly proved agreeable. We were then in the habit of quarrelling about the most trivial matters. One day, finding myself slightly unwell from a cold, my physician prescribed some remedy which I refused to take: as this was nothing unusual with me, she thought, although I was already fifteen years old, that she might treat me like a mere child, and therefore locked me up in my sleeping chamber, and gave orders to tell every body who came to visit me that I could not be seen on account of my indisposition. I found this mode of acting towards me as haughty as it was inconvenient, but being unwilling to proceed to greater lengths with her, I merely testified a childish resentment. I found means of escaping from my chamber, stole to the door of the apartment in which I knew she was sitting, locked it, and carried off the key. For several hours she suffered much uneasiness, as no locksmith could be found, and her trouble was greatly increased at hearing I had shut up her grandson in another room, who bellowed, too, as lustily as though I were beating him. I took an inconceivable delight in causing her embarrassment; there was no malicious trick I could devise that I did not play off, by way of revenging myself upon her; and this was the only consolation I had as a set-off for her harsh conduct towards me. At last she softened a little in her temper, and allowed me to see visitors; but this concession did not prevent some subject or other from constantly arising whereon to jangle. My usual visitors were Mademoiselles de Longueville and de Chiverrey, of whom I have previously spoken, and when we were talking together the Countess de Fiesque invariably made a point of controlling our conversation. She complained that we discoursed upon nothing but idle *bagatelles*, unworthy of sensible minded young ladies—as if, at our age, it were natural for us to discuss the most serious matters that could be hit upon.”

It is no slight misfortune for a woman, placed by birth amongst the highest ranks and endued with superior mind, to have passed the greater part of her youth amidst cabals and factions; it is next to impossible, when the minds of all are in a state of fermentation, and only one subject forms the topic of conversation, for a person so circumstanced to preserve all the firmness and equanimity resulting from deliberate reasoning. How, then, could an intelligent and active-minded young woman, be at such a time, without an opinion; and how refrain from sustaining it, when conscious that she might do so with signal advantage? If the mind is apt to be carried along with the current, in opinion upon trivial matters, mooted in ordinary conversation, how, then, can it be otherwise, when interests of the highest importance are agitated? No sooner, however, does a woman allow herself to enter upon political discussions, than she speedily finds herself embroiled with, and hated by, the opposite party; her name is cited, until it becomes hackneyed, and she no longer fears to step forward upon the arena of public contention; whilst a sense of wrong and resentment attach her openly and boldly to her party. At first she contents herself with talking, but speedily her wounded feelings prompt her to act. Nothing, indeed, more speedily destroys, in woman, timid and bashful delicacy, the highest ornament of her sex, than the extravagant calumnies of inimical factions. In youth, virtue has especial need of justice; and greater value should be attached to a reputation likely to be augmented by an honorable career. In fine, amidst serious disorders and general contention, when one single interest occupies every mind, when esteem and praise, on either hand, are accorded only in proportion to the ardor shown for the cause defended,

the brain becomes heated, the passions aroused, and the victim to party-mania plunges recklessly into that extravagance and all those eccentricities to which the folly and spirit of the times gave birth. How early in youth a factious spirit was engendered between the several branches of the blood royal, appears from this record of their demeanor towards each other at assemblies. "I have before spoken," says Mademoiselle, of the winter entertainments given at the Hôtel de Crequi, to which she had removed; she then adds,

"The Princess Dowager of Condé, to imitate those balls, gave others at the Hôtel de Ventadour. There were perpetual cabals on account of these two assemblies, as to which should draw together the most people, that is, most cavaliers, for, as to the ladies, the number was always strictly regulated. No greater diversion could be afforded us than when some of the frequenters of the Hôtel de Ventadour came over to us—such as Messieurs de Beaufort, Coligni, St. Maisgrin, whom I name because they were the main support of the assembly, being the most gallant, and in the habit themselves of giving plays and concerts. When they came to the Hôtel de Crequi, we passed the word one to another not to be their partners in the dance. If any one of the clique, by chance, or secret understanding, stood up with them, it gave great vexation to the whole cabal, and Mademoiselle de Longueville and I never ceased scolding about it; and, truly, if we caused embarrassment amongst those of the Hôtel de Ventadour, we were as equally embarrassed amongst them. I was sometimes asked by Madame, the Princess, to go to her balls, but I went very reluctantly; for when there, I did not know what to talk about, as, on the other hand, they were equally puzzled what to say to me. I saw nothing but perpetual whispering on all sides of me, and, as they treated me like a mere child, I never returned home without feeling a mortal spite at heart. This was the principal cause which gave birth to the aversion that subsequently arose between me and the Prince de Condé and his family. If it chanced that our bands were mixed up together at any great assembly, it was inconceivable what intrigues were carried on to prevent one and the other from dancing together. Such were, then, our affairs of state and our most serious occupations: Time, thank Heaven, has dissipated our hatreds; and the slight foundation on which they were based, deserved not that they should have lasted so long."

Mademoiselle was a great stickler in points of etiquette. Of her determination on all occasions to maintain her place as first lady of France, after the Queen Regent, we have an amusing instance, in a fierce tussle for precedence which arose between the Princess and her kin of the blood royal—the Bourbon Condé family, on the occasion of a funeral service being performed, with great magnificence at Notre Dame, to the memory of her aunt, Isabella, of France,* Queen of Spain, who died October, 1644. Mademoiselle pretended that very great distinction was to be made between herself, as the King's grand-daughter, and Madame the Princess de Condé; on the other hand the Duke d'Enguien, (afterwards called the great Condé) being desirous of supporting that rank and grandeur which he derived both from his birth and his achievements, solicited the Queen to allow his Duchess to have the same honor, in all respects, as Mademoiselle, alleging that she was only first Princess of the blood. The Queen, not considering, at the moment, that Mademoiselle was really in possession of some prerogatives which made a difference between her family and that of Condé, granted him his request. Madame de Longueville,† who had lost her rank by marrying the Duke de Longueville, was willing also to avail herself of this opportunity to re-establish the right which she derived from the blood of Bourbon, and demanded the same honors as the Duchess d'Enguien. Mademoiselle being informed of the designs that were being carried on against her pretensions, declined to be present at the funeral service of her aunt, the Queen of Spain. When the hour fixed for the starting of the procession arrived, she feigned indisposition, and sent the queen word that she was too ill to leave her chamber. Anne of Austria, with whom the Princess was in no great favor at the time, guessing her sickness to be feigned, expressed her displeasure at Mademoiselle's message, and sent her an order to go instantly to Notre Dame, making complaint, at the same time, to the Duke of Orleans. The weak Prince, however, declared his entire disapprobation of her conduct, and Mademoiselle, thus abandoned by her father—whose grandeur she was endeavouring to support by maintaining her

* See Portrait and Memoir in this Magazine, September 1839.

† See Portrait and Memoir in this Magazine, April 1835.

own rank, finding herself unable to stand her ground against such a combination of opponents, yielded reluctantly to superior force, and repaired to Notre Dame, where she well knew she would be exposed to the many disagreeables attendant upon the pretensions of the rival relatives. Mademoiselle determined not to yield without a struggle. Taking her place in the procession, she ordered two persons of quality to bear up her train, which the Duke d'Enguien no sooner perceived than he made a sign to one of his attendants to join the person already bearing the train of his lady, whom he himself conducted by the hand. Having entered the Cathedral, Madame de Longueville, as she was going into one of the seats of the canonesses, seeing that Mademoiselle had chosen to leave, either inadvertently or intentionally, an empty space between them, pushed in advance of her sister-in-law, the Duchess d'Enguien, and they both seated themselves in the very next places. Mademoiselle took this scandalous treatment (as she termed it) very much to heart, burst into tears, and afterwards made a monstrous fuss about it—urging, that she had such proofs of the difference that ought to be made between her and Madame, the Princess, as must give her the advantage of her on all occasions;—for instance, having a *daïs*, or canopy, in the King's palace, a coach with studs, footmen with rolled stockings, and especially the giving the Princesses of the blood, on occasion of their visiting her, no more than a chair with a back to it, while she herself sat in a fauteuil or elbow-chair. The discussion of these important matters employed the whole court during the remainder of the day on which the ceremony took place. Late in the evening, the vacillating Duke of Orleans gave it as his opinion that Mademoiselle, his daughter, had reason on her side; whilst the Duke d'Enguien maintained, that she ought to have contented herself with retaining such prerogatives as she had without insisting ever upon new ones, and that the advantages she had already, were the only ones she could expect to enjoy. Monsieur, in the end, became exceedingly angry, carried his complaints to the Queen, and for two or three days continued running to and fro to her chamber to vent forth his murmurs. Anne of Austria was not a little puzzled to reconcile the high contending parties, but having given permission to the Duke d'Enguien to do what he did, she thought herself obliged, for peace sake, to acquit him of all blame, if any had been incurred, and take it upon herself, so that what with excuses on her part and compliments from the Duke d'Enguien, these troublesome matters were, at last, reconciled.

One of the most singular circumstances in the history of Mademoiselle de Montpensier is the number of marriages that, at different times, were contemplated by, or proposed to, her. These projects, indeed, engrossed no small portion of her life, and had a very marked influence over her conduct. Scarcely had she emerged from childhood, and whilst Louis XIV. was still in his cradle, than she was brought up with the idea of being the future consort of the young King. The Queen-mother herself confirmed her in this flattering hope, which the Princess having long cherished, did not renounce without mingled feelings of grief and resentment: for upwards of twenty years, indeed, Mademoiselle flattered herself with one day becoming Queen of France. In all probability she would not have been so long occupied with projects and overtures of marriage, if Louis of Bourbon, Count de Soissons, had not died, after gaining the battle of La Marfée, in 1641, Gaston, her father, having destined her hand for that prince—the companion of his exile. On failure of this last match, Anne of Austria was anxious to unite Mademoiselle to her brother, the cardinal and governor-general of Flanders: the death of that Prince, however, in 1642, terminated the negotiation. Three years afterwards, the King of Spain, Philip II., became a widower, and the question relative to his union with the Princess was long agitated; but Anne of Austria, and her minister Mazarin, abused the credulity of the Duke of Orleans and his daughter by promises which were never fulfilled. A secret emissary of the Spanish King was arrested and imprisoned: this first opened the eyes of the young Princess, and convinced her how little desirous was the first minister, notwithstanding his protestations of service, to be useful in the matter.

The double-dealing practised towards the Princess by Anne of Austria and her minister, in this latter instance, involved her in a very disagreeable affair; the details

of which being exceedingly diffuse in her own Memoirs, we prefer following the version given by Madame de Motteville :—

"About this time, a gentleman was arrested for negotiating overtures of marriage with Mademoiselle, which was the cause of that great Princess suffering abundance of trouble. His name was Saujeon, and he had a sister who held the post of maid of honour to Madame, for which sister the Duke of Orleans had a sneaking kindness; but his inclination for the sister did not hinder the disgrace of the brother, owing to important reasons in an affair that seemed to be delicate. At first, a mighty secret was made of it; none but the Queen, her minister, Monsieur and his favorite abbé knew it; and the courtiers spent several days in order to sift the meaning of it, because these adventures which are thought to proceed from the cabinet, commonly excite the curiosity of such lookers-on more than affairs of another nature. The prisoner was interrogated, privately, during a short journey which the Duke of Orleans made to Leinours; and though those four persons had, religiously, kept council, yet his kinsman Comminges, who was a friend of mine, told me the story, and gave me an account of his examination, which he desired me for some time, to keep secret. Everybody began to suspect the truth, but, as yet, nobody knew, perfectly, what to make of it: but at length it came out one night, at the conclusion of the council which was held in the little gallery of the Queen's apartment. The Duke of Orleans sent for Mademoiselle to that place, where the Queen, Monsieur, Cardinal Mazarin, and the Abbé de la Riviere, were left alone. As the Princess entered, this favorite of Monsieur, whom she hated, whispered her, *en passant*, that she was going to receive a reprimand from Monsieur, her father, and that the only way for her to come off easily, was to humble herself both before him and the Queen."

The main point was, it seems, that Saujeon, perhaps with Mademoiselle's own consent, would fain have had her married to the Archduke. His crime was for having held correspondence with a citizen of Furnez, who had been also in correspondence with a person of quality at that Prince's court. This person, instead of endeavouring to promote the affair, whether by consent of his royal master, or as a spy paid by France to betray him, informed the cardinal of the negotiation; and the minister being on indifferent terms with Mademoiselle, aspersed her conduct in the matter before the Queen, and characterised the correspondence as criminal and worthy of her indignation.

"The Queen thought Mademoiselle guilty, and spoke of it to Monsieur with so much resentment, that for all he was her father, he did not dare excuse her. This young Princess, who had weathered the storm, thought it was necessary to conceal her uneasiness, and to show that she feared nothing; so that the very next day, which was the last of April (1648), on entering the chamber of Madame, her mother-in-law, at the Luxembourg, she said, aloud, with a smile, 'that there was a report that Saujeon was a prisoner upon her account, and for having offered to marry her to the archduke; that she thought it an excellent joke, but, however, if such were the case, it were more than she knew, and that, therefore, she was no otherwise concerned at it than that it excited her compassion.' Meanwhile, she received a summons to attend the council, and was very much annoyed at the advice given her by the Abbé de la Riviere. She found the Queen greatly incensed, and who proceeded to accuse her of holding intelligence with the enemies of the state; of having offered herself in marriage, without her leave, or even that of her father—thereby having failed in respect both to her and to him; and having, therefore, severely reprimanded her, she left her to the Duke of Orleans, who confirmed the Queen's resentment by his own, and did not fail to say everything that could possibly tend to correct her for the fault."

Mademoiselle, finding herself so publicly attacked, by two persons whom she had so many reasons to dread, nevertheless stood her ground most courageously, and firmly maintained that she had been guilty of no treachery, and knew nothing of such marriage treaty. On the contrary, she reproached Monsieur, that if he had pleased, he might have married her to the Emperor; and further gave him to understand, that it was a shame in him not to be her protector, in this instance where her honor was apparently attacked :—

"The Queen, who heard this speech of the princess with astonishment, did me the honor to tell me in the evening," says Madame de Motteville, 'that if she had had a daughter who had treated her in the same manner as Mademoiselle had her father, she would have banished her from the court for ever, and have shut her up in a convent.' We heard the noise of both the accusation and the defence; and though there were but three persons speaking, the minister Mazarin choosing not to have it thought that he was con-

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cerned in the reprimand, yet the clamour was so great, that we, who were in the adjoining cabinet, were curious to know the issue and the circumstances of the quarrel. Mademoiselle left the presence with a countenance on which more of haughtiness than mortification was depicted, and her eyes seemed to flash with anger rather than be downcast with sorrow. As she walked across the ante-chamber, she halted momentarily on approaching the Abbé de la Rivière, but the latter not addressing her, she then went home sensibly afflicted to see herself abandoned by a person from whom she expected support and consolation."

"The next day the Abbé de la Rivière went to wait on her on the part of the duke, to forbid her seeing any one whatsoever, till she had confessed all that she knew relating to the affair. The Abbé, who, perhaps, would have been glad to have pleased the minister by overwhelming the criminal with confusion, thinking, at the same time, that the Princess bore him ill-will, did all he could to induce her to confess to him the truth of the intrigue—but in vain; she resolutely and steadily continued to answer him in the negative :—

"She was so vexed and annoyed at so many ill-natured incidents, that it threw her into a fever; and once she fainted away with grief because one of her women was taken away from her on suspicion that she had contributed to the long conversation that had passed between her and Saujeon. This gentleman had endeavoured to serve a Princess who was in every way worthy of his services; but he was the King's servant, and, consequently, to be blamed. Nevertheless his fault had more of imprudence in it than guilt, because the motive of it was perfectly innocent. Mademoiselle, apparently, was inclined to marry, and undoubtedly she never contemplated failing in the respect which she owed to the Queen and Monsieur; but her conduct was blameable, if weighed in the balance of state maxims, which forbade her to hold any sort of private correspondence with enemies and foreigners. 'I had then,' continues the truth-loving and truth-telling Madame de Motteville, 'no reason whatever to be particularly favorable to this princess, except it was the share she gave me of that civility which she showed to all mankind; and I cannot be suspected of partiality in what I may say of her; but as I profess a perfect sincerity, I am obliged to pay her this testimony. I was, also, so just, although I never suffered her to know it, as to maintain to the Queen, on the very day that this disorder happened, that Mademoiselle was in the right not to confess that she had offered to get a husband by secret intrigues; and I told her that it was my opinion, whether the thing was true or not, that Monsieur was in the wrong to abandon her, and to make a public confession of a thing, which it was more shameful to own than to do; for no young woman is to be blamed for thinking of her settlement, but 'tis not for her honor to have it known, or to show that she had any hand in it. 'Madame,' said I to her, 'tis customary for parents, in proposals of marriage, to preserve certain decorums, in order to save the reputation of their daughters, which is always supposed to be injured when they court what is lawful for them to wish.' The Queen who always did me the honor kindly to receive what happened to proceed from a heart which she knew was devotedly hers; was displeased with me for the sentiments that I expressed in this matter; because, in short, she altogether disapproved it. . . . The Duke of Orleans, without considering for what motive I spoke, complained of me, and told me that he was astonished to hear that I found fault with his procedure, since he took me to be more his friend than his daughters. Instead of justifying myself upon this head, I communicated my sentiments to his favorite abbé, and concluded by telling him that it was true the Princess had been in the wrong, and had perhaps ventured too far; but that, after all, it was an error on the right side; and that the old age of the Archduke, *his great ears* (years!), and his severe piety, ought to justify her before the world."

This short but sensible harangue seems to have had the proper effect of showing the affair in its true light, both in the eyes of the Queen and the Duke of Orleans. Mademoiselle sent to speak with the cardinal, condescending so far as to desire him to endeavour to turn the Queen's mind as to the accusation which she laid against her. Every body pressed the Duke, her father, to act like a kind parent, and forgive her. The wily minister, who was very glad to make a merit of anything when he could not act otherwise, professed himself desirous to serve her. Monsieur's favorite followed his example, and finding that it was but reasonable for his master to pity her, forgot his little resentments, and made her an offer of his services. So that, on the eleventh day of her captivity, after numerous conferences which the abbé had had with the Queen on the part of the Duke of Orleans, he was enabled to carry Mademoiselle some crumbs of comfort, which were, however, duly seasoned with lengthy lectures and respectful reprimands relative to her conduct :—

"This Princess," continues the same writer, "frequently gave Monsieur cause for uneasiness; and the Countess de Fiesque, her governess, complained sadly against her at the time, upon several accounts, accusing her of imprudence in many of her actions, and particularly for not taking due care to keep in favor with the minister. She blamed her for being too hot for her friends, and too bitter against her enemies; and by her wise and well-timed advice, often brought her under some fatherly correction, which was either mild or severe, according to the different humours of the Prince, who, after all, loved Mademoiselle tenderly. He always kept on terms with her, treated her with kindness, and I have many times heard him say, that, at that time, his daughter maintained him; that he was a beggar; that she was rich; and that had it not been for her, he should sometimes have wanted bread. He told the truth; for Mademoiselle having the estates of Madame, her mother, who was heiress of the families of Montpensier and Joyeuse, he always enjoyed them, without allowing her more than he thought fit for house-keeping, for which he afterwards paid dearly, by means of trials she had with him, when having grown to woman's estate, she took revenge on him, and endeavoured to get the estates into her own hands, after a manner that plainly proved she entertained no friendly disposition towards him."

A few days subsequent to the abbe's visit, Mademoiselle had the happiness of being reconciled to her father; who, after a short lecture, forgave her. The court chit-chat now turned upon some new topic, and Mademoiselle's adventure was speedily forgotten. Saujeon was sent prisoner to Pierre Encise, whence, not long afterwards, he was set at liberty. The Princess conceived a violent hatred to Mazarin for his duplicity towards her in the business—a hatred she internally swore to gratify whenever occasion might offer; and the trouble which threatened the Cardinal's odious sway, promised her sure and speedy means of vengeance.

About the same time, and at different periods, Mademoiselle contemplated espousing the Emperor of Germany, and for this marriage, which could only have flattered her ambition, she sacrificed the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles the Second of England.

Shortly after the affair of Saujeon, Mademoiselle's aunt, the unfortunate Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. of England, and mother of the Prince of Wales, sought refuge at the French court from the vengeance of her English subjects. On her approaching the capital, Mademoiselle was deputed on the part of their Majesties, the King and Queen of France, to meet her:—

"I went in one of the royal carriages, according to custom, as far as Bourg de la Reine, to meet the Queen of England, whither Monsieur had preceded me. As we were conducting her to Paris, we met their Majesties a short distance beyond the fauxbourgs, and after mutual salutations and compliments, the Queen of England got into the King's carriage. Although she had taken great pains to repair her health and strength by taking the medicinal waters of Bourbon, she was, in every respect, in a very deplorable condition, so much so that she excited the pity of every one: lodgings were provided for her at the Louvre, where on the morrow, she received all the honours due to a Queen and a daughter of France. For a few months she maintained a show of royal state, having about her many ladies of quality, maids of honor, guards and footmen; but her train and followers diminished by degrees, and, in a short time afterwards, nothing could be more ill fitted to maintain her dignity than her ordinary retinue and mode of living."

The following passage alludes very significantly to the strong desire cherished by Queen Henrietta Maria to bring about a marriage between her royal and wealthy niece and the Prince of Wales:—

"I was very assiduous in my visits to the Queen of England, who, notwithstanding her unhappy situation did not the less find a pleasure in exaggerating her bygone prosperity, the agreeable mode of living in England, the beauty and richness of the country, the many diversions it had afforded her, and more especially the good qualities of her son the Prince of Wales. She expressed a hope that I might shortly see him; and from all this I readily guessed her intentions, respecting which, it will be seen in the sequel, that I was not deceived."

In the summer of the year following (1645), Mademoiselle thus words the arrival of Prince Charles, then about fifteen years of age:—

"The unhappy troubles in England still increasing, the King sent his son, the Prince of Wales, into France, that he might remain in greater security. On his arrival at the court, which was then at Fontainebleau, their Majesties went forwards into the forest to meet him;

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and when the royal equipages met, the occupants got out, the Queen of England presented her son to the King, then to the Queen who kissed him, and afterwards he made his bow to me, and Madame, the Princess de Condé. He was, at this time, only sixteen or seventeen years old (an error of Mademoiselle), tall enough of his age, with a fine countenance and long dark hair, a brown complexion, and passably agreeable in person; but the most embarrassing thing with him was, that he did not speak or understand, *en facon du monde*, the French language. They did the utmost to entertain him during the three days he passed at Fontainebleau, with the diversion of the chase, and every thing that could be devised. He did not neglect to visit, in turn, all the Princesses; and, from that period, I was satisfied that the Queen of England felt very anxious to persuade me that he was enamored of me; that he was continually talking of me; that, if she had not hindered him, he would have entered my apartments at all hours; that he found me very much to his taste, and that he was in despair at hearing of the death of the Empress of Germany, because he greatly feared they might marry me to the Emperor. I received all that she said to me as it required, but, perhaps, did not attach all the faith to it she could have wished."

When Mademoiselle left Fontainebleau for Paris, another second-hand declaration was made her, on the part of Prince Charles, by Madame and Mademoiselle d'Épernon, who, as well as the Duke d'Épernon, had been received with marked distinction at the English court, that nobleman having assisted Charles with several loans of money, for the purpose of raising troops.

"Although," says the Princess, "I was well instructed as to the sentiments of the Queen, my aunt, I did not place greater faith in the second declaration they made, of those of the Prince of Wales, than in the first communicated to me by his royal mother: I know not how I might have received it, had it proceeded direct from his own mouth, but this I know, that I did not attach much value to what was told me on the part of a man who had nothing to say for himself."

In the return of the court to Paris, frequent opportunities presented themselves for the Prince to display his gallantry towards Mademoiselle, during the performance of plays, almost daily, at the Palais Royal.

"The Prince of Wales never failed to attend them, and always placed himself beside me. When I went to visit the Queen of England, he always conducted me to my coach; and no matter what the weather might be, he never put on his hat until he had taken leave; his civility was most marked towards me, in the most trifling matters. One day when I was engaged to be present at an assembly, at the house of the Chancellors' wife, Madame Choisy, who held one every year expressly for me, the Queen of England having expressed a desire to dress my hair and arrange my jewels with her own hands, came to my apartments for that purpose, and took all possible pains to adjust my attire. Whilst the Queen occupied herself with my toilet, the Prince of Wales was no less busy in holding a flambeau to light me; he wore on that occasion a small favour of scarlet, black and white, on account of my *parure* of jewels being attached with ribbons of those colours, I had also a feather to match, and the whole dress was made according to an order given by the Queen of England. The Queen (Anne of Austria)—who heard by whose hands I had been dressed, sent for me before I went to the ball—which she never failed to do on the occasion of my going to certain assemblies, being desirous of seeing whether I was dressed to her taste. The Prince of Wales had arrived at the hôtel Choisy before me, and came forth to hand me from my coach. Before entering the assembly, I stopped in an ante-chamber to adjust my hair at a mirror, and he again held a flambeau for me; he followed me about, at every step I took, the Prince Robert, his cousin-german, and my near relative, acting as interpreter, although he appeared to understand all I said to him, without such assistance. When the assembly broke up, I was quite astonished on reaching my hôtel to find that he had followed me to the door, and after seeing me enter, he went his way. His gallantry was exhibited so openly, that it made a great stir with everybody, and continued unrelaxed during the whole winter: he made an especial display of it at a celebrated fête given at the Palais Royal towards the end of the year, when a magnificent Italian performance was given, with curious machinery and music, the whole concluding with a ball: on this occasion, likewise, the Queen was desirous of attiring me. It took three days to arrange my *parure*; my robe was bedizened all over with diamonds, and white, black, and scarlet tufts; I carried about me all the crown jewels as well as those belonging to the Queen of England, who, at that time, had some still remaining. It was impossible to be more tastefully and magnificently arrayed than I was on that occasion, and very many persons failed not to tell me that my fine shape, my handsome mien, my fair complexion, and the glossy brightness of my fair hair, were not less ornamental to me than all the precious gems that glittered upon my person. Every thing contributed on that night to show me off to the best advantage, for we danced in a large theatre, arranged

expressly for the purpose, richly ornamented and lighted with flambeaux as brilliantly as possible. At the bottom of the stage a throne was raised three steps, covered with a canopy, and, all round, seats were placed for those ladies who were to dance, at whose feet their partners placed themselves, and the centre of the room resembled a large amphitheatre. Neither the King nor the Prince of Wales occupied the throne; I alone was seated on it, and saw at my feet not only those great Princes but even the Princesses. I felt quite at home, and those persons who flattered me during the ball were prepared to pay me some new compliment on the following day: all were unanimous in praising my easy, unconstrained manner while seated on the throne; telling me that as my birth gave me pretensions to occupy one, whenever that event should arrive, that my dignified demeanour would be the general theme of admiration. Whilst I was thus seated in state, with the Prince paying court to me at my feet, not only my eyes, but my heart scornfully scrutinized his pretensions. I was at that time full of the thought of marrying the Emperor of Germany, of which there was every probability, if the court only acted with good faith, because Mondevcrque, who was the bearer of the condolence of their Majesties to the Emperor on the loss of his consort, had reported that all through the country, and at the court of Vienna there was an anxious wish that I should become Empress, and that even some of the ministers had gone so far as to say, that the Queen had the means of procuring for the imperial widower the only consolation that was possible. Another thing which fixed the idea of this alliance in my mind was, that the Queen, while in my dressing-room that evening, could converse of nothing but this alliance, saying that she ardently desired, and would advance it by all the means in her power, under the conviction that it would be a most fortunate event for her house. So that the thoughts of becoming Empress took such full possession of my mind, that I could regard the Prince of Wales with no other feelings than those of pity. * * * I must not forget to say that, at this very ball, the Queen of England perceived the nature of my feelings towards her son, and having discovered the cause, the next time we met, she reproached me bitterly and was continually repeating that my thoughts ran on the Emperor, which I parried as well as I could, but, unfortunately, I had so little command of countenance, that it was not difficult for a close observer to read my thoughts. The Cardinal Mazarin often spoke as if to induce me to marry the Emperor, and although he did nothing towards advancing the affair, he was loud in his protestations of zeal to serve me. The Abbé de la Rivière, my father's confidant, seized every opportunity of 'paying' court to me, and assured me that he let pass no occasion to speak of the marriage to the Cardinal. What convinced me that there was no faith in all this, was a conversation with Monsieur one day. 'I know,' said he, 'that the proposal of an alliance with the Emperor is gratifying to you; if it be so, I will endeavour to advance it by all means in my power, although I feel convinced that you will not be happy at that court, where the mode of life is altogether Spanish, besides which the Emperor is even older than I am. All convinces me that this is not a fit marriage, and that you will only be happy in England, if affairs take a favorable turn; or in Savoy.' I answered him, that I preferred the Emperor, but that the choice was one prompted by interest, that I besought him to advance my views, that the Emperor being neither young, nor personally attractive, it was clear that I sought merely the position of the individual. However, I had the mortification of finding my plans thwarted by those in whose power it lay to advance them, and, after this, all mention of the affair ceased."

On another and subsequent occasion, when all parties seemed eager to conclude the alliance, save the Princess herself, the English Ambassador, Lord Germain, was deputed by Charles to convey his sentiments, and support his suit.

"The moment that he arrived the Abbé de la Rivière came to tell me that the Queen of England was urging Monsieur, by every possible means, to induce him to consent to this marriage with her son, that Lord Germain had come over to support his suit, and that it was time for me to come to some resolution, and that I might expect a visit from my father. He also discussed the subject with me, but without either advising or dissuading, merely stating the reasons for and against—the latter prevailed. My father said, 'The Queen of England has formally made the proposal which the abbé has told you of—what reply do you make?' I told him that I was content to obey his wishes in all things, that he was the best judge of what was fitting, and that I would be altogether decided by him. A few days afterwards, the King of England despatched Lord Perron to compliment their Majesties, and ask permission to visit their court: those two ambassadors were most assiduous. The Queen, as well as the cardinal, seemed very anxious for this alliance, assuring me that the King of England might expect powerful aid from France; that Charles was already complete master of Ireland; that she, the Queen, on her part, regarded me as a daughter; that she would not have advised the match except under the conviction that it would secure my happiness; that Henrietta of England was full of kindness and affection for me; that her son was passionately attached and wished for nothing so ardently as this marriage. I replied, that this preference did me great honor; that although it was doubtful that France

could spare as much aid as would be required to place the King in full possession of his hereditary dominions, nevertheless that I would conform to her and Monsieur's wishes. The Queen rallied me on the subject, in the presence of the ambassadors of England, which caused me to blush. The Abbé de la Rivière came to me on this subject, and said that Lord Germain was going to join the King in Holland; that he begged an explicit answer, inasmuch as the King's affairs required his immediate presence in Ireland; that, if I would consent to his proposal, he would come to Paris, that, at the expiration of two days, the nuptials should be there celebrated, and that after I was formally presented at the Louvre, he would escort me to St. Germain, where the Queen of England resided, and then pass over to Ireland, leaving me in Paris, if I preferred it. This latter arrangement I declared to be impossible, that I would go to Ireland with the King, if it was his pleasure, otherwise, that I would remain with the Queen of England, or retire to one of my country houses, as it was not seemly that I should appear to amuse myself in public while the King was absent with the army, or even that my establishment should be as complete as it was accustomed to be, as long as it might be said that the money should be remitted to Ireland; that the king was embarked in a doubtful war, for the maintenance of which it might become necessary that I should one day sacrifice my domains in France, and that, brought up in affluence and luxury, these chances frightened me."

To extricate herself from further prosecution of the suit of Charles II. of England, Mademoiselle very adroitly raised an insurmountable obstacle to the alliance, on the score of difference of religion, cunningly telling Lord Germain, whom the young monarch had deputed to convey his sentiments, that if the King really entertained an affection for her, he ought to obviate the difficulty by changing his faith, and that she would make equal sacrifices on her part.

"'He told me,' says the Princess, 'that from the position in which the King then found himself, he neither could, nor ought, to turn Catholic; for this he gave me very convincing reasons, though too long to recapitulate; but the main point was, that if he embraced the Catholic faith, at that juncture, it would have the effect of excluding him for ever from his dominions. We disputed long upon the subject, and at last he took his leave, expressing a hope that from what I had said, the obstacle raised would not be of very long existence.'"

The next meeting of Charles of England with Mademoiselle was at Compeigne, and amongst other causes of aversion to her royal lover was his refusing to converse upon English politics with Anne of Austria, who, it appears, pestered him with questions—the only subjects he would talk upon being the dogs and horses of the Prince of Orange, and the mode of hunting in the Netherlands. She says,

"After being repeatedly questioned by the Queen upon very serious matters, of the last importance to himself, he excused himself from answering, on the ground of his not speaking our language, although he had previously replied in French. I must confess, from that moment, I resolved not to conclude the marriage, for I conceived a very bad opinion of him, that being a King and arrived at his years, he had no knowledge of his own affairs. Shortly after his arrival, we sat down to dinner; he refused to eat *otolans*, but set eagerly upon a piece of beef, and afterwards attacked a shoulder of mutton as voraciously as if there were nothing else to be had. Nothing could exceed the excellence of his appetite, save the eagerness with which he, on all occasions, testified his admiration of myself."

In the sequel, Mademoiselle signified her *ullimatum* in a manner *un peu brusque*, but, *c'est mon humeur*, she adds, apologetically.

Retaliation was, however, sought, by wounding her in the most vulnerable point—etiquette—as follows:—

"The first time that I saw the Queen of England, after the conversation just alluded to with Lord Germain, she made me a thousand reproaches, and, as the King, her son, on entering, was accustomed to seat himself before me on a small chair, on this occasion a large arm-chair was brought him, in which he seated himself. I believe he thought to do me a great piece of spite, but in that, however, he was very much mistaken."

Her hopes of an alliance with the Emperor of Germany were, however, deceived; and it was the same as to the projected union with the Archduke Leopold, brother to the Emperor, for whom pretensions were made to raise him to the sovereignty of the low countries. Finally, a marriage was sought to be concluded between her

* See her Portrait and Memoir in this Magazine for August 1839.

and the Duke of Savoy : hitherto, therefore, the career of this Princess had been wholly occupied with projects of alliance ; her mind, alternately excited by the immediate expectation of sharing one of the European crowns, and vexed by successive disappointments, induced by political treachery, on the part of the court or the minister, when the troubles of the Fronde at length broke out, and put a stop to further negotiation with regard to the latter match, and Mademoiselle renounced, for a long period, the silken trammels of love, to enact the heroine upon the stirring scene of civil war that so long plunged France into confusion, with all its attendant train of ills.

As Mademoiselle de Montpensier figured so prominently in the second war of the Fronde, we must here give an outline of those civil distractions, which, commencing almost in sport, rendered the regency of the Queen, Anne of Austria, a long season of peril, and we will also, briefly, depict the moral and social condition of France.

On the 14th of May, 1643, after a lingering illness, Louis XIII. died at St. Germain-en-Laye, unregretted, probably, by a single individual in France, leaving to his infant son the vessel of state, already shaken by many a wind and tempest, corrupted, moreover, in many respects, through its whole fabric, and surrounded by rocks and shoals, which were only the more dangerous, as they were concealed under waters that rippled lightly in the sunshine.

The French, though none wept over the loss of their king, as usual, took justice into their own hands, and summed up his character in the following epitaph :—

Ci gît le bon roi nôtre maître,
Louis treizième de ce nom,
Il fut vingt ans valet d'un prêtre,
Et pourtant acquit grand renom :—
Oui, chez autrui—mais, chez lui, non.

Here lies Louis the thirteenth, lately deceased,
Our king and our master, and slave of a priest ;
Who yet gained some glory, while on the French throne,
In other king's countries ;—but none in his own.

Notwithstanding the great changes, then daily brought about by the astonishing progress of the human mind, the age was an age of superstition, scarcely less dark than that which preceded the Reformation ; and belief in judicial astrology was as potent as ever. Connected with it, was a reliance on all those pretended sciences which affect to interpret the future from the accidents of the day ; and we find a thousand instances of extraordinary credulity recorded of persons, whose mind and station ought to have elevated them above every vulgar prejudice.

No one appears to have placed more implicit confidence in the dreams of astrology than the Queen herself, and a curious instance is related by La Porte, (a valet to the youthful monarch, and whom, also, the Queen, in her quarrels with Madame de Hautefort, used to call her *porte-manteau*,) of the importance she attached to any accident which might be considered an omen. In the course of a journey to Fontainebleau, which she performed in a litter, borne by mules, one of the animals fell ; but instead of expressing, or experiencing any alarm from the accident, which had occurred, to the frail and dangerous vehicle in which she was borne, her sole apprehension seemed to be—what might be prognosticated from her mule's fall, and she instantly despatched a messenger to Paris, in order to consult an Italian astrologer, attached to the household of Madame de Combalet, a niece of Cardinal Richelieu, and afterwards created Duchess of Aiguillon. Such an appendage as an Italian charlatan, to calculate nativities and foretell events, was at that time common in the houses of the high French nobility, while the domestic fool, or jester, had become rare. Nobles, too, of station, did not scruple to enroll themselves in the ranks of this honorable fraternity of jugglers, and we shall shortly find Mademoiselle Montpensier, inscribing upon her tablets, amongst her *Agenda*, the prognostication

of a certain Marquis de Vilene, relative to the favorable issue of one of her Fronde expeditions.

Alchemy, practised through so many ages, and scoffed at by scientific philosophers of all epochs, was then also followed with eagerness, and regarded with deep reverence. Even Richelieu himself—the keen-sighted, reasoning, penetrating Richelieu, united with the King in giving credence to a charlatan, named Dubois, who, disappointing the expectations of the sanguinary minister of making gold, was instantly thrown into one of the dungeons of the Bastile, and only taken forth for private execution.

This confidence in judicial astrology was accompanied by belief in witchcraft, sorcery, and magic, credited alike by clergy and laity. The manners of the times, therefore, assimilated naturally with the intellectual darkness of the whole community, and many are the examples of coarseness, no less than grossness, in the lovely and the fair; and opinions of the celebrated Anne of Austria might be put forth, which would astonish the reader, were it not impossible, in the present day, to dwell with propriety upon such topics.

Nor were examples wanting of deep and devoted attachment: amongst others, we must cite the well-tried fidelity of Clara de Hautefort,* to afford a strange contrast with the baseness, caprice, and inconstancy of the agitators of the Fronde.

“The times,” remarks a modern historian, “were, indeed, such as were best suited to try the characters of men, and to bring out the deeper qualities of the human heart. But there was already prevailing throughout society that general relaxation of morals, and that libertine indifference to many, of what ought to be the most sacred ties, which precedes, accompanies, and follows the general contempt of all others. Female virtue was held as nought throughout the land; the fashion of the day was against it, in a country where all things are fashion; and many a person, whom we have every reason to believe was substantially virtuous, assumed the appearance of vice, for the purpose of being like the rest. What can better illustrate the laxity of the times, than the fact that a dignitary of the church, holding a high office over the metropolitan clergy—the Cardinal de Retz—was in the habit of holding his most serious councils, upon the most important and immediate affairs, beside the morning toilet of his nobly-born mistress.”

If, then, the moral condition of the country was loose and bad, its political state was equally so. In the wars of the League, feudality (complicated with superstition) had made its last grand stand, and though defeated in its efforts at freedom, the whole reign of Louis XIII. proved a gradual transition from the ruins of past things, towards the unhappy and blood-stained reign of Louis XVI.

Voltaire says truly, that

“Nothing was fixed—nothing was settled. The rights of no individual and of no body of men were ascertained. Corporations, ecclesiastical corps, bishops, princes, and jurisdictions were continually coming to blows in the streets of Paris, for their real or imaginary privileges; and the same dispute pervaded towns and villages, carrying dissension into the most remote corners of the kingdom. Trevoux, the capital of the small principality of Dombes, was held by Gaston, Duke of Orleans, as guardian of his daughter, Montpensier; and even, under the severe rule of Richelieu, the King was obliged to obtain possession of it by a stratagem. Fabert was despatched to lay wait in the neighbourhood with an armed force, while a peasant was sent to the gates, during the night, pretending that he came in haste to seek a midwife for a woman taken in labour. The guards were thus deceived, the gates opened, and the King's troops soon made themselves masters of the town.”

The mode in which Mademoiselle de Montpensier herself took possession of the city of Orleans, during the wars of the Fronde, and which we shall presently detail, affords another instance of the unsettled state of affairs, and the embarrassed position in which the highest authorities of the realm repeatedly found themselves. Each age has its characteristic event; some movement, some struggle, some effort in the field of policy, literature, science, or social improvement. This was one of struggle between the royal prerogative and the liberties of the people—or, in more general terms—between the portion of power *lent* by great masses to individuals for the pre-

* See the Portrait and Memoir in this Magazine for Nov. 1836.

servation and regulation of the whole, and the inherent power of the masses exerted to recall a part of that which had been confided, or yielded, to individuals.

In Spain, the revolt of Catalonia, the resistance of Arragon, the insurrection of Portugal, all bore more or less the same character. In Germany, though the people were but little concerned, a higher struggle was taking place between the princes of the confederation and their head.

In England, the battles of Naseby and Newbury, and Marston Moor; the imprisonment of Charles, the mock trial, and the block at Whitehall, showed where the struggle was carried on by a reasoning, determined and fearless people, till the settlement of the question, for the time, was written in the blood of the "master to his prerogative." Throughout the whole world, up to the period of which we speak, the prerogative of the crown had either increased by the grasping inclinations of various monarchs and the fall of intermediate powers, or had been left at the point where it had been placed in former ages, while the moral authority of the people had become greater: so that, in either case, the balance was destroyed, and a struggle could not be avoided.

In France, the royal authority was undefined, and the rights of the people disallowed, except that the parliament had always claimed a right of discussing, previous to registration, royal edicts regarding new burdens imposed upon the people.

It is, however, unnecessary here to enter further into the details of the various causes of the domestic troubles of France, which, in the year 1648, gave rise to the Fronde rebellion; suffice it, that certain fiscal edicts, onerous alike to the people and the magistracy, on being carried up for ratification to the Parliament, occasioned the greatest diversity of opinion, whence sprung the factions which so long divided the princes of the blood and the first families; desolated the provinces, and brought want and misery even to the doors of royalty itself. At the period just mentioned, the magistracy was divided into three parties. *Frondeurs*, so called because opposed to the court; *Mazarins*, devoted to the wily cardinal minister; and *Mitigs*, who held a middle path between these factions. The first of these got the upper hand. The people, overwhelmed with imposts, were overjoyed at the result; and Mazarin, thinking to appease all classes, sacrificed a creature of his own, the superintendent of Finance. This project proving insufficient the Queen was, unhappily, persuaded to order the arrest of the president Potier de Blanc-Mesnil and Broussel, counsellor of the Great Chamber, two of the most refractory spirits of their respective parties. The latter was the darling idol of the Parisian mob, a man, "who had always raised his standard against the king, proposed all questions that tended to the destruction of the royal authority, and set himself up as tribune of the people."

Mazarin advised their apprehension on the 26th of August, 1648, when the queen had ordered a Te Deum at Notre Dame, for the victory of Lens, just obtained over the Spaniards by the youthful and gallant Prince de Condé, as the streets through which the king must pass, and round about Notre Dame, nigh Broussel's residence, would be lined by troops.

That day's ceremony concluded, when the royal family was about to return to the palace, the Queen-Regent whispered to Comminges, lieutenant of her guard, "Go, and God give you aid!"

Potier de Blanc-Mesnil was taken without a struggle, and the president Charton, escaped, having received a private and friendly hint of his danger. Comminges took upon himself the dangerous task of securing Broussel. Accompanied by only one page, he knocked at the house of the aged counsellor. A little lackey opened the door. Stationing two guards there, and followed by two others, he ran up stairs to Broussel's dining-room, and forthwith announced his arrest. Broussel made various excuses to gain time; whilst an old woman, his servant, gave the alarm from the windows, and, with unmeasured abuse, told Comminges the people would prevent the execution of his orders. Her cries soon brought crowds into the street, and the traces of Comminges' carriage would have been cut, but for the lieutenant's resolute little page, and the guards in attendance. Threatening him with instant death, if he resisted, Comminges forced him down stairs into the carriage. The cry of opposition went forth from mouth to mouth, faster far than his

slow, heavy carriage could proceed; chains and barriers were instantly raised to impede his progress through the regular streets.

Opposite the president's house, the carriage was overturned and shattered to pieces. Another with ladies having been stopped, Comminges and Broussel exchanged places with them. Soon after, the new carriage broke down also, but another vehicle chanced to be passing, and in it Comminges carried his prisoner safely out of Paris: but the events of the day were only just then commencing.

The noise of these proceedings spread through Paris in every direction. The lower orders poured forth from manufactory, workshop, and booth, excited to fury by the imprisonment of their defender; and the more respectable citizens sallied forth, likewise, armed, to defend their lives and property, thus exposed to the fury of the rabble, by the rash measures of the Government.

The Cardinal de Retz, gives nearly the following account of the general proceeding, in which he acted so conspicuous a part:—

"Hearing the tumult, I issued forth on foot, clad in my camail and rochet, to proceed to the palace, determined to place myself at the side of the Regent, and do my duty, notwithstanding the imposition which had been put upon me by the court. Having quitted the lesser archbishopric, accompanied by several attendants, I proceeded towards the Palais Royal, where an immense crowd of people were howling, rather than crying, for Broussel's liberty."

"On the Pont Neuf, I found the Maréchal de Meilleraie, at the head of the guard, endeavouring to restrain the people, who were assailing him and his men with stones. The multitudes increased each moment, and Milleraie, who saw that his handful of troops could not possibly stem the torrent much longer, besought me to let the Queen know the truth, and offered to go with me to the Palais Royal. I received the proposal with joy, and, accompanied by the general, proceeded to the palace, where we were immediately admitted to the Regent's presence. The Queen was full of unbelief. De Meilleraie, having spoken first, appealed to me; and, in rendering full justice to his accuracy, described the excited state of the people. The Queen still incredulous; and, more than probable, already persuaded that I had taken means, as I passed along the streets, rather to inflame the multitude than pacify them, did not judge favorably of my motives, and treated me in a manner, which greatly irritated me. Mazarin, on the contrary, attempted to soften matters, cajoling me, to prevent the Queen from displaying, too plainly, the sentiments which the court entertained towards me."

"Every one in the room, says de Retz,* was acting a part. I was playing the innocent, which I certainly was not, at least in this point. The cardinal was playing the courageous, which he was not so much as he seemed; from time to time, the Queen affected the sweet, and she was never more sour. The Duke de Longueville appeared sad, and felt, in truth, considerable joy, because of all men in the world he the most loved the commencement of all pieces of business. The Duke of Orleans (Mademoiselle's father) acted the energetic and impassioned when speaking to the Queen, yet I have never seen him whistle with greater indifference, than he whistled for half an hour while gossiping with Guerchi in the little gray chamber. Marshal Villeroy acted the gay, to pay his court to the minister, and he confessed to me, in private, with tears in his eyes, that the state was upon the brink of a precipice. Beaurieu and Nogent acted the buffoon, and represented, to please the Queen, the nurse of old Broussel (remark, I beg, that he was eighty years old) animating the people to sedition, although they both very well knew that the tragedy was likely not to be far off from the farce."

In the midst of this comedy, the lieutenant-colonel of the guards appeared, to inform the Queen that the mob threatened to force the guard. De Retz strongly advised the Queen to yield Broussel to the people, but she declared that she would rather strangle him with her own hands.

"There were not wanting others, too," adds Madame de Monteville, "who advised her to have the demagogue put to death. But at length the entrance of the civil lieutenant, with a mortal paleness in his face, and all the signs and symptoms of the most dastardly fear in his demeanour, communicated that infectious disease to the cardinal, and even to the Queen, so that, at length, it was determined, in order to gain time, to send out de Retz, and the Marechal de Meilleraie, for the purpose of telling the people, that if they would

* De Retz held the office of *coadjutor* to the Archbishop of Paris, which title he usually bears in the writings of the period; he was nephew to the Bishop, who was old and infirm, and upon the ambitious prelate devolved most of the duties of the diocesan, and this gave him vast power and influence over the metropolitan clergy, and through them over the the Parisians finally.

separate, and not continue to demand the liberty of Broussel in crowds, the Queen would grant it them."

"De Retz, who perceived that no real intention was entertained of giving him up the prisoner, requested the queen to furnish him with a promise to that effect under her hand, that he might display it to the populace, but his demand was evaded, and he was assured that the Queen's word was better than all the writings in the world. The Queen then quitted the room; the Duke of Orleans pushed De Retz gently towards the door with his two hands, beseeching him to restore tranquillity to the state. De Muilleraie dragged him forward, all the gardes-de-corps carried him lovingly in their arms, crying 'There is no one but you who can remedy the evil,' and thus he was driven out, to promise the people, in the name of the Queen, a concession which he knew was not likely to be granted.

'Between the chamber where the coadjutor had received his audience and the court, De Meilleraie left him, and giving way to his impetuous nature, put himself at the head of the light horse of the guard, and rode forwards towards the people with his sword drawn, crying, 'long live the King! liberty for Broussel!'

"As he was seen in this attitude by a great many more persons than could hear his voice, the populace naturally concluded that they were about to be charged by the light horse, and a porter suddenly drew a sword and attacked de Meilleraie, who in return shot him with a pistol. The people recoiled, and the marshal, with his blood up, pushed them on down the street, to the famous place of execution, called the Croix du Trahoir. De Retz, coming out of the place, found a multitude of people in the rear of De Meilleraie, and the unfortunate porter stretched dying in the middle of the street. The pontifical robes of the coadjutor, for a time, gained for him respect and attention, and he was immediately surrounded by the crowd, with whom his popularity was immense, and was carried by them onward towards the place where De Meilleraie was contending with the rest of the mob. Never forgetful, however, of performing any act that might dazzle and astonish the multitude, De Retz paused before the dying man, and, kneeling down beside him in the gutter, received his confession in the middle of the street."

"Hurrying up to the spot where De Meilleraie was, he was now brought to a halt, was surrounded by a crowd of armed burghers, upon whom the light horse were firing from time to time, De Retz endeavouring to interpose between the two bodies, and not without success. For a moment or two both parties ceased firing, but a number of the other crowds coming down the cross streets, without seeing or recognising De Retz, made a sudden discharge upon the light horse, both with fire-arms and stones."

"De Retz himself was brought to the ground by the blow of a stone just above the ear. As he was rising, one of the mob pointed a gun at his head, but the archbishop, whose presence of mind had not left him, exclaimed, although he had never beheld the man before, 'Ah, wretch! if your father saw you!' The man paused, imagining that he had nearly killed his father's best friend, and looking at him more closely, beheld the episcopal robes of the prelate. The name of De Retz was now shouted forth aloud; a thousand voices took up the same cry, a multitude gathered round the spot where he stood; others seeing the direction which their neighbours followed, flocked after him also, and De Meilleraie, finding his opponents diverted from their attack upon him, made the best of his way back to the Palais Royal. De Retz, in the meanwhile, led the people in another direction, and, by all those arts which he knew so well how to practise, he at length persuaded the multitude to lay down their arms, and follow him peaceably back to the Palais Royal, in order to demand in more respectful terms, the liberty of him whom they considered as a victim to despotic power.

De Retz, dangerous as he was, alone saved Paris, though, by his own confession, the hour of supper coming on, it operated more powerfully than all his exhortations, Group after group disappeared from the streets, the shouts died away, the turbulent lost the support of the multitude, and, ere night, the French capital was as tranquil as if nothing had happened. On his informing the Queen of the wishes of the people, she, as well as her courtiers, thinking all danger over, laughed at his application—uttering these significant and bitter words:—*Allez vous reposer, Monsieur, vous avez bien travaillé!*—this was, indeed, putting a naked sword into his hand. Having learned that the court was determined to arrest him, and exhorted to provide for his personal security by flight, he answered, "To-morrow, before mid-day, I will be master of Paris."

In a few hours, a formidable faction was organized—the principal citizens were ready to take arms; other bodies, composed of inferior classes, and led by De Retz's friends, were in ambush, to turn every street into a fortified defile, and the Parisians waited in a solemn calm for the first movement which was to call down the threatening storm.

The Chancellor's cortège having reached the Pont Neuf, the train laid the night before was fired. The Swiss were attacked by a band under the command of one of De Retz's friends, clad as a common mason. The soldiers, taken by surprise, were dispersed in a moment; the tocsin sounded, the drums beat to arms, the burghers poured forth and lined the streets, and artisans, casually armed, rushed forward to raise barricades.

The Chancellor, finding that the incensed mob was increasing, drove to the Hôtel de Luynes for refuge, and escaped being massacred only by concealing himself in a closet, with his daughter, the young, beautiful, and heroic Duchess of Sully, who persisted in accompanying him to the Parliament chamber, to watch over his safety. They were finally rescued from their appalling situation by the Maréchal de Meilleraie and his troops, but, on their passage to the Palais Royal, a second affray took place with the mob, in which several persons were killed, and a ball, the force of which was fortunately lessened by passing through the side of the vehicle, slightly wounded the lovely Duchess of Sully. The party at length gained the Palais Royal, and Meilleraie prepared himself to defend the palace, threatened each moment with attack.

From every quarter of the city, the suburbs, and country round, the people poured in towards the Place St. Honoré. Butchers and boatmen, tanners, printers, wine coopers, sawyers of wood, and gardeners; but, principally, masons and sellers of charcoal, with a multitude of the disaffected of the higher classes, disguised in similar habiliments, were aiding and counselling to raise barricades in the principal streets. Chains were drawn across; carts and carriages overturned; barrels filled with dirt and sand, large logs of wood, wool packs, and bales of merchandise, were piled up as breastworks against the soldiery. Arms of every sort and kind—the modern musketoon and carbine, pike, sword, halbert, together with lance that had seen the French and English contest for the French crown, and gorgets which had been sanctified in the times of the League by the image of father Clement—appeared now again in the streets. More than two hundred barricades were raised in the space of two hours; and, floating above these, were displayed the banners of different companies, and flags which should only have been unfurled in the King's service.

The Parliament, headed by their president, at length proceeded to the Palais Royal, and the chief president harangued the Regent—the undaunted Anne of Austria—on the state of Paris; Mademoiselle Montpensier and the other Princesses, who formed the circle round her, threw themselves at her feet; the Duke of Orleans affected to do the same; and even Mazarin joined his voice to the rest, and besought her to yield something to the application of her faithful subjects. On her right hand stood one who could have told her, from bitter experience, how dangerous it is to meet, without full preparation, as well the just as the unjust indignation of a nation.

Henrietta, the unwise and unfortunate Queen of Charles I. of England, entreated her to listen to the remonstrances addressed to her, for the release of Blanc-Menil and Broussel; but all the answer which could be drawn from the obstinate Queen was, "Well, gentlemen of the Parliament, see, then, what is necessary to be done."

After a night passed by all parties in a state of intense anxiety, Broussel—the idol of the Parisians—being liberated, was carried in triumph into the capital, by the principal citizens, welcomed, moreover, by salvoes of artillery. The Parliament then issued a decree, enjoining the citizens to lay down their arms and return to their usual employments. In a moment, the chains were unhooked, the barricades removed, the arms, which had so suddenly appeared from various secret receptacles, disappeared again as rapidly; and, to use the words of an eye-witness, "two hours after the decree of the Parliament was given, one could walk in Paris as in the most peaceable times: and every thing became calm, in such a manner that it seemed as if the past had been nothing but a dream." Such was the celebrated *day of the Barricades*, the first act in the great tragic farce of the Fronde.*

* The origin of the name of this celebrated party was as follows:—the boys of the French capital were in the habit of assembling under the city walls, and dividing themselves into regular bodies of slingers (*frondeurs*); between which bodies serious engagements used to take place, MAGAZINE.]

Shortly afterwards, the Prince de Condé quarrelling openly with the Parliament, he urged the Queen to punish the insolence of the Parisians, by quitting the city with the young King and the court, and cutting off supplies from the capital. In this he was seconded by Mazarin, who had no choice but warfare or destruction. The only obstacle lay with the Duke of Orleans.

Notwithstanding every precaution, rumors of this intention got afloat, and a deputation from the Parliament, waited on the Duke of Orleans, beseeching him not to abandon the city. That vacillating prince hesitated; the Queen visited him in person, and, aided by the whole court, at length gained him over. The Duke studiously concealed this determination from his wife and Mademoiselle Montpensier, as he was sure of encountering opposition. The royal attendants were also in perfect ignorance until the last moment, so that the people of Paris entertained not the slightest suspicion that the Regent was about to quit the city, till she was actually beyond the walls.

Madame de Motteville, who was herself deceived upon the occasion, gives a *naïve* and interesting description of a scene, in which the presence of mind, of Anne of Austria, was most strikingly displayed.

"On the 5th of January, 1649, the eve of the Epiphany, that memorable day, which will be talked of in future ages, I went to the Queen's apartment, where I spent the greatest part of my time. I found her in her little cabinet, very quietly attentive to the King as he was at play, and carelessly leaning on the corner of a table, in such a manner that she seemed to be thinking of nothing else but the game. When I came in, I planted myself behind her chair, to take the same diversion, and to do, what courtiers generally do, which is, to trifle away a good deal of time. I had been there but a moment, when the Duchess de la Tremouille, who sat near her, made me a sign to bend down my head, and whispered me, 'There runs a rumour, in Paris, that the Queen departs to night.' The only reply of Madame de Motteville, was by shrugging her shoulders, and pointing to the Queen, who, with the most perfect, apparent, calmness of mind, seemed wholly occupied in looking at the sports of her children. Shortly afterwards, Anne of Austria mentioned her intention of spending the next day with the nuns of the Val de Grace; and her younger son, the little duke of Anjou, made her promise to take him thither with her. Late in the evening, to divert the King, the Queen caused a twelfth-cake to be brought and divided, with the usual ceremonies, and as nobody was with her, but Madame de Bregis, my sister, and myself, she did us the honor to give us each a part with the King and herself. We made her the Queen of the cake, because the bean happened to be in that part which was allotted to the Virgin Mary, and to carry on the jest, she ordered a bottle of hippocrass to be opened, of which we drank before her, and, as we met for nothing but to be merry, we made the Queen drink a little of it too. We supped, as usual, in her wardrobe-room, upon the remains of her supper, and ate and drank heartily, without any disturbance." One of this little party even ventured to mention to the Queen the report, which was current, respecting her departure, and she laughed heartily with them, at the suspicions of the Parisians.

The Queen went quietly to bed, and her attendants retired to their own houses. No sooner were they gone, than the gates of the Palais Royal were shut, and Anne of Austria rose again, almost immediately; but the young king, and his brother, were suffered to sleep till three o'clock in the morning, when they were roused; and, accompanied by the Queen and several of the principal officers of the household, descended into the court, by a back staircase.

In the meantime, a fête, purposely arranged to be given, by way of blind, at the Maréchal de Grammont's, passed off untroubled; and the people, seeing all the princes, and even the minister himself, proceed to that entertainment, lost the apprehensions they had felt during the day. Immediately after supper, however, the Duke of Orleans, and the Prince de Condé took their leave and retired to their country houses; but Mazarin, on the

often producing severe injury to the children themselves, from the deadly nature of the weapon (the *fronde*, or sling), which they were suffered to play with. At length the police were forced to interfere, in order to stop the mischief which daily took place; but the boys contrived to evade their superintendence—dispersing the moment they appeared, and re-assembling the moment after. Some of the parliamentary orators discovered a similarity between the conduct of the slingers, or *frondeurs*, under the walls of Paris and the opponents of the court, and applied to the latter that name, by which they were ever after known. The people were amused at the comparison; and, easily excited, they took it up with glee; the *fronde* became the fashion of the day; and from that moment every thing, even to small articles of dress, needed only to be called a *la fronde* to render them the mode—in like manner, as we have trusted that "fashion," if no higher principle, will, under the generous auspices of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, soon cause this country to extinguish the traffic in human beings.

contrary, remained at play, till a very late hour; while some of his faithful attendants busied themselves in packing up all his precious effects, and prepared his nephews and nieces to follow the court. At length he selected several persons from the company to take a place in his carriage, and retired; but, as he drove on, he informed his companions of what was about to occur, and invited them to accompany the Regent."

"In the court of the Palais Royal, the Queen, and the Royal children, were found already waiting; the families of Condé and Orleans soon after appeared; and all the principal officers and ladies of the court were roused, and received orders to come to the Palais Royal as fast as possible. All, who could, fled with speed from a city doomed to be the object of their sovereign's wrath."

In consequence of the profound secrecy that had been requisite, no preparations were made for the arrival of such a party at St. Germain. Only three small beds, which Mazarin had smuggled out of Paris, some time before, were found in the place. The Duchess of Orleans, Madame Montpensier, her sister, and all the principal personages of the court, were compelled to sleep upon the floor; and, in a few hours, straw became so scarce at St. Germain, that none was to be procured at any price.

"The Queen," continues Madame de Motteville, "lay in a little bed, which Cardinal Mazarin had sent out of Paris, a few days previously. He had, also, provided for the King's necessities, and there were two other little field-beds, one of which served Monsieur, the Duke of Orleans, and the other, himself. The Duchess lay one night upon straw, and so did Mademoiselle Montpensier. All, who followed the court, had the same destiny."

Mademoiselle, in her memoirs, most amusingly bewails the inconveniences and sufferings she endured on that memorable night: but frankly owns that the malicious delight, with which she beheld the painful position of the court, went far to atone for them. It will be seen, too, that she knew how to take care of herself. Before retiring to bed, she suspected, it seems, what might happen, but was still in doubt:

"Between three and four o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by a loud knocking at the door of my chamber; not knowing what it meant, I aroused my women, and bade them open the door. On seeing M. de Comminges enter, I enquired at once, whether it were not a summons to accompany the court. He replied, "Yes, Mademoiselle, the King, the Queen, and Monsieur, the Duke of Orleans, are waiting for you in the court of the Palais Royal, and here is a letter from Monsieur. I took it, and thrust it under my bolster, telling him, at the same time, that, to the commands of their Majesties it was quite unnecessary to add those of Monsieur to ensure obedience from me. He, Comminges, pressed me to read the letter,—it contained merely an injunction to show diligent obedience to the royal mandate. The Queen had desired Monsieur to give me such order, thinking, that I might not obey hers, and be delighted to remain at Paris, to join the faction against her—for I never found any one who declared himself to have enmity against the King. If she never more deceived herself than in such divination, it would have been a happy thing for her, and she would have been spared much chagrin: nothing could, indeed, be nearer to the truth than such guess at my feelings and desires—and so I have since thought a hundred times. During the whole time, M. de Comminges, spoke to me, I was quite overcome with joy to find that they were about to take a false step, and that I should be an eye-witness of the miseries it would cause them. It would avenge me a little, I thought, for the persecutions I had suffered. I did not, at that moment, foresee that I should find myself at the head of a powerful faction, to which I could both do my duty and revenge myself at the same time; in exercising, that sort of vengeance, one frequently does it at one's own expense. I got myself dressed with all possible diligence, and stepped into the carriage Comminges had brought, neither mine nor that of the Countess de Fiesque being ready. As I set forth, the moon was waning on the horizon, and day had not yet begun to break. When I got into the Queens' carriage, I said: "I would prefer sitting on the front or back seat, (there being a seat between the doors), I hate the cold air, and I wish to sit at my ease." I said this, with the intention of depriving Madame, the Princess, of her place, as she was always in the habit of sitting back or front. The Queen said, "The King, my son, and myself, and Madame la Princesse are occupying those seats:" To which my reply was:—

"The young folks ought to make way for their elders—they must give place. I was seated, however, with my back to the door, beside the Prince de Conti; and, opposite to us, sat the Princess and Madame de Sennecy. The Queen asked me whether I had not been greatly surprised; I answered in the negative, saying that Monsieur had apprised me, although, in fact, he had not said a word about it: and she, thinking to catch me telling a

lie, asked me, 'Why, then, did you think of going to bed?' I replied that 'I was very anxious to get as much sleep as I could, being uncertain whether I should see my bed at all on the following night.' I never saw any creature more gay than her Majesty was at this time; if she had gained a battle, taken Paris, and caused all those persons to be hanged who had displeased her, she could not have been in higher spirits, and she was far indeed from being in such a position."

On the following night, Mademoiselle fared somewhat better; thanks to her gouvernante, the Countess de Fiesque, who sent her a carriage, with a mattress and some linen.

"I slept," she tells us, "in a very large and handsome upper chamber, having paintings on the walls, and gilt cornices, but with very little fire, and no casements nor glazed windows, which is any thing but agreeable in the month of January. My mattress was placed upon the floor, and my sister, who had no other bed, slept with me; they were obliged to sing, in order to send her to sleep. She was very restless, turning and tossing, and when she felt me beside her she awoke, crying out that she saw *Old Bogie (qu'elle voyoit la bête)*: so that they were obliged to recommence singing to lull her off again—and thus passed the night. It may be easily imagined that all this was not very agreeable for a person who had slept but little on the previous night, and who had been ill all the winter with sore throat and violent cold; all this fatigue, however, cured me of my ailments. Fortunately, some beds were sent in the course of the day for the use of Monsieur and Madame, and Monsieur was kind enough to give me up his chamber, and slept in a bed lent him by the Prince de Condé. Whilst I was soundly asleep in the chamber, in which it was not known I had taken up my quarters, I was awakened suddenly by a great noise; and, drawing aside the bed-curtains, I was exceedingly astonished to find my apartment filled with men clad in buff jerkins, and who appeared equally astonished as myself, having as little knowledge of me as I of them. * * * As I had no change of linen, my sleeping attire was washed during the daytime, and my chemise at night; I had no attendants to curl my hair, or dress me, which I found excessively inconvenient; I took my meals with Monsieur, who had very wretched cheer; yet, notwithstanding all this, I was in excellent spirits, and Monsieur expressed his admiration at seeing me so contented with every thing, and, unlike Madame, above being incommoded at trifles. During the whole period of the court's sojourn at St. Germain, there was but little magnificence—no one had their equipage; those who were lucky enough to procure beds, had no tapestries; and those who had tapestries wanted clothes: and all cut a very wretched figure. The King and Queen were long obliged to make shift with a little furniture belonging to Cardinal Mazarin; none could be procured from the city, for the Parisians, out of their aversion to the Cardinal, thought that all his applications for permission to let some pass for the use of their Majesties, were pretexts to obtain his own, and, therefore, would not let an article pass the gates. For myself, whilst the King and Queen were in want of the commonest necessaries, I had every thing I chose to send for, and wanted for nothing. Passports were furnished me, with every thing I sent for from Paris; an escort accompanied my carriage, and the civilities shown me were unequalled."

At last, the scarcity of provisions was so severely felt at St. Germain, that, from sheer necessity, there seemed no alternative but to return to Paris; but before the court could re-enter the capital, it was necessary to lay siege to it. The Prince of Conti and his sister, the beautiful Duchess of Longueville, had gone over to the Fronde; his elder brother, the great Condé, the only one among the princes of the blood who yet adhered to the court, was, therefore, charged with that expedition. The capital, meanwhile, raised troops for its defence. The coadjutor, De Retz himself, raised a regiment, which was nicknamed by the witty rebels of Paris *the First of the Corinthians*, from the circumstance of that prelate being titular Archbishop of Corinth. The intrigues of that factious spirit had now completely succeeded: in spite of all the efforts of the better intentioned people, a civil war was inevitable; the great and the little, the wise and the foolish, the rash and the prudent, the cowardly and brave were engaged and jumbled up pell mell on either side, and the mixture was so strange, so heterogeneous, and so incomprehensible, that ridicule gained the mastery, and the war began even amidst fits of laughter on all sides.

The Prince de Condé was declared *Generalissimo of the army of the King, under the orders of the Parliament*. Such were the soft terms in which the rugged back of treason was clothed; and that very day, Condé's horsemen came galloping into the suburbs, to fire their pistols at the Parisians; the Marquis of Noirmoutier went

forth with the cavalry of the Fronde to skirmish with them, and, returning to the Hôtel de Ville, entered the circle of the Duchess de Longueville, followed by his officers, every one wearing his cuirass, as he came from the field. The hall was filled with ladies preparing to dance, the troops were drawn up in the square, and this mixture of blue scarfs and ladies, and cuirasses and violins, and trumpets, formed, continues De Retz, "a spectacle much more common in romances than any where else." The most important councils were held in the boudoir of the gay duchess, and there the proceedings of each sitting of the Parliament were discussed, as were the various movements of the army. There the young officers of the Fronde received the badges of rank or merit, and at the feet of the heroines of their party, deposited their trophies of victory.

Occupations which, by turns, interested the mind and the heart, frequently mingled with the most serious deliberations. Pleasure rather than war seemed to be, at intervals, the most important affair. Love created and destroyed cabals, sides were changed successively with lovers or mistresses, whilst fighting, dancing, flirting and conspiring was the order of the day.* In such spirit began the wars of the Fronde, a spirit diametrically opposite to that which characterised the wars of the League.

The latter was a religious strife, great crimes committed during the reigns of Charles IX and Henry III, had produced appalling resentment; it was not a minister that was then the chief object of obloquy and attack, but a King sought to be dethroned; hatred, blended with a thirst for independence, had turned the brains of the Parisians, and carried them into every extreme. Love and murder engrossed exclusive attention; friendship was a passion, love and bravery a mania. Men bound themselves by terrible oaths never to abandon each other, and to go every length with the party to which they belonged. The absence of a friend or lover occasioned the fair ones of that epoch, to attire themselves in mourning, and abstain from every thing like pleasure, and, the death of such imposed a debt of vengeance, to discharge which, resort was had to the most desperate means, and they were in the habit of requiring the most ferocious proofs of love, ordering their lovers to rush into the mêlée, write billets-doux in the blood of their enemies, or that flowing from their own wounds. It became, indeed, the rage to revive every by-gone folly: rash enterprise, and excess, interblended, nevertheless, with the generosity of the ancient chivalry. Reason and moderation, it is true, were wanting, but not good faith.

Baseness, caprice, and inconstancy, were, on the contrary, the distinguishing characteristics of the Fronde. It was, indeed, a species of tragi-comedy. Sarcasm was mingled with enthusiasm, and the war was carried on rather by keen strokes of the pen, and smart sayings, than by the sword. After various minor advantages gained by the Royalists over the Frondeurs, a general amnesty was concluded at Ruel, March 11th, 1649.

The King and the court returned to Paris on the 18th of August, in expectation of tranquillity.

The Spaniards, profiting by the domestic troubles of France, seized upon several places in Catalonia, and the low countries, as they thought it impossible they could receive succour. But the Cardinal, freed from civil war, marched an army into Flanders, under Count d'Harcourt, and seized the strong town of and Condé. The Prince was highly piqued at the court for not employing him, and spurred on by his intriguing sister, the Duchess de Longueville, he fomented fresh discords.

The Queen, hoping to crush hydra faction, on the 18th January, 1650, arrested the Princes Condé and Conti, and the Duke de Longueville at Vincennes. They passed the night playing with dice and cards, and arrived on the 15th November, at Havre de Grace. Marshal Turenne fearing the same fate, joined the Spaniards at Slenai. The storm darkened over the Cardinal's head, the Parliament, the Frondeurs, and the majority of the most powerful nobility, declared themselves against Orleans, and in favor of the Princes, at Havre. So menacing was then the aspect of affairs, that Mazarin quitted Paris, and, on the 13th February, 1651, arriving at Havre, made a merit of announcing to the Princes, that their captivity

was about to end. The minister, after dining with them, departed for Cologne, where he took up his residence.

The Princes, accompanied by the Duke of Orleans, now returned in triumph to Paris, the populace testifying its joy by bon-fires and rejoicings, in the same manner it had a year before on occasion of their arrest.

Three factions now arose to divide the state, the Queen's headed by the Dukes de Bouillon and Turenne, the Prince de Condé, with whom the Dukes de Rochefoucault and de Nemours had sided, and the Frondeurs, headed by the Duke of Orleans and de Retz. Louis XIV having entered into his fourteenth year, Sept. 17th, held a Parliament and a *lit de justice*, by which he was declared of age. The Prince of Condé thereupon withdrew into his province of Guienne, resolved to renew the civil war.

Notwithstanding his retreat, Mazarin re-entered France, in 1652, with six thousand men for the king's service. At Poitiers he took his place in the royal council, and the king declared he would chastise the rebels. The court and army finally removed to Tours; and now a manifest change took place in popular feeling. As the royal army advanced, each city and strong place upon the banks of the Loire, at once threw open its gates to the king, Orleans alone excepted, into which place, in a curious manner, Mademoiselle Montpensier, who now affected to be an eager Frondeuse, had thrown herself by command of her father. The Duke of Orleans had been advised to go thither himself; but not choosing to quit Paris, he sent his daughter as his representative. She accordingly set out on horseback, accompanied by a number of the gay and daring ladies of the capital, and the young duke of Rohan, some grave counsellors of the parliament, and a body of young cavaliers, much more to the taste of the fairer members of the party.

Advancing to Orleans with all speed, Mademoiselle arrived at one of the gates of the town with her gay and gallant escort, exactly at the same moment that Molé, the keeper of the seals, presented himself at the other to demand the admission of the king's troops. The citizens and governor were puzzled which to admit; but while they consulted thereupon, Mademoiselle advanced along the edge of the moat to the river, where she was seen by some boatmen, who hastened to salute her with great joy. Knocking down some masonry that stopped up an old sally-port or conduit, they conducted her into the town, where she soon gained entire command over the inhabitants. But we will leave the princess herself to give, in her own amusing way, the details of an exploit, that from the firmness with which it was executed, caused her to be complimented as a second Maid of Orleans.*

"The day on which I set out from Paris, the Marquis de Vilene, a man of wit and learning, and who had the reputation of being one of the most skilful astrologers of the time, took me aside, whilst in Madame's cabinet, and whispered in my ear, 'Every thing that you shall undertake from Wednesday the 27th of March, at noon, until the following Friday, will prove successful; and further, during those days you will perform very extraordinary deeds.' I had written this prediction amongst my *Agenda*, to observe what might happen, and, although I attached no great faith to it, I remember turning to Mesdames de Fiesque and de Frontenac, whilst walking along the quay, to tell them that something extraordinary would happen to me that day, for I had the prediction in my pocket; that I felt certain I should either break open the gates or scale the walls. They laughed at me, thinking I was merely joking, for, when I thus addressed them, there was no likelihood of my performing any such exploit. Continuing to walk forwards, I at last gained the water's edge, whereupon all the boatmen, who throng there in great numbers, came to offer me their services, which I accepted willingly, and conversed with them freely on such subjects as were calculated to animate that class of persons and make them do whatever was necessary. As I saw that they were well disposed towards me, I asked them if they could row me as far as the Porte de la Faux, which stood close to the river. They told me it was far more easy to break through one situate upon the quay hard by, and that if I wished it they would instantly go to work. I bade them make the utmost haste of which they were capable, distributed money amongst them, and, in order to watch their progress and cheer them by my presence, I climbed up an eminence of considerable height which commanded a view of the gate. To reach this post I thought little about picking my road, but climbed like a cat, holding fast by the thorns and briars, and leaping over the hedges without doing

* See Portrait and Memoir of the Maid of Orleans, June, 1840.

myself the slightest harm. When I had clambered up to a considerable height, all those who had accompanied me, grew alarmed lest I should expose myself too much, and did all they possibly could to make me return; their entreaties at length becoming importunate, I imposed silence upon them. I was unwilling, at first to send any of my followers along with the boatmen, in order to be able to deny that what they were about was done by my order, in the event of the failure of the enterprise. In a short time they came to inform me that every thing was going on well, and despatching one of my esquires and an exempt of Monsieur, who had accompanied me in advance, I descended from my lofty post to repair to the spot in person and see how matters progressed. As the quay at that part was full of water, and there was a dock into which the river flowed up to the city wall, they provided themselves with two boats to serve me for a bridge, in one of which they raised a ladder, by means of which I mounted. It was a very long ladder, but I did not reckon the number of its steps, I only remember that one of them was broken, and gave me much difficulty in ascending. But nothing stopped me at that time in the execution of any undertaking which I thought advantageous to my party and creditable to myself.

"When I had clambered up to the brink of the ditch, I ordered my guards, whom I had left in the boats, to return to the spot where my carriages were stationed, to show the authorities of Orleans that I entered their city with the fullest confidence, since I took no armed followers with me. My presence animated the boatmen, and they laboured most vigorously to break through the gate, assisted meanwhile by the townspeople on the other side, headed by Grammont; the guard, at the same time, being drawn up in arms, looked on as spectators, without offering any opposition. When I saw a breach had been made, and which was, effected by taking away two planks from the centre of the gate (it being impossible otherwise to make an aperture because of iron bars of an unusual thickness) Grammont made me a sign to advance. As there was a great quantity of wood strewn about, a footman took me in his arms, carried me forward, and lifted me up to the gap, through which I had no sooner passed my head than the drums were beat, and loud shouts arose of '*Long live the King and the Princes and no Mazarin!*' I gave my hand, at first, to the captain, saying, 'You will have no cause to regret that you have helped me to an entrance;' but two men immediately seized hold of me, and placed me in a wooden chair, although I do not very well remember whether I sat in it, or upon their arms, so greatly transported was I to find myself in so delightful a position. After I had been carried thus in triumph through several streets, I told them I knew very well how to walk, and begged them to set me upon the ground, which they did. I stopped for awhile to wait for my ladies, who came hurrying after covered all over with dirt, like myself, and equally delighted; and thus, with a company of the town guard marching before me, with drums beating, I proceeded to seek the governor, whom I met half way between the gate and my own mansion, exceedingly embarrassed as to what line of conduct he ought to pursue."

Sometime after Mademoiselle's entry into Orleans, she addressed a letter to Madame de Navailles, with a view to its being shown to the queen; in it she expressed a great desire to serve her majesty, and asserted, that it was only in compliance to her father that she had sided against the court; but she gave the queen at the same time to understand that she desired to be looked upon as a person, that might, without vanity, pretend to share the royal bed and wear an imperial crown. This letter being ill resented by Anne of Austria, she wrote a second, in which she asserted that she was mistress of Paris, and plainly told her majesty that she had always hated the cardinal, as having been ever ill-treated by him, declaring that she desired to marry the king, and boasted that she, alone, had hindered the king's troops from entering Orleans; that she ought not to be despised, for she could be very useful if she were obliged; but that she would not serve their majesties on any other terms than of being queen. In conclusion she declared, that she could, if she pleased, put matters in such a state, that she would oblige those who now refused what she condescended to ask, to entreat her to accept it on their knees.

"There was a good deal of wit in this letter," remarks Madame de Motteville, "as there was in all she wrote, but the queen did not like her for a daughter-in-law, and the war she promoted against his majesty was a very ill way to recommend her to that honour. Nay, further, this princess did at this time something, which though of no great consequence, yet very much disobliterated the queen, who at her return related it to me. The royal purveyors went to the city of Orleans to buy provisions for the king's table, and also for the court; and Mademoiselle having them brought before her, she found some mushrooms, which were at that time a great rarity: these she seized in her hands and threw them upon the ground, saying, '*These are too good for the Cardinal's tooth, he shall have none of them.*'"

The King's summons to admit the royal troops into Orleans being rejected, the Princess called to her councils the Dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, whose army, not yet joined by Condé, was on the other side of the river. Congratulations poured in upon her from the respective chiefs of her party, on the signal success of her bold *coup-de-main*, and the following letter, from the *fainéant* duke, her father, gave her pleasure :—

MY DAUGHTER,—*You may imagine my delight on hearing of the action you have just performed,—you have saved Orleans and inspired Paris with confidence. It is a matter, indeed, of public rejoicing, and every body says that your achievement is worthy of the grand-daughter of Henry the Great. I never doubted your courage, but by this action I perceive that your prudence even surpasses your courage. I again repeat to you that I am beyond measure delighted at what you have done, as much for your own sake as for mine. For the future let me have news from you, upon the most important matters, by the hand of your secretary, for the reason best known to yourself.*—GASTON.

"This reason was," says Mademoiselle, "that I wrote such a wretched scrawl, it was the most difficult thing in the world to decipher my handwriting."

Stimulated, by the fortunate issue of her expedition to Orleans, the royal amazon now thirsted to distinguish herself by deeds of greater daring ; and her father, and the Prince de Condé, were not backward in "fooling her to the top of her bent."

The royal forces, not being sufficient to attack the town of Orleans, in face of the enemy's army, marched on towards Gien ; at which place, after a slight action, they passed the Loire. At Blenau, Marshal d'Hocquincourt, sustained a defeat at the hands of the Prince de Condé, and nothing but the opportune arrival, and obstinate determination of Turenne, saved the court from being taken prisoners by the Frondeurs. The latter general was received by the Queen with all gratitude. Her first words went to thank him for *having placed the crown a second time upon her son's head*. The royal army, with Condé, marched to Paris, in nearly two parallel lines, and reached the environs in April 1652. Shortly after Condé's arrival, the movements of the royal troops gave the Duke of Orleans a pretext for calling his own forces, and those of his cousin, to the neighbourhood of Paris. In May, military operations were resumed on both sides, and our warlike Princess appears still more prominently upon the scene.

A party of the royal troops, marching towards St. Cloud, with the intention of attacking part of Condé's regiment, which had constructed a lodgment on the bridge, no sooner did Condé hear of this movement, than he mounted horse, gathered together what noblemen he could, and issued out of the town. A number of the citizens, armed, followed him ; so that halting in the Bois de Boulogne, he found himself at the head of nearly ten thousand men in arms. Having learned that the royal troops had retired, Condé resolved that the citizens should attack St. Denis, garrisoned by two hundred Swiss, but fortified only by a wall in which were several old breaches. He, himself, leading the way, with three hundred of the first noblemen of Paris.

The Swiss, aware of his approach, opened a fire upon the assailants, thereupon the whole of the gentlemen took fright, and fled as fast as they could, leaving Condé with six persons to support him. With his usual promptitude, he rallied the citizens, shaken by the flight of their leaders, and led them in through the breaches into the town, of which they shortly obtained possession ; while the fugitive nobles crept in one by one, sadly crest-fallen and ashamed. St. Denis was soon after retaken by the royal troops ; and Turenne began more seriously operating against Condé.

The first opportunity afforded him, was by Mademoiselle de Montpensier's return to Paris : wishing to enter the city, she sent to demand a passport of the adverse general ; and Turenne knowing that, in all probability, her passing through the enemy's army would cause amongst the gay and gallant officers a good deal of confusion or insubordination, informed her that, in granting a passport, he would receive her with due military honors. The Duke of Orleans had written to Mesdames

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Fiesque and Fronteuse, some weeks before, addressing them as "*Maréchaux de Camp in the army of my daughter.*" The pleasantry had been repeated, and the officers of the Prince's army received the ladies really as *Maréchaux de Camp*. When the Princess quitted Condé's camp to proceed to that of Turenne, the gay cavaliers of the party accompanied her; and a great body of troops were drawn up beyond their lines to do her honor. Scarcely, however, had she set out, when Turenne, who had left part of his staff to receive her, appeared with a considerable force, driving the confused enemy into the suburbs of the town; "and," says La Rochefoucault, "some twelve hundred of the Prince's best soldiers were killed in covering the retreat of the rest."

While Turenne laid siege to Estampes, Mazarin endeavoured to gain over Lorraine; but that Prince, allied to Spain, and in treaty with Condé; with an army, too, equal to Turenne's, had contrived to encamp under the walls of Paris. Whilst the Duke of Lorraine was carrying on calculating negotiations with the court, he was surprised to find Turenne present himself in battle array against him, when none believed that he could have quitted the siege without the greatest risk. Turenne gave the Duke notice, that unless he retired immediately into Flanders, the attack should at once commence. Lorraine, without consulting those he pretended to support, or even giving notice of his purpose to Condé, or the Duke of Orleans, retreated at Turenne's bidding, leaving that general to deal with Condé as he thought fit.

It is a singular fact, that the negotiations for this retreat were carried on by two persons, who in turn were Kings of England. Charles II., then an exile, was in the camp of the Duke de Lorraine, and treated, on his account, with the adversary; whilst James II., then Duke of York, who had been for some time serving under Turenne, employed his utmost endeavours to urge the terms that general offered upon the Duke de Lorraine.

The Duke of Beaufort was in the camp of the latter Prince, with a small body of the Parisian troops; and, on his return to Paris, he spread a report that the cowardly retreat of the Duke de Lorraine had been entirely brought about by the cabals of the two British Princes; which so irritated the people of the capital, that, for several days, no Englishman dared to show himself in the streets, though, at that time, every town in France was swarming with our exiled countrymen.

Condé no sooner heard of the siege of Estampes being raised than he issued forth from the capital and hastened to put himself at the head of his troops, fearing they might be attacked by Turenne, now, freed from Lorraine's forces. With but scanty means of supporting them, Condé was, of course, obliged to permit every sort of license. All the crops were destroyed in the neighbouring fields; whatever harvest remained was reaped by those to whom it did not belong; the peasantry were plundered, and their domestic peace destroyed; and the country-houses of the rich Parisians were pillaged and burned in all directions. *The evils of civil war now came home to the hearts of the people of the capital*, and, forgetting how great a part they themselves had taken in producing the results they lamented, they cast the whole blame upon Condé, and, ever after, regarded him with an eye of extreme malevolence.

In the meantime, that Prince's bosom was torn by contending passions. Himself desirous of peace, and willing to make sacrifices to obtain it, his fair mistress, the Duchess de Chatillon, joined with Rochefoucault and the Duke de Nemours, confirmed him in seeking it: but, on the other hand, his sister, the Duchess of Longueville, who sought to break off his connexion with Madame de Chatillon, whom she hated mortally, joined with the Spaniards, to whom he had bound himself by so many ties, to lead him away from Paris, and to protract the war. Mademoiselle de Montpensier mingled in all these intrigues, and took the same unwise means to force herself as a bride upon the young King, which De Retz took to force himself as a minister upon his mother. But while the capital was torn by these separate interests, the peril of Condé's army became imminent, from the military operations so vigorously carried on by the indefatigable Turenne. The Prince was compelled to evacuate his position near St. Cloud; and on the 2nd of July, the young King Louis was led to the heights of Charonne, whence he could see the march of the armies;

and from that place he was made to write a letter with his own hand, commanding the municipal authorities of Paris—let what would happen—not to open the gates of the city to the rebel army. Whilst a terrible struggle took place between both armies at the very gates of Paris, the agents of the court were busy in circulating a report that Condé and Mazarin had already entered into a secret treaty, and that the pretended combat, the first musketry of which already began to make itself heard in Paris, was nothing but a farce produced to save the Prince's credit. Multitudes believed this rumour, and some writers have even supposed that the Duke of Orleans himself was deceived by it; but the sights which the Parisians could themselves behold from their own walls, showed them that it could be no mock engagement which was going on in the Faubourg St. Antoine. The discharge of fire-arms was severe and long continued; multitudes of wounded were brought into the open space before the gate and piteously besought admission; the hearts of the citizen-guard were moved with compassion, and the wicket being, at length, opened to receive the wounded, officers and noblemen, well known by sight to the common people, were borne in bleeding, mutilated, and dying.

Pity took possession of all bosoms, and agitation spread from class to class; the most distinguished ladies of the city flocked into the palace of the Luxembourg, and besought the Duke of Orleans with tears and entreaties to open the gates to his cousin, who was perishing before his eyes; the population, also, began to gather in great numbers around the Duke of Beaufort, who was haranguing in the public places; the multitudes poured on to the Luxembourg, and loudly shouted Condé's name, while Mademoiselle de Montpensier, at her father's feet, entreated him, weeping, either to arm the people for the defence of all the gallant men who were dying without, or to suffer her to open the gates of the city, and give them admission. Still the Duke resisted, and Beaufort, having done all that he could, declared that he could not see his cousin die without going to his aid, and accordingly issued forth with a small body of retainers.

In a few minutes after, the well-known Duke of Rochefoucault (another of the *Maxims*), was borne in on horseback, supported by his young son, the Prince de Marsillac, who had been fighting by his side; and though he was blinded by a shot which had passed through his face just below the eyes, he made those who supported him stop from time to time, as he was carried on from the Porte St. Antoine, to the Hôtel de Liancourt, in order that he might beseech the people, who crowded round him, to open the gates to Condé, and save him from the destruction which otherwise was inevitable. The agitation and tumult in the city became tremendous; wives, sisters, mothers of those who were dying without the walls, complained, entreated, and wept around the Duke of Orleans. His palace was surrounded by a dense mob, shouting to him to open the gates, and, at length, his persevering daughter wrung from him an order for that purpose.

There was still, however, a difficulty to be overcome; for the governor of Paris, with the sheriffs and town council assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, had positively forbidden the gates to be opened. But, with the order of her father in her hand, Mademoiselle de Montpensier put herself at the head of the multitude, and led them at once to the Hôtel de Ville, to demand the consent of the council. There was a moment's hesitation, but the vociferations of the people, together with the energy of our heroine, overcame the reluctance of the counsellors; permission was given, and the Princess, flying to the Porte St. Antoine, sent out her page to Condé, to give him notice of the fact.

It was just after his right wing had been driven in by a fiery onset, headed by the Duke de Navailles, that the Princess's messenger reached him; and as soon as the short suspension of the fight which followed had taken place, Condé hurried for a moment to the gate to speak with her. Though he was not wounded himself, she says, yet he was covered from head to foot with blood and dust, his cuirass was battered with blows, and having lost the scabbard of his sword in the fight, he held the blade naked in his hand.

As he entered, the memory of all those he had seen fall around him seemed to rush suddenly upon him, and casting himself upon a seat, he burst into tears:—"Forgive me," said the great commander; "I have lost all my friends."

The Princess consoled him in some degree, by assuring him that those who had been borne into Paris, were only wounded, and many of them not dangerously. She then sought eagerly to detain him; but Condé would not stay, telling her that he could only take advantage of the asylum she had procured for him, in the last extremity; adding, "It shall never be said of me, that I fled in open day before the Mazarins." He then retired to his army; but the arrival of the royalist general La Ferté, the effect of the cannon which now thundered through the air, and the straits to which his troops were reduced, hemmed in between the advancing enemy and the walls of Paris, at length obliged him to direct his infantry to retreat into the city.

In order to cover this movement, he put himself at the head of the cavalry, and once more made a brilliant charge upon the enemy, driving all before him. Mademoiselle de Montpensier had, in the meanwhile, entered the Bastile, and with her own voice ordered the cannon of that fortress to fire upon the King's troops. The Duke of Orleans, at the same time, unable to resist the entreaties of those around him, mounted his horse, armed the people, and rode out to favor Condé's retreat. Thus the insurgent army was enabled to enter the city without further loss, carrying off all its wounded, while the cavalry brought up the rear, and Condé, amongst the very last, passed the gates, when all were once more in safety. Mademoiselle de Montpensier's rescue of the great Condé from certain destruction, was truly the most notable event of the Fronde wars and of her own life.

The whole population of Paris now warmly compassionated the sufferings of the Prince and his companions, and never was greater kindness shown than towards the sick and hurt of all countries. The wounded, of the royal army, were borne to St. Denis, where the Queen had remained in prayer at the convent of the Carmelites. She was soon joined by her son and Mazarin, the latter of whom bore the loss of his nephew, Mancini, who died of his wounds, early in the day, with great resolution. While he had remained on the heights of Charonne, watching a battle, in which he had expected to see the army of his enemy utterly annihilated, he had displayed the same equanimity—sending couriers, from time to time, to the Queen, to tell her the events of the day, and the names of the killed on both sides, as far as they could be ascertained; and when the cannon of the Bastile began to fire, he had at first imagined—so sure was he of the feelings of the Parisians—that it was upon the army of the Prince de Condé. When he found, however, that it was upon the royal troops, and that the order had been given by Mademoiselle de Montpensier, who had sought so eagerly to wed the young king, he remarked, coldly, but with a determination that never altered, "*She has killed her husband!*"

It is painful to those whose task it is to record the memorable actions performed by Mademoiselle de Montpensier and the Prince de Condé, to withhold the just meed of praise to which they would have been entitled, had not such signal courage and devotion been displayed in open rebellion against their lawful sovereign.

A few days after the battle of the Porte St. Antoine, the courage and presence of mind of Mademoiselle de Montpensier were again signally displayed during a tumult, which ended in a massacre. If certain rumours of the time be correct, this was created by the Prince de Condé's agents, who had resolved to thrust De Retz out of Paris. This act Condé unfortunately determined to perform, under cover of a popular commotion; the day fixed upon was the 4th of July, when a general assembly was to be held at the Hôtel de Ville. A number of the soldiery, disguised as citizens and workmen, were scattered amongst the populace, in order to excite them to tumult; and it had been arranged amongst them, that, as a sign by which to distinguish each other and their adherents, they should each carry a bunch of straw in some part of their dress; and from a very early hour in the morning various people were seen running about with large packets of straw, offering it to every one they met, without explanation. Many were wise enough to take it, but many refused. A disposition to violence was evinced by the mob, as Condé and the Duke of Orleans descended from their carriage to enter the town-house. The purpose of these princes, it would seem, was to demand the absolute union of the town and the parliament against Mazarin, who held sovereign sway, and they were not at all

dissatisfied to behold such signs of tumult as might overawe the partizans of the court. On entering the great hall, they, however, found they were likely to meet with sharp opposition; and the *maréchal de l'Hospital*, at once addressing them, informed them that the king's commands had been received to adjourn the meeting for eight days, "which, of course," he added, "we are disposed to obey." Mortified at this intelligence, Condé merely addressed the assembly, in order to thank the town for having permitted the entrance of his troops; then turning on his heel, and accompanied by the Duke of Orleans, he left the citizens to deliberate upon the king's letter.

As the princes descended the steps to their carriage, the people remarked the gloom upon their countenances, and some one asking what was the matter, Condé had the imprudence, if not the cruelty, to reply, "The hall is full of Mazarins, who are seeking nothing but to retard matters." The words spread through the mob, but the princes hurried away.

Loud cries were immediately heard, that it was necessary to put an end to the Mazarins, and a number of persons made a rush towards the door of the *hôtel de Ville*. The archers of the *prévôt* continued, however, to shut the doors, but the windows were instantly assailed with a shower of stones: the archers and the guards of the governor, in return, fired from the windows, and some persons were shot. This only rendered the people furious; fire-arms were seen amongst them, and the fire from the *hôtel de Ville* was returned from the *Place de Grève*. The soldiery were partly secured behind the walls. Upon the neighbouring quay there was an immense quantity of wood and faggots; and these were speedily brought to the spot, and piled up against the door of the *hôtel de Ville*. A light was procured and applied to the mass, and, in a moment, the whole was in flames. The smoke and the fire finding its way into the hall, showed the assembly within the designs of the people, and terror and consternation spread amongst them. Some hid themselves in the most remote part of the building; but those who, from their known characters, as leaders of the *Fronde*, thought they were secure of the affection of the people, rushed to the lower windows of the building, and sprang out. A terrible scene then ensued: one by one, as they came forth—without any regard to opinion, class, or condition—were butchered by the people; and it is a singular thing that this very confidence of the *Frondeurs* caused a much greater number of the bitter enemies of Mazarin to be sacrificed than of those who were known to be his supporters.

The only person who made any strenuous efforts to stop the carnage, was the curate of the Church of St. John, who, thinking that the people would revere the symbols of their religious faith, caused the host to be carried out into the *Place de Grève*, and endeavoured to interpose between the mob and the *hôtel de Ville*. The people, however, showed not the slightest respect for the priest or sacrament, telling him broadly, if he valued his own life, to leave the crowd.

At the *hôtel of the Duke of Orleans*, the news of what had occurred was received very quietly. Condé refused to go forth, to quiet the people; but, at the end of several hours, it was proposed that the Duke of Beaufort and Mademoiselle de Montpensier should proceed to the *hôtel de Ville*, in order to allay the tumult. They accordingly set out together, foolishly disputing, by the way, which of them had the greater influence with the people; but, before this time, some of the citizens of Paris had aroused themselves from the torpor in which the danger of the city had thrown them. Companies of the Burgher Guard had got under arms; barricades had been raised, to prevent the further progress of the rioters; and, after having committed what violence it thought proper, and endeavoured to set fire to the *hôtel de Ville*, in several places, the mob separated of itself. Thus, when the Princess and the Duke of Beaufort arrived, they found nothing but darkness, silence, and the expiring fires, except, where some of the citizens, having at length taken courage, were seeking for those in whom they were interested amongst the dead bodies in the *Place de Grève*.

On entering the *hôtel de Ville*, all bore the same solitary and gloomy aspect; but, after a little time, a number of persons, who had concealed themselves in the various

recesses of that large building, came forth, still trembling and horror-struck. These the Princess and the Duke sent home in security, and no farther tumult then disturbed the city.

The symbol of the sedition, however, as is common in all bloody and terrible occurrences in Paris, became a fashion. At first, people ornamented themselves with bunches of straw as a sort of safeguard; and men, women, children, priests, and even monks themselves, were for several days seen thus decorated. Sometimes it was borne in the hat, sometimes in the breast, and sometimes displayed upon the horses' heads; but it soon became a *mode*, and very shortly every thing, hats, caps, jewellery, all was *à la paille*.

Although this symbol was then adopted as a fashion, the sedition, from which it had its birth, was regarded with sentiments of extreme horror; the respectable citizens were beginning, indeed, to long for a cessation of trouble, daily assuming a more horrible and anarchical form; the general feeling of the capital became opposed to Condé. Turenne made himself responsible for the safety of the royal family, and on the 21st October, 1652, the determination was taken of the Court returning to Paris. Its approach was forthwith notified to the Duke of Orleans, who was commanded to come out and meet the King. That weak and timid Prince, however, hesitated. In vain his friends urged him, as well as his strong-minded wife, who pointed out that he must either oppose the King's entrance, or welcome him. The suggestion was, however, only treated as an act of madness. "Then get you gone, Sir, out of Paris immediately," his wife exclaimed, well knowing the danger which he ran. "Where the devil shall I go?" Orleans asked in return, and there the consultation ended.

So ordered by the indignant monarch, Orleans quitted Paris, and retired, submissively, to Blois. Mademoiselle de Montpensier was also ordered to quit the Tuileries, and set out for her domain of St. Fargeau, in Burgundy, "regretting," says a contemporary, "all the pains she had taken, which were now as ill paid as they deserved, and gave more grief than satisfaction when recalled to her remembrance."

Exiled four years, Mademoiselle held communication with the Prince de Condé, who had joined the Spaniards. Thus compelled, against her will, to lead a life of tranquillity, her active mind led her to literature, and she informs us, that she applied herself assiduously to study, writing short pieces, which she had great pleasure in having printed under her own superintendence, and she commenced her present memoirs. A select court was collected together by her at St. Fargeau; and for their amusement, Segrais composed his *Nouvelles Françaises*. New dissensions now arose between her father and herself, relative to her personal interests. He had never entertained for her a parent's love, and, on more than one occasion, he had traversed her projects of marriage, secretly intending that his eldest daughter's immense fortune should be shared with his other children. Reconciled to her father, and the dangers and miseries of civil war having ceased, Mademoiselle was permitted to join the Court at St. Ander, and was well received. Madame de Motteville, indeed, declares that—

"All the people of quality, who were at Paris, went to congratulate her, and testify their joy for her return; for she was very much beloved, and indeed deserved it, because she had many excellent qualifications, and above all, a manner the most obliging and civil of any person in the world, which had acquired her the esteem and love of all people."

Projects of marriage now again formed the principal occupation of Mademoiselle's life. The first was with Monsieur, the King's brother, although twelve years her junior. Several petty princes were in turn proposed to her, but she refused them all. The Prince de Condé's son was the next spoken of, and the singular feature here was that, besides disproportion of age, a marriage was even thought of at each time the Princess de Condé fell sick, with the Prince himself. Towards the close of the year 1662, a more important negotiation was set on foot with the King of Portugal—a marriage with a French Princess being equally necessary for that monarch's own interest, as for France. Turenne, related both to the Queen-mother of Portugal and Mademoiselle, was charged with the negotiation. The tone of

authority, however, assumed by Turenne, wounded the Princess's pride, and emboldened her to refuse a King,* whose misdeeds no enemy could over-rate. For this refusal, Mademoiselle was again exiled to St. Fargeau.

On her return to Court, at the end of a year and a half, nothing more was said about the King of Portugal, who had married in the interim, and Mademoiselle was as well received as before.

We now arrive at an event destined to work a total change in the existence of the Princess. The grand-daughter of Henry the Great, in her forty-second year, having, too, been destined, from time to time, for Kings and Princes, fell in love with a simple gentleman, the younger son, nevertheless, of a distinguished family, who, by several meritorious acts, much address, and particularly through the King's favor, had attained an important post at Court.

Mademoiselle heard this individual—the Count de Lauzun, daily spoken of as a man of wit, merit, and repute, who, in no wise, resembled other persons about the Court: sentiments of esteem soon generated feelings of love, and love first led her to remark him, with feelings as impassioned as might have been expected from a youthful heart.

His first progress at the court of the *Grand Monarche*, seems to have been owing to his intimacy with Madame de Montespan,† even before she became the avowed mistress of the King, but he soon perceived that Louis was inclined to add to the list of his concubines the Princess de Monaco, sister of the Count de Guiche. Lauzun, who was her cousin, and at the time greatly attached to her, remonstrated with the King in terms of such daring rudeness, that Louis ordered him at once to be thrown into the Bastile.

The Count de Lauzun, whom one of his contemporaries calls “the most insolent little man that had been seen for a century,” was by no means distinguished either for great talents, agreeable manners, or personal beauty, but he had risen rapidly in the esteem of the King, and was amongst the first of those who, by the almost idolatrous homage which they rendered to the monarch, gave to the whole court that peculiar tone of submission, which had so long characterised society in France. None indeed carried every kind of adulation to a higher pitch than Lauzun, though he continued to ally this subservient flattery to a degree of intemperate vehemence towards Louis himself, which often offended the monarch. He took care, however, that apparent repentance of the deepest and most devoted kind, should always rapidly atone for his fault, and he thus generally contrived to draw from Louis something more than mere pardon.

Not knowing how common a character is that of a blunt hypocrite, Louis conceived a high opinion of the honesty of Lauzun, even from the insolence which he punished; and the Count, by suffering his beard to grow, and assuming all the airs of deep affliction for the offence he had given, taught the Monarch to believe that he was devotedly attached to his person. He was speedily liberated, and from that time was daily in favor with Louis, obtaining post after post as they became vacant, and even opposing and thwarting the overbearing Louis himself.

At length he succeeded in gaining the love of Mademoiselle de Montpensier—of that capricious and haughty princess who had played so strange and so important a part in the wars of the Fronde, who had aspired to share the throne of Louis XIV. himself, and who had been sought by many a sovereign prince.

At this juncture she still retained a certain share of beauty, and was possessed of immense wealth as the heiress of Montpensier and Dombes, besides all that she had derived from her lately deceased father, who had left no son.

It may be gathered from Mademoiselle's Memoirs that the conduct of the Count towards her was characterised by extraordinary adroitness and dissimulation. The Princess had never loved, and hitherto the haughtiness and the purity of her manners had alike kept her far removed from the slightest suspicion of gallantry; but although she might be altogether inexperienced in the arts of coquetry and conquest

* This King of Portugal was Alphonso Henry VI., second King of the house of Braganza, in 1667, driven from the throne.

† See the Portrait and Memoir in the *Lady's Magazine* for July, 1829.

so familiar to the ladies of her age and nation, it was otherwise with the crafty and ambitious Count de Lauzun. He well knew that if he dared to venture upon a declaration of love, the Princess would have banished him from her presence for ever. He, therefore, diligently studied the character of the woman he sought to subjugate, and quickly saw that it was based upon a pride and vanity whose pretensions were illimitable. Her recent conduct towards the Countess de Fiesque (daughter-in-law to her late governess), for instance, was not lost upon him. The Princess had deemed that lady guilty of unheard-of insolence, because, having incurred her displeasure, she neglected to leave the promenades of the *Cours de la Reine* on the instant Mademoiselle entered it. She required the same deference when she met her at any place of public resort; if the Countess chanced to be at the extremity of the hall, it was incumbent upon her to take her departure as soon as she perceived the Princess. Though this singularly harsh and arbitrary command seemed of itself to mark Mademoiselle's imperious and haughty character, it was nevertheless founded upon a custom, for the observance of which, profound respect for the blood-royal never failed to require rigid attention. All persons who had fallen into disgrace with a prince or princess of the blood-royal were expected, on meeting the offended individual, to withdraw immediately, or, at least, to have the appearance of concealing themselves from, instead of courting his or her observation. This respectful demeanour was disregarded during the following reigns, and no longer extended to the promenade and saloons of public assemblies, but it was still kept up in private houses and particular places of resort. The Count de Lauzun fully comprehended that it was only by dint of submission and demonstrations of respect that the road to the heart of such a Princess could be discovered, and whilst most assiduous in paying his court to her, his demeanour was distinguished by that retiring modesty and profound respect which seemed to her far remote from all ideas of gallantry and all hopes of pleasing. He pleased, however, and her partiality was sought to be testified to him, but he affected not to perceive it; it was earnestly wished that he should know it, and it became necessary to inform him thereupon. In these first advances, the Count feigned to perceive nothing beyond a mockery of him, as cruel as it was provoking.

To suffer a man, who had shown so pure and respectful an attachment, to remain any longer in doubt, were impossible! Explanations of a character at once more tender and explicit were entered into; the Count still clung to his gentle complaints of an irony that overwhelmed him; he could never have the temerity, he said, to raise his views so high, or even to suspect that he was loved! Sentiments so refined and delicate as were his, merited an entire and unrestrained confidence: what would be his surprise, his joy, his gratitude, when he learned that they were fully estimated! But to acquaint him that such was the fact, it had become necessary to speak undisguisedly, and thus it was, at last, decided upon.

One evening, Mademoiselle told the Count that she entertained a secret affection for a nobleman attached to the Court; she owned that she could not bring herself to pronounce his name and begged of him to guess it; the Count, apparently very much astonished, affected to puzzle his brains in vain, and Mademoiselle perceiving that respect, robbing him of his ordinary penetration, had obscured his mental perception with a thick but not unbecoming veil, told him that she would herself write the unpronounceable name. So saying, she rose from the chair, and upon the surface of a dusty looking glass, traced with her finger the name of Lauzun.

Mademoiselle, even at the late period of life at which she completed her Memoirs, gives all these details with the greatest possible *naïveté*, and was still far from dreaming that the Count had used any the slightest artifice in his conduct towards her. It seems, indeed, impossible for any one possessed of common understanding and experience to carry good faith and confiding love to greater extent than she did.

Assured of her favour, the Count de Lauzun took means to prepare the mind of the king for the bold demand that was about to be made, and strongly engaged Madame de Montespan to second his views. He then induced the Duke de Montausier and the Maréchal d'Albret to proceed to the presence of the French monarch, and, in the name of the nobility of France, request him to consent to

the marriage of Lauzun with the princess. Mademoiselle herself next proceeded to throw herself at the king's feet, confided her sentiments to him, and with all the pathos and eloquence, of which a first love is capable, conjured him to grant her permission to elevate him whom she so tenderly loved to an equal rank with herself. The king, moved by her earnest suit, and already determined by the representations of Madame de Montespan, his exalted favorite, and his inclination towards the Count, consented to all she asked, and authorised Mademoiselle to make public this approaching union. The princess radiant with joy, at once proclaimed the happy fact of the king's consent, and received the compliments and congratulations of the whole Court: she caused the contract of marriage to be drawn, by which she bestowed upon the Count de Lauzun all her prodigious wealth, estimated at twenty millions of livres, four duchies, and the palace of the Luxembourg; she made, indeed, no reservation in her own favor, and gave herself up with transport to the intoxicating idea of being able to effect, for the fortune and elevation of the object of her choice, what no European sovereign, up to that time, had ever done for a subject! Had Lauzun profited by the moment of fortune, and concluded his marriage at once, his lot would have been strangely different from that which it became. Puffed up, however, by vanity and success he procrastinated, in order to celebrate his nuptials with all imaginable pomp; and, when all was ready, the King suddenly withdrew his consent. Mademoiselle, too, has been reproached for ridiculous imprudence for suffering five or six days to be lost in making marriage preparations; but the word of the King was, in her eyes, the best of all sureties.

The fact was, that the minister Louvois, the princes of the blood, and all who envied the fortunes of Lauzun, had conspired together to overthrow his hopes; and while he trifled away his time in preparations, representation after representation, and remonstrance following remonstrance, poured in upon Louis.

Madame de Montespan, there is reason even to believe, was induced by the arguments of one who was destined to rise still higher, to oppose the elevation of the Count de Lauzun; and Louis, after having had the weakness to give his consent, had the greater weakness to withdraw it.

Placed in a ridiculous position, Louis who, with unnecessary ostentation, had written to all friendly courts, to announce the approaching marriage of his cousin, now wrote once more to explain his change of views, and a smile ran through Europe at the solemn farce which was shortly to be enacted in the capital of France.

The affair, however, was destined to have more serious results; at least for Lauzun.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of the King of France, the daring Count ventured to unite himself to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, by the bond of a secret marriage. That act, might, perhaps, have passed unpunished, had he been wise enough to refrain from venting his indignation upon those who had opposed or betrayed him. Madame de Montespan was the chief object of his suspicion; and he is said to have treated her, in the presence of Louis himself, with a degree of contumely and violence, which was never to be forgiven. On one occasion, he is said to have whispered in her ear words of so gross and cutting a nature, that she fainted in the presence of the whole court. Wherever he went, his lips flowed in abuse of her; he hid himself beneath her bed to overhear her conversation, and it very soon became evident to all that he would drive her to work his ruin.

The event thus anticipated, was not long ere it took place; Lauzun was arrested in November, 1671, sent to the chateau of Pignerol, where he was tyrannically punished with a captivity of ten years. History records few examples of a more rapid and deplorable fall. In a brief space, he saw himself all but elevated to the rank of a prince of the blood, (during four-and-twenty hours, indeed, he bore the title of Duke de Montpensier), and now he was disgraced, despoiled of all, losing at once the favor and friendship of his King, the most august alliance in Europe, an immense fortune, and, to crown all, his liberty.

This unhappy history ended as it had commenced, in a manner but little honorable to the court. Mademoiselle, after many fruitless attempts, at the expiration of ten years only obtained Lauzun his liberty by constituting the Duke de Maine, the

eldest surviving of Madame de Montespan's children by Louis XIV., heir to a large part of her vast possessions. As the Princess had previously made a donation of a portion of her property to the unfortunate Count, he was also persuaded to cede his rights, and for that purpose was brought to the waters of Bourbon from his prison at Pignerol, in order to confer with Madame de Montespan. Her eloquence and promises, together with the hope of recovering his liberty, induced him to yield, and he resigned wealth, which could not otherwise have been taken from him, on engagements which were but badly executed. His close imprisonment was then changed into exile, and Mademoiselle, with the King's permission, presented him with the barony of St. Fargeau, and the barony of Thiers. "Instead of being satisfied," says the Princess, "he complained that I had given him so little, that it was with great difficulty he could bring himself to accept it." De Lauzun's exile lasted four years, he then repaired to Paris, and his conduct towards his benefactress was characterised by marked ingratitude. Mademoiselle, who at the expiration of his captivity had attained her fifty-fourth year, instead of an ardent lover, ought rationally to have looked for nothing more in Lauzun than a dear and attached friend; contrary to her expectation, she found him a man soured by a detention as long as it was unjust. She was treated with a disdain that ambition no longer compelled him to dissimulate. The Princess, who appeared never to have entertained very sound notions upon the relations of marriage, always exacted both passionate love and respect. Finding neither the one nor the other in Lauzun, she forgot the duties of a wife, to remember only her rights of birth and rank, and told him one day, that from henceforth she forbade him to appear in her presence.* Thus was dissolved a badly assorted union, which caprice on the one hand, and cunning on the other had alone brought about. In 1685, Lauzun asked and obtained permission to visit England, where he was well received by James II.; and the Princess, on being freed from marital discords, happily sought amusement in the pursuits of literature, which she had always loved and cultivated. She formed habits of intimacy with several authors of repute, and had attached to her household, in the quality of chamberlain, the poet Segrais, who lived for upwards of twenty-four years under her hospitable roof.

Mademoiselle de Montpensier died on the 5th March, 1693, aged sixty-six; the latter years of her life were wholly occupied with the pious discharge of her religious duties and receiving the consolations of religion. During her last illness, however, she refused to see the Duke de Lauzun, (to which rank he had been elevated by Louis XIV., at the recommendation of James II.) By her will, dated 1685, she bequeathed two hundred thousand francs to be distributed in charity, and was, moreover, exceedingly liberal to her domestics. This will annulled the one previously alluded to, in favor of Lauzun, dated 1670, and which he strove, though fruitlessly, to render valid. The remains of Mademoiselle de Montpensier were carried to St. Denis, and her heart to Val de Grace. This Princess inherited, with many good qualities, some of the faults of her father, but not the greatest of all—his weakness. Pride and even vanity predominated in her character, and from these two ruling passions, emanated all her actions, whether for good or evil. Ambition and political intrigue engrossed her youth and maturer age; whilst, later in life, she experienced the vexations attendant upon an irrational passion and a misplaced confidence. She ended an unusually romantic life in a very ordinary manner—in the exercises of devotion and the calm of obscurity.

Voltaire praises Mademoiselle for being the only person of the French Court who refused to wear mourning for Cromwell. The assertion is incorrect. The Princess in her memoirs, expressly says; the mourning for the Prince de Condé saved the Court the affront that would have been imposed upon it by wearing mourning for the destroyer of the English monarchy: that for herself, she would never have worn it, unless by the express order of the King. Out of regard for her aunt, the Queen

* The story runs, that Lauzun carried his insolence so far on one occasion, after returning from hunting, as to address her with—"Louise de Bourbon, pull off my boots!" and, upon her remonstrating with him, he raised his foot to kick her. The Princess, thereupon it is said, re-assumed the authority to which her birth entitled her, and she forbade Lauzun her presence for ever.

of England, she merely asked, and obtained permission to absent herself from the Louvre, upon every occasion of Cromwell's ambassadors going thither.

The Count de Lauzun long survived Mademoiselle de Montpensier; at the period of his visit to England, a revolution was impending, and King James foreseeing the peril which menaced himself and family, confided to the Count the task of conveying the Queen and the Prince of Wales to France on the 19th December, 1688. They succeeded in effecting their escape, encountering a thousand dangers, and landed at Calais. Lauzun instantly despatched a letter to Louis XIV., stating the impossibility of his performing the promise made under oath to James II., to deliver the Queen and Prince to none other than the King of France, since he had the misfortune to be banished from the presence of his Majesty. The monarch wrote him an answer with his own hand, in which he invited him to repair to his Court. It was in allusion to this circumstance that the witty Madame de Sevigné* remarked that Lauzun "*had found the road to Versailles by passing through London*." The particular attentions shown him by the King gave his ministers cause to fear that Lauzun might speedily re-assume the ascendancy he had formerly exercised; but the manners of the old favorite were no longer *à la mode*. On being again admitted to the presence of Louis XIV., he slung his gloves and hat at the monarch's feet; and employed all those demonstrations of idolatrous worship he had previously used and with such signal success, but which now appeared truly ridiculous. The *grande entrée* at Court was accorded him, but he never again recovered the confidence of his sovereign. Shortly after the arrival of James II. in Paris (1689), the English King invested Lauzun with the Order of the Garter, and further honored him with his presence at a banquet given by the Count on that occasion. Louis XIV., on authorising him to accept that decoration, condescended to tell him that it did not exclude him from receiving the Order of the Saint-Esprit; upon which Madame de Sevigné observed, in one of her charming letters, that Lauzun *would therefore be equally overcome with the favors of the Holy Ghost and the protection of St. George*. Her prediction was not, however fulfilled; for Lauzun never obtained that mark of distinction from the hands of the French King. On being appointed to conduct reinforcements of troops over to Ireland, by the recommendation of their Britannic Majesties, he was created a duke in the month of May, 1692. Two years after the death of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, he married Mademoiselle de Durfort, a girl of sixteen, and daughter of the Marshal de Lorges. This marriage turned out unhappily, and gave rise to an important and interesting law-suit. Lauzun breathed his last in the monastery of the Petits Augustins, which stood contiguous to his mansion at Paris, on the 19th November, 1723, then upwards of ninety years of age.

Besides her Memoirs, Mademoiselle de Montpensier was the authoress of a *Collection of Portraits*, a species of composition which became highly fashionable amongst the *beaux esprits* of the latter part of the seventeenth century; these possess the defects common to that class of writings, which at the period was looked upon merely as an amusement: to these may be added a series of letters addressed to Madame de Motteville, and two short romances, one entitled *Relation de L'île Imaginaire*, the other, *La Princesse de Paphlagonie*. The last-named production not unfrequently exhibits a playful wit allied to elevated sentiments. Her Memoirs, though written in a style exceedingly diffuse, with a grievous inattention to dates and the order of events, with too great proneness to dwell with wearying fastidiousness upon her private interests, points of etiquette, ceremonies, fêtes, and journeys, nevertheless abound with interesting facts and curious anecdotes, and—the best quality of all—like the greater part of the memoirs of that epoch, they have the superlative merit of candor and truthfulness. The criticism of Voltaire upon them is just also, when he says that she writes more as a woman occupied with herself, than as a princess eye-witness of great events.

From the collection above-mentioned we give her own portrait sketched by herself at full length, in which, morally and physically speaking, flattery seems to have guided her hand.

* See her Portrait and Memoir in this Magazine, April, 1836.

"Since I have been entreated to draw my own portrait, I will endeavour to acquit myself of the task to the utmost of my ability. I desire, that in my person, nature may prevail over art; for I am perfectly aware that I have nobody who will venture to correct my faults; but the truth and sincerity with which I am about to state what there is of good and evil in my composition, will assuredly prompt the kindness of my friends to excuse them. I seek not for pity, for I do not like to accord it; and raillery has more charms for me, since it proceeds commonly, rather from a principle of envy, than any thing else; a feeling rarely cherished against people of small merit."

"I will begin, therefore, with my exterior. I am tall; neither fat nor lean; but of very handsome and graceful proportions. I have a good mien, a bust tolerably well shaped, arms and hands not very good, but no less white than my neck. I have a straight leg and a pretty foot; my hair is blonde—of an ash color: my face is long, the color fine, with a large aquiline nose. My mouth is neither large nor small, but fashioned in a very agreeable manner, and the lips are of vermillion hue: my teeth are not good neither are they horribly bad. My eyes are blue, neither great nor small, but they sparkle with a gentle pride—the predominant expression of my countenance. My air is haughty without being supercilious. I am civil and familiar, but my manner rather inspires respect in a person than induces the want of it. I am exceedingly careless of my attire, but not to the extent of any thing like impropriety; and having good taste, whether *en dishabille*, or in full dress, everything I put on sits becomingly. At the same time I do not mean to say that I do not look incomparably better when full dressed, but only that negligence sits less ill upon me than with most persons; for, without flattery, I disfigure less what I put on, than what I put on disfigures me. I talk a great deal, without saying foolish things, or speaking ungrammatically; I never speak of what I do not understand, as people commonly do who are fond of talking, who, trusting too much to their own abilities, mislead others. I am very ready to pique myself upon many things, but on nothing more than that of being a good friend, and very constant in my friendships, whenever I am sufficiently happy to meet with persons of merit, whose temper accords with my own. I am of all people in the world the most secret, and nothing can surpass the fidelity and consideration I have for my friends: therefore, I like to see the same evinced towards myself; and nothing wins me so much as confidence—because it is a proof of esteem. Every good-hearted and honourable person is highly sensitive on this point. I am a very bad enemy, being very wrathful and apt to go great lengths, and this, added to the station in which I was born, may well cause my enemies to tremble; but, at the same time, I have a good and noble heart. I am incapable of a base or dirty action, therefore I am better calculated to dispense mercy than execute justice *** As I am not fond of pleasures I am not, willingly, very attentive to those of others. I like to listen to the violin better than any other musical instrument; I dance very well, and am fond of the amusement; I hate card-playing, and love to take exercise. I know how to work at different kinds of employment, and it affords me as much diversion as fowling or riding on horseback. I have little skill in painting; but I write very naturally and unconstrainedly. As for gallantry, I have no pre-disposition to it whatever, and I am upbraided for liking best that poetry which is least impassioned. I have no tenderness of soul; but, although some tell me, that I am as equally insensible to friendship as to love, I deny such to be the fact; for I strongly love those who merit it, and who oblige me. I am naturally sober, and eating is a fatigue to me—and it even wearies me to look at any one who takes delight in the pleasures of the table. I am much more fond of sleeping; but the slightest thing with which it is necessary for me to occupy myself, breaks my rest, but without causing me inconvenience. I have a good memory, and do not want judgment. It only remains for me to hope, that if any form opinion of my character, it may not be upon the events of my life; for it has hitherto been so unfortunate, compared with what it ought to have been, that these reflections might prove but little favorable to me."

The Princess finished this elaborate piece of portraiture with the following bit of varnish:—

"But, assuredly, to render me justice, it may be said of me that I have been less faulty on the score of conduct, than fortune has on that of judgment, since if she has exercised any towards me, she would, undoubtedly, have treated me better."

*** At page 174 the order of the Golden Fleece should be that of the St. Esprit, or Holy Ghost.

Description of the portrait of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, after the original by Philippe de Champagne, accompanying the present number:—

The dress of Mademoiselle de Montpensier is in the most elegant style of costume, peculiar to the middle of the 17th century. Her robe is of light blue silk brocade, trimmed with silver lace; the sleeves short and slashed with white satin, are conti-

nued with white gauze and lace ruffles below the elbow. The pointed corsage is marked down the whalebones by strips of silver lace, and finished round the waist with a richly-jewelled chain of gold upon a quilling of black lace. A buffon tucker of white satin veils the bust, and is put on in the style now called *à la Sevigné* and fastened in front and over the shoulders by large ruby and pearl brooches, connected by a jewelled chain similar to that at the waist, whence depend a gold enamelled watch, and tasseled handkerchief, the knotted form of which is very probably intended to represent the noose or fronde used in sport by the boys of Paris, and giving the name, as previously noted, to the party in which Mademoiselle played so prominent a part. The robe opening at the skirt displays a yellow satin petticoat trimmed with black lace. Her fair hair is dressed in close short ringlets; round the braid at the back of the head is twisted a chain of pearls, whilst a necklace and ear-rings to match, like those usually worn by beauties of Louis the Fourteenth's court, with ruby bracelets and the indispensable fan complete the adjuncts of a costume which is as available for ball or court dress at the present day, as when originally the mode at the gay court of the *grand monarque*.

THE HEART'S EASE.

"Ma pensée te convient elle?"*

Come wander forth with me,
 'Tis summer's lovely hour—
 The busy matin bee
 Has sought the 'cistus flower,
 Bedeck'd with many a dew-drop gem,
 And crown'd with morning's diadem:
 Come leave thy dreamy couch,
 And court with me the fresh'ning breeze,
 As rambling o'er the verdant lawn,
 Or through the fields of waving corn,
 We seek the bright heart's-ease.

I'll show thee where it grows:
 'Tis not in courtly bow'r,
 Beside the blushing rose,
 Shut out from wind and show'r,
 In porcelain vase, on gilded stand,
 And tended, oft, by beauty's hand;
 Oh, no! it is not there.
 It courts the sun, the show'r, the breeze,
 And far from scenes of noise and strife,
 Amid the haunts of humble life,
 Is found the sweet heart's-ease.

Down in the hollow dell,
 Beside the rippling brook,
 'Tis there it loves to dwell,
 Enshrin'd in mossy nook;
 Brilliant in robes of golden hue,
 And coronal of deepest blue,
 There is its native home;
 But, 'neath the high and lofty trees
 Which shade the court and halls of state,
 And mansions of the proud and great,
 You'll rarely find heart's ease.

D. CARTER.

* Pensée, Fr. for heart's ease.

THE FAIRY SISTERS.

A TRADITION OF THE TYROL.

BY LUDWIG BECKSTEIN.

FRAU KIENZ, a worthy dame, born and domiciled, as were her forefathers, in the village of Lengenfeld, situate in the romantic valley of Oetz, quitted her neat humble dwelling, with a basket of fresh-baked wheaten cakes, a flask of Kirschenwasser, and a slender Alpine staff, duly prepared to commence a journey up the mountain. A rosary was suspended at her girdle; and cradled in her arm lay Franz, a fine little rosy-cheeked boy, who, although he had numbered but four moons in this vale of tears, already added no inconsiderable addition to the traveller's burden. His fate so ruled it that he must go—Frau Kienz having no less an object in view, than accomplishing an introduction between her son and his sire, who had been detained for some months in the Sennhutte—for thus the Tyrolese and the Swiss designate the mountain huts occupied by the herdsmen, during the summer pasturage. And, truly, it was a long and weary ascent which she had in prospect. Had she been a stranger—some wealthy, travelling English lady—or a sentimental poetess from Germany, for instance—more than one admiring and enthusiastic exclamation would have passed her lips; and oftener would she have paused to gaze, with insatiate delight, on the wondrous panorama by which she was surrounded; but the eyes of Frau Kienz, (unconscious of their happy privilege) were familiar with such sights. Nevertheless, pause she frequently did, but only to transfer the baby and the basket alternately to the left and right arms, thus discovering, by experience, how oft we exchange our troubles when vainly imagining to relieve them. How stupendous is this mountain paradise! how elevating its prospects to the soul! The rich vales beneath, mapped out in luxuriant cultivation; the dark waving forests which enwrap the mountain sides; while, higher up, there are immense towering masses of granite, whose stony fragments, loosened by force of tempest are so often treacherous to the wanderer's footsteps; there the low brushwood is of scanty growth, and scarce even a single snowdrop rears its modest head. Higher still, in chill and solemn majesty, reposes the region of eternal snow; pinnacle rises above pinnacle, from whose summits the ice-torrent pours down its glassy waters, looking like a silver thread in the distance, and, when approached, striking terror to the ear, by its thundering roar. 'Tis beautiful—very beautiful! But Frau Kienz has meanwhile proceeded far safely on her way, and little did she heed the difficulties which beset her path; for hope and happiness were hers, lending courage to her spirit, and vigor to her frame. Already she enjoyed, in anticipation, the delight of her good husband, Josel, at beholding his heir; Franzel was, besides, a very fair boy, and his infant smile—so said his mother—was like that of an angel. The path was narrow, and in many places dangerous; but she knew how to use the Alpine staff with good effect, and never once did her foot slip. She had now reached a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin; pious hands had decorated the image with garlands of Alpine blossoms, and a fresh gathered branch of rhododendron hung at the trellace. Franzel slept, and Frau Kienz made him a bed of fragrant mosses and dried flowers, then gently laying him down, she knelt before the image, and with much devotion repeated the ave, concluding her prayer with a pious, "Amen!" Looking around, she saw that all was safe and still, save that the lowing of the herds broke upon the silence—the boy slept on.

High above the valley, there rises a gigantic mountain, called the Morin; its nearly perpendicular sides are thickly covered with sombre pines, and its peaked summit is hidden from the view by a canopy of clouds. There, it is said, lies embedded amongst rough and jutting crags, a platform of the most perfect verdure, unprofaned by the rude heads of browsing oxen, or hunters of the Alps; serving as an asylum for the fleet and slender chamois. Above and around it hangs a supposed impregnable fortification of pointed, ice-clad rocks, whose continuous ravines are filled with everlasting

snow. Near the top of the dark Morin, three eagles winged, in mystic circles, their heavy flight. One of them darted his fiery glance far below towards the spot where Frau Kienz knelt and prayed, then directed his airy course deeper and yet deeper, increasing in velocity as he descended. When about a tower's height above the chapel, before proceeding further, he took a yet larger circle, then, gradually narrowing it, his lightning eye was riveted on the slumbering child. The mother still prayed on, successively repeating, with increased devotion, each paternoster, creed, and psaltry, and she had just arrived at the fifth verse of the last, when she became aware of the fearfully rushing sound of wings over her head; her first thought was for her child, but she saw him not; for, in an instant, a dark shadow fell upon the chapel, and in another it was gone. The cries of the agonized mother followed its direction, and she beheld, already high in air, hovering over her, the huge bird, with the infant in its deadly gripe. Frau Kienz sank powerless on the ground, and her heart-piercing cries were echoed back from rock to rock, but no friendly voice was nigh to soothe her. She attempted to rise, but all seemed dark around her, and again she fell, in despair, backwards; once more she essayed to look up, and thought she distinguished two other eagles hover over the ravisher of her heart's treasure. She could gaze no longer, and her heart's core pierced with affliction, in broken lamentations she cried aloud—"They have him—the fiends of this haunted and accursed mountain have robbed me of my darling—my poor, poor Franzel—wretched mother that I am—my only one! What will Josel say? Shall I go up to the hut, or shall I at once hide my grief and my miserable self in the Achen's stream? O, holy Mother of Heaven, pity and direct me!"

Thus continued the bereaved mother to bewail, but the eagles were by this time completely out of sight above the Morin.

At length the despairing mother again flung herself before the chapel altar, and there to her God gave vent to her despair. "O blessed Maria! will thou not perform a miracle in my behalf, poor sinner though I be? Thou canst do all things—intercede for me, that my Franzel be restored—a miracle 'twill surely be—but thou canst all things. Listen to me, Gracious Queen of Heaven—Amen, Amen." After pronouncing these disjointed exclamations, poor Frau Kienz summoned her little remaining strength, and again set forth, but in how different a state of mind, upon her now painful pilgrimage. Her eye was almost continually fixed upon the clouds, imagining at each step she took, that the eagle would re-commence his descent, and, with all due care and tenderness, deposit Franzel safe and unhurt in her arms. Thus strong was her faith.

The shades of evening were fast closing in the romantic valley of Oez, but daylight still fondly lingered amidst the mountain regions. The herdsmen sang gaily, and shouted to each other from hill to hill, and from crag to crag the well known "Gluck auf!" The herds were driven into the Sennhutte, their light bells tinkling musically as they went; the naturally solemn stillness of the heights was rendered still more solemn by the close of day; the distant glaciers reflected the last rosy glow of evening, and stood, in all their pride, beautiful but frigid images of death-like repose.

Josel's hut was erected on a verdant ledge, in a solitary, but enchanting spot. Hitherto Frau Kienz had performed the duties of housewife, and many an Alpine cheese of giant elevation, far grander in scale than those of any modern dairy, bore witness to her thrift and industry; but for the present season, she had been compelled to cede her superintending care to other hands. The gay, light-hearted Josel sat upon a jutting rock, wiling away the last evening hour, by trolling a wild Tyrolese lay; while the herds were slowly collecting at their well known place of nightly rendezvous. He looked upwards at the Morin. Here and there, on the green slopes which decked its rough sides, there gamboled a crowd of chamois, in all the happy consciousness of security; a huntsman's energy stirred within at the sight, but to no purpose, for they were beyond the reach of gun-shot, and their retreat was inaccessible; for, according to popular belief, the mountain was possessed by genii favorable to their race, who gathered them into this impregnable asylum,

together with the noble rein-deer, and many of the feathered tribe, objects of the Alpine hunter's untiring pursuit. While Josel thus meditated on the feats he might have performed, his self-control was further put to the test, by the appearance of a shining spot above one of the Morin crags. As it approached his practised eye, he discerned that it was an Alpine eagle of the largest kind, flying in the direction of the spot whereon he stood.

"A plague on you," soliloquised Josel, "for coming just at the moment when I have left my gun at the hut. There—there—what a shot that would have been. I could have winged him then. Their cursed brood devours all the young chamois, so that scarce one is left as the poor huntsman's portion. How near he comes. Holla ! what holds he in his claws ? I'll warrant me he goes not home supperless to his eyrie. Oh, that I had my gun !"

Whilst Josel thus sighed in vain for his concealed fire-arms (for the herdsmen are prohibited shooting the chamois, and only do so secretly), the eagle continued his descent, and his nearer approach soon changed the current of his well-wisher's thoughts.

"Jesu Maria, Joseph !" cried Josel, "'tis neither a bird nor a chamois that he holds. See, see in the name of all the saints, 'tis a living infant !" The royal bird alighted on a rock about fifty paces distant from Josel, and appeared to be intently surveying his prey previous to its no doubt intended destruction. He bent his head over it, rolled his large gold-colored eyes, as if to ascertain that he was unobserved, distended his pointed beak, and, uttering a shrill piercing cry, seemed ready to pounce upon his meal. Josel's heart throbbed audibly; advancing a step or two, he seized a large stone, in another moment the well-aimed missive whizzed through the air, and violently striking the head of the enormous bird, he suddenly relinquished his hold, and, with another and yet more discordant yell, spread his huge pinions, and soared for awhile in the balmy air; then again describing menacing circles over the platform, he appeared disposed to reclaim his prize, but a sting—whether of conscience or cranium has never been accurately ascertained—in all probability warned him not to hazard the attempt, and he rose majestically, until the darkening clouds completely hid him from sight. When the enemy was sufficiently distant, Josel ran to the spot, yet not without many misgivings that his succour might have arrived too late. But his fears were soon converted into ejaculations of delighted surprise. "Holy Joseph ! As I live, it is a real infant ! Wonder of wonders ! it still breathes—is uninjured—the monster's claws have not penetrated its wrappings; but how torn and spoiled they are. Poor babe, whose art thou ? *Wetter und element !* What will thy mother feel for thee, poor lamb ? So high in air, too—'tis half stiffened with cold—holy Maria !" During his soliloquy Josel sped his way to the hut, and shouted with all his strength for Mierlie.

Mierlie, the sennerin or dairy maiden, appeared forthwith, no less astounded than was Josel, with regard to the night's adventure. By her assiduous care, circulation was quickly restored to the infant's rigid limbs, and ere half an hour had elapsed, the little foundling slept as soundly on Mierlie's bed of new mown hay, as if he had never experienced the pleasures of an aerial tour.

With the last streak of daylight Frau Kienz arrived at the mountain meadow, careworn and heart-stricken as never mother was before. She dreaded the moment of meeting with Josel, and thus, alone, she felt isolated in her grief; and as with pallid cheek and hands clasped in despair, she dragged her almost sinking frame, with tottering footsteps, towards the hut, she wore more the appearance of a wandering spectre, than human being. At length she summoned courage to lift the latch of the door; and, in the same moment, with a joyful "God be with ye, wife !" her husband sprang to meet her, but he started back at sight of her livid features, and tearful eyes. "What ails thee ? What has happened ?" breathlessly he enquired; but she was incapable of answering him, and sank sobbing on his shoulder.

"Wife, where is our Franzel ? Is he sick—is he dead ?" inquired Josel, now really terrified—and the continued silence of his partner began to confirm his worst anticipations. "Speak in the name of mercy !" he cried, and his wife, turning from him, and hiding her face in her hands, stammered forth, between her sobs, "This

very day only, my good, dear Josel—as I was on my way hither—I tarried awhile to tell my beads at the chapel, and laid him down on the moss beside me—when suddenly I missed him—an eagle (death to its carrion brood!) had taken my boy—in an agony, I looked up to Heaven—but they were gone!”

“An eagle!” shouted Josel, with the lungs of a mountaineer; “*Ei der geier hohle dich!*” (“may the eagle or vulture seize thee!” a favourite German invective) “Jesu, Maria, Joseph! Say’st thou truly, wife? An eagle was it? *Potz der tausend!* Here, Mierlie, Mierlie!”

• Poor Frau Kienz looked into her husband’s face like one demented, so different was his conduct to what she had expected to find it. His good-humored visage resumed its wonted expression, and, averting his face, to conceal the glad smile that overspread it, he watched the door leading to the dairy, where Mierlie’s charge still slept soundly on her hay pallet; and presently the damsel, in her short Tyrolese jacket and linen hose, entered the room, bearing the slumbering infant in her arms. This was almost too much for the good Frau; her senses nearly forsook her. At first she thought ’twas all a dream. Then she fancied herself in Heaven, and could only articulate, “blessed be thou, O holy Virgin, who hath listened to my prayer!” “Amen,” said Josel, devoutly crossing himself; and Mierlie responded “Amen.”

It was night, and the stars shone clear and brilliantly; above, the mountain world was hushed in solemn repose, a wondrous chaos of dead and living masses; the distant glaciers shone with moon-lit splendor, and the tall, spiry ice-pinnacles radiated a fitful, unearthly light, while silvery clouds floated around their tapering heads. From the low Alpine hut, the thanksgivings of two faithfully united hearts were wafted on the night-breath to Heaven.

Twenty years had sped their flight since the circumstance above related took place. The herdsman Josel and his wife, lived on and prospered. Time, who delighteth to mark with withering finger the luxurious dwellers of the plains, had not blanched the rosy glow of health upon the sun-burnt cheek, nor diminished aught of the hardy vigor of either; little, indeed, did their appearance indicate that fifty summers had passed over the heads of both. Whenever the avalanches’ roar announced that the valleys and heights of the Tyrol began to feel the return of spring, or when the herds were driven up to the mountain pasturage, the good couple never once omitted to place some votive offering at the miraculous shrine, were it only a flower garland, a waxen taper, or a gay ribbon purchased at the last *jahrmarkt* or fair, in commemoration of the wonderful deliverance of their only son; and beside the image of the Virgin hung a diminutive waxen effigy of the renowned Franzel, carefully enclosed within a glass box; a tablet beneath, on which were inscribed the date and the names of the parties, instructed the pious wanderer in the full particulars of this otherwise incredible history.

Beneath the auspices of his parents and patron saint, the son of Josel grew up the handsomest and bravest youth, the most fearless chamois hunter of the entire valley; from Oetz as far as Vent, where the Achen stream springs from the inaccessible clefts and chasms of the Hohenferner and the Hochjochferner, his claims to pre-eminence were undisputed. Franz was a herdsman, like his father, and his parents regarded it as an act of duty, a part of his education in fact, unceasingly to remind him of the extraordinary danger of his infancy, and his miraculous escape. Then would his mother shew him where she had laid him down; and his father point to the spot on the crag where the eagle deposited him, which was marked out by a large stone.

Oftentimes would Franz petulantly exclaim, in his boyish humour, “What matters it that I was raised so high, when but a puny child—high even as the Morin’s top? **Would** that I were there at this very moment! Then, likewise, would his father and **mother** admonish him to banish from his mind such silly and extravagant notions.

Time passed on: the boy started up into manhood, and had, clandestinely and under cover of the night, performed many an agile feat, shot many of the prohibited chamois, and decked his high-crowned bonnet with the best vulture’s pennon of the luckless birds which his unerring aim failed not to bring down.

Delighting in such sports, Franz was but seldom seen in the village, the wilder regions being most congenial with his energetic spirit ; he appeared, too, but rarely in the village dances and merry-makings of his companions, and was as invariably present when there happened to be a shooting or a wrestling match ; for in both exercises he was sure to carry off the prize. Franz, with his other peculiarities, was wont to boast that he had never yet been wounded by Cupid's darts ; and he was, consequently, unsparing in his jests upon those whose susceptibilities on the human frailty of love—keener than his own—caused them to be victimised by the tender passion.

One day, when Franz had ascended the dizzy height of the Hochalm, he turned a longing gaze towards the Morin, above which several eagles were soaring, with upward flight, as if to put him more forcibly in mind of his infantine adventure : he thought within himself—" Oh ! that it were possible to reach the spot where the fairy sisters dwell, in their enchanted palace ! Who knows that it was not one of the sisterhood who stole me away, and afterwards returned me to my father. The feeling creeps over me that I am destined to visit that spot, which is as yet untrodden by mortal : I will accomplish this. Yes ; I will make the bold attempt, come what may ! Preparing for my expedition with the utmost secrecy, none shall know of my resolution, and courage and perseverance shall give me success ! Exulting in the project, the youth uttered an exclamation of joy on the self same spot where his mother had once sent forth the wildest cry of despair for his safety : the surrounding rocks, placable as they had been twenty years previously, echoed back the ringing sound, carrying it along from cliff to cliff, cavern to cavern, through the dark forests, where blooms the Alpine velvet, and where, too, the crimson rhododendron starts from its rocky bed. Franz still continued fixed upon the spot ; spell-bound, indeed, as it were, to the crag whereon he stood, his eye riveted to the Morin summit, towering high, as though in proud disdain, above his head, and attracting him, as if by majestic influence, to explore its wondrous mysteries.

It was on a Sunday, in the month of July, that Franz resolved to commence his researches after the marvellous : every saying and tradition to which he had delighted to give ear in his boyhood returned with freshened coloring to his memory, and, already, his mental vision presented the sister trio inviting him with graceful gestures to enter their retreat. The hour of midnight was fixed upon for his departure, and glorious was the sight, when aurora dyed the ice-peaks and glaciers in all the hues of a bright midsummer morning. There was the bold youth, attired in a hunter's dress, with flat furred cap pulled low over his brow, iron spikes fastened to his thick soled shoes, to facilitate his climbing the snowy rocks, and stout Alpine staff, clearing each projecting elevation with a resolution, enterprise, and daring which would have turned the head of many a practised mountaineer ; but some unseen power seemed, in safety and with ease, to propel him forward, and he faltered not. Having continued the ascent for several successive hours, he thought he must have attained the highest rim of the Morin. A desert wild surrounded him on every side, and not a sound was audible save occasionally the plaintive cry of the mountain partridge. Huge masses of grey granite framed in the sterile scene, the yawning ravines between the rocky piles exhibiting lurking places of death to the rash invader of their grim solitude ; for one false step, and certain was the destruction. Often did the bold climber creep on hands and feet across ledges of rock which were so narrow as scarcely to afford space for his slender figure to pass along ; often too he maintained his balance upon stones so precariously poised, that each motion threatened to engulf him in the frightful abyss beneath, and no sooner had they been freed from the light pressure of his practised tread, than they fell showering down, with thundering roar, into the unknown depths beneath. Constantly directing his course by the sun, Franz guessed that he could not be far distant from the spot which it was the height of his ambition to reach, and, in this hope, gave himself a few moments for refreshment and repose. From the great elevation at which he had arrived, whole territories were distinctly visible beneath, and grand, indeed, was the view over the surrounding mountain. Like an ocean petrified in a storm, the snow-covered peaks rose high, each above the other, in apparently endless

distance. Here and there was impressed a huge grey mass, whose metallic summits, disdaining all but the lightning's influence, reared its lowering and denuded crests, like venerable monarchs of that lonely region. The sun had reached the meridian, and Franz deemed it would be prudent to seek out some cavern, or, at least dry ground, where he might find shelter for the night, as if his favorite project was to be attained; return homewards was impossible for at least the following four-and-twenty hours; but fate seemed to have reserved for him more than one apparently insurmountable trial; for Franz suddenly found his further progress arrested by the appearance of an extensive glacier, which stretched itself far and wide from the plain over which he had just traversed. The sunbeams played with dazzling brilliancy on the emerald-green ice, and, at intervals, the powerful masses split with a report equal to a discharge of artillery; above the glacier lay a broad field of snow, bounded by a wall of ice, which seemed to forbid further attempt at outward progress on the part even of the most daring of travellers. Franz, who was for the first time discouraged, now halted awhile to take serious counsel with himself what next to do. His resolve quickly made, he strapped the iron spikes still firmer to his feet, struck the staff deep into the hard ice, and mixing together a portion of the clean water, which rose from the opening he had made, with part of the *Tyroler-land-wein*, with which he had taken care to provide himself, the invigorating draught lent him fresh energy, and, with new ardor, he resumed his rash pilgrimage.

With great exertion Franz succeeded in crossing part of the glacier; but midway there came on a dense fog, enveloping every land mark, and thereby rendering each step imminently dangerous. The atmosphere, too, was piercingly cold, and in his extreme anxiety for his safety he thought it needful to commend his despairing soul to the care of the Saints, now fairly hopeless of escape from such accumulation of perils. Nevertheless, come death in what shape it might, he pushed on determined to dare the worst; at length he was on firm ground, but his strength was so exhausted, that he sunk down shivering with cold, his strength nearly exhausted, and yet even short repose might not be indulged in, for death seemed there also to be lurking for him. Between two giant crags, there was a cleft of such narrow dimensions, that a human figure could with difficulty pass it: thither had Franz directed his steps, forcing himself through the coffin-like passage, and on arriving at the further extremity an unexpected prospect met his eye. Before him the prospect was clear and cloudless, mountains were seen in the distance; and about three hundred feet beneath where he stood lay a smiling meadow of beautiful verdure; no senn-hutte was visible on its velvety surface, and entire herds of chamois skipped and gamboled in a state of blissful security. This, thought he to himself, can be no other than the enchanted platform on the Morin, but how vexatious, thought he, that after so much of toil and suffering, he had only then discovered that he had ascended far higher than was needful. In this dilemma he felt like Moses at Mount Nebo, within sight of the promised land, but not permitted to partake of its enjoyments.

The tantalising prospect was soon, however, shut from Franz's longing view: and the poor visionary wanderer became again only the more fully aware of his perilous situation, threatened as he was upon his endeavour to return, with a living entombment in the fissure of the rock within which he had wedged himself: for the dense mist from which he only recently escaped again overtook him, drawing an impenetrable veil between his aching eyes and the Canaan of his ambitious hopes: to retrace his steps seemed to be impossible; yet, how otherwise could the perpendicular barrier before him? The fog now changed itself into thick and blinding snow flakes, accompanied by a violent wind, with whose sharp gusts were interblended large balls of hail, and the severe cold encreased yet more and more in intensity. Franz could no longer endure this, and crouching low, finally resolved to make his escape, whatever the hazard, by casting himself down the precipice, leaving the result to Providence. The storm increased, and the wind and the snow beat about with increased violence; the splitting of the solid beds of ice created deafening sounds. Avalanche after avalanche, thundered forth notes of departure, as each huge mass fell downwards in its destructive course along with showers of stones,

which were launched marvellously, by some invisible hand, with terrific impetuosity from the mountain summits, menacing the rash adventurer with instant death : breathing a brief and hasty prayer to his patron, St. Francis, he let himself down ; holding on for one indecisive moment, he rested in a cleft of the rock, and, the next, relinquishing the precarious tenure, he glided with the swiftness of an arrow down the black ice-clad wall. Sight and hearing soon forsook him ; for awhile a dazzling light appeared to shine around him, then respiration seemed to cease : the blood throbbed no longer at the pulse, and, extended motionless at the foot of the precipice, Franz lay, to all appearance dead.

From the cleft, which he had quitted, uttering their shrill and piercing cry, now soared upwards three majestic eagles, encircling with awful majesty in their flight, the bold invader of their exclusive territory, Franz—their unconscious guest.

A flood of wondrous light, whose source was no where visible, illuminated the grotto of the Morin. Tall columns of transparent ice, reflecting rainbow hues, supported a lofty roof encrusted with the brightest crystals : from the sides sprang lovely flowers, dressing and concealing the rude rock with verdant tapestry, and the floor was covered with Alpine roses, which filled the grotto with delicious fragrance. A genial warmth pervaded the atmosphere, and, extended on a couch of the softest moss, strewed over with the variegated balsam flowers, lay Franz, in unconscious slumber, breathing gently, and free from pain ; while around him stood three angelic forms of human mould, maidens whose characters and whose charms the muse of poesy herself might attempt in vain to pourtray. Silently they continued to watch the sleeper, as, from time to time, they exchanged an arch-glance and smile at each other, and awaited in delightful expectation their protégé's waking wonderment. When Franz, slowly opening his eyes, became conscious of what was passing around him, he imagined, at first, that all he beheld was the effect of a bright though fallacious dream ; but when he actually saw himself surrounded by beauty and splendor, beyond his most enthusiastic imaginings, then he bethought him that his soul must have passed away from its tenement of clay, and been received into the mansions of the blessed. "Do I live again ?" he exclaimed with trembling voice, as he partly raised himself. To his extreme astonishment a fair speaker thus addressed him :—

"Thou livest indeed, Franciscus, and not the first of mortal race to whom entrance to our dwelling-place hath been granted. In us thou beholdest those whom the inhabitants of the vales of Tyrol style the three Fairy Sisters. We are propitious to mankind, shield them from peril and danger ; this day have we been watching over thee, as in thine early infancy. When an eagle stole thee away from thy mother's side, we secured thee from his grasp, and bore thee safely to the mountain hut. We are also protectresses of many of the feathered tribe, and tend with especial care the gentle chamois, for whose destruction cruel mortals fearlessly expose life which was given for nobler purpose. Look on your much-loved rifle, Franciscus, it lies in fragments at your feet ; we are patrons of the innocent chamois, and also of the deer, as you already know from legendary traditions ; the foot of the murderer stalks not unpunished through our sequestered territory, which is the chosen abode of benevolence and peace.

Franz was unable to offer any reply to the fair speaker, his senses were bewildered ; and in this granting of his most ardent hopes, he most doubted the reality of their fulfilment. Aware that he was holding communion with beings of a higher sphere, their actual presence had become more than ever enigmatical to his moderate understanding. Ere he could collect his scattered thoughts, a second nymph addressed him :—

"Thou art our guest, Franciscus, and during thy stay, my sisters, Mira and Alma, and myself—named Clara—will minister to thy every wish ; and when thine heart shall again yearn after home and kindred (for we would not estrange thee from them), we will show thee paths unfraught with dangers like those by which thou camest hither."

Now, Alma for the first time spake :—"Thou, Franciscus, shalt find pleasure in our fairy abode ; we will show thee our gardens and our herds, our grottos and our treasures ; and fear not that thy friends lack in hospitality towards thee : nought

thou canst desire shall fail thee, for know that in personal energy we yield not to the most active and diligent among the daughters of earth."

The almost breathless, wonder-stricken and beatified Franz now reached the climax of felicity; for as the fair Alma concluded, she stooped and imprinted a kiss on his forehead, which sisterly example was followed by her companions, each pronouncing as she did so—"WELCOME, FRANCISCUS."

The beautiful trio now conducted their guest to a grotto of smaller dimensions, set apart for his exclusive accommodation: therein were changes of vesture fair to look upon, and well befitting the exalted society into which he had so unceremoniously introduced himself, and by whose welcome he had been also so strangely greeted. The decorations of this apartment, instead of being composed of translucent ice, consisted of sparkling gems and crystals; a fountain discharged its transparent waters into the basin of purest amethyst; the floor was carpeted with flowers, diffusing their delicate odours around, and harmonious tones from invisible sources, filled the perfumed and balmy atmosphere. His toilet made, the Sisters' next care was to lead their favorite—who had sufficiently recovered his senses, not merely to comprehend the joys that awaited him, but even to take delight in his peculiar destiny—through mysterious caverns and passages excavated in the solid rock, until they emerged on the loveliest landscape imaginable. By day they gazed upon the beauteous sylvan scene, and when the moon's broad disc bathed the mountain tops with a flood of silvery light, the sisters raised their sweet voices in melodious songs of home and freedom, such as have never failed to awaken the extreme of Tyrolese enthusiasm; then joining hands, they danced in mazy rounds upon the velvet sward under the star-bespangled canopy of heaven. Franz's existence, it might easily be imagined, was one of unmingled rapture. How could it be otherwise, for the fairy maidens were fairer than all the fair daughters of this nether world, and Franz would have been well content to have ended his days in their company; but as all sublunary joys must needs come to a termination, neither was his lot secure from the general doom. After three days spent in unalloyed pleasure and enjoyment, the Sisters approached him, and Mira, with mournful mien, spoke as follows:—

"Beloved Franciscus, know that even we immortals are bound, nevertheless, by certain laws which we dare not violate; by those laws we are forbidden to detain thee longer in our society. Our's, then, is the hard lot of warning thee to depart, but if thy fairy friends have won thy regard, we hope to meet again!"

Alma next addressed poor Franz, by whom the unwelcome intelligence of the finality of his supernatural happiness was felt as the shock of a thunderbolt:—

"At each return of the full moon, dear Franciscus, thou art permitted to revisit the enchanted mount for the space of three days, and we will guide thee by a safe and easy path to our dwelling, that thou mayst no longer risk a life so dear to us."

Clara, in her turn, spoke in mild but earnest tones:—

"Mark well, dear Franciscus, what I say to thee; if thy words be true that thou lovest us beyond any mortal whom thou hast ever known, it will be easy for thee to accept these three conditions, without due observance of which we may never see each other more. Disobedience on thy part—I grieve to tell thee—would be punished by untimely death."

Franz could not repress a shudder at this exordium: trembling with doubt he could scarcely listen to the fair orator.

"Firstly," she proceeded, "I enjoin for myself and sisters, that thou wilt never—mark me—never! at any season, at any hour, divulge to mortal, whether father, mother, brother, sister, or other relative; priest or layman, that thou hast held familiar intercourse with, and enjoyed the friendship of the Morin Sisters. Swear this on thy soul, whose destruction shall pay the forfeit an thou breakest thy vow, for thou wilt swear to perform it, my Franciscus?"

Franz took the required oath, fully determined to preserve it inviolable.

Franz promised and would have continued to do so *ad infinitum* so much was he enslaved by the captivating beauty and the enchanting manners of the three sisters. Again, the kiss was repeated; this time, however, it was but to bid him adieu.

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Once, again, the trio, thus solemnly spoko ere he departed :—

"There is yet another promise we would require of thee, but we are too sure of its fulfilment, to exact its performance by a vow ; be true to us ; bestow not thine heart on maiden of thine own people—betray not our love, nor exchange it for other. Thou can'st be true, Franciscus ?"

To this last query Franz unhesitatingly replied, confirming the same with every protestation of devotion, after which he was conducted to an opening in the rock, overhanging a perpendicular precipice. At the brink, an illuminated crystal gondola awaited them. The whole party having entered ; thereupon, immediately, with rapid but easy motion, the fairy bark pursued its downward course, until it rested within a small grotto.

The moment of parting was now at hand.

"Note well this spot !" said Mira, "and when thou comest, strike three times against this stalactic column, and we will descend to welcome thee."

"Farewell, beloved Franciscus !" exclaimed all three, and stepping lightly into the gondola it rose swiftly, diminishing in size as it went upwards, until it seemed to be but as a brilliant star, till gradually lessening in size, it was lost in measureless distance.

Franz looking around him, perceived a ray of light through a narrow fissure, then heaving one heavy long-drawn sigh, in remembrance of the past, he be-thought him of his departure. At the first, he could not comprehend in what part of the country he had alighted. Before him lay an extensive valley, of which, however, he could trace no knowledge. Having well marked the rock, and ascended further up the crag, he carefully surveyed the environs, and, to his great surprise, discovered St. Mary's well-known chapel a short distance above him ; he knew therefore, that he was in the valley of Achen, situate at the base of the Morin. His feelings were just as if he had awakened from a long sleep, accompanied with a delicious dream. He was attired in his ordinary costume, the worse for the ruggedness of his perilous route, and he was on his road to Lengenfeld without his gun, without game, or other trophy of prowess, bringing home nothing from his excursion but brilliant reminiscences which he durst communicate to no one.

The once gay and light-hearted Franz, was now the most reserved and serious youth throughout the valley of Oez. He delighted neither in being at home nor abroad, mingled not in the dance, renounced all competition in feats of dexterity, wherco he was wont to be pre-eminent, and refused resolutely to join even his companions in the chamois hunt, so that he who was formerly their most zealous leader, had now completely changed his character. His parents thought him half bewitched ; the villagers, that reason had forsaken him.

Franz little heeded men's opinions, and passed whole days watching the Morin summit, until the moon, again at the full, rose above the lofty Oelzthalerferner. When the wished-for moment arrived, he hied with all caution and secrecy to the trysting place ; no wanderer crossed his lonely path ; the Morin was arrived at, and the sure cleft in the rock discovered. Above there shone a small bright star, the stalactic column resounded bell-like to his touch ; with arrow swiftness the gondola descended and alighted as before. With every demonstration of joy, the fairy sisters welcomed their chosen favorite, and in another moment the enraptured Franz was again on the top of the Morin, where, after remaining the prescribed period of time, he again returned homewards with the same precautions as before.

Months passed on ; Franz had achieved the object of his ambition, and was happy in communing for a season with beings of other spheres. His whole thoughts being engrossed by the supernatural world he alone lived for, he heeded not the consequent gradual decay of his human powers. His cheek was blanched, the fire of his eye extinguished, while care and anxiety for his life filled the bosoms of his parents. His mother exhausted her whole stock of female ingenuity, to extract from him a confession of the cause of so sudden a change in his habits and character ; but she might have harangued the four cardinal points with equal chance of moving them. In vain she begged, cried, coaxed ; in vain Josel reproached, and that in no measured terms,—his visionary, indolent son, who had grown so doggedly obstinate, that he

could not be induced to explain what his object was in going to the mountain at regular seasons.

"Mystery is mischief, secrecy gives rise to suspicion; you must exonerate yourself to the world, son,"—thus would the father argue, but Franz remained deaf alike to entreaty and admonition. It often happens that a woman's penetration will effect more than all the eloquence of man, be his grade what it may; and Frau Kienz had more than once remarked, that her son's periodical absences took place at the full of the moon; accordingly, when the hour for his departure drew near, she betook herself with all speed to the chapel, from whence she could command an extensive view along the valley; again offering up her orisons at the miraculous shrine that she might obtain a yet greater marvel in favor of her son, to render him once more like his fellow-beings. Ever and anon, while she continued in prayer, she looked around in anxious watchfulness for the approach of her son; but he had not quitted the cottage, for he was detained by a domestic storm.

"Boy!" said Josel, bluntly, "if thou leavest this house again, to stay away for whole days and nights, thou hadst better not return at all, for *Gott Straf Mich*, if I do not take the first axe I find and fell thee to the ground like a withered tree!"

"Strike when you will, father!" responded Franz, with careless composure; and when evening came, he took his staff and set forth, determined, if it must be so, to return home no more. For his mother's sake alone he grieved thus to part, but she was absent, and he durst not tarry beyond the appointed hour. The first ebullition of anger over, Josel repented of his harsh speech; and seeing that his son had quitted the cottage, he slipped out after him unperceived, and followed him at a distance. Frau Kienz patiently maintained her post at the chapel, until she saw the figure of her son through the gathering twilight; she observed him quit the main road, then follow the course of the Achen until lost to the maternal eye amongst the tall brushwood. So great was his haste, that Franz failed to take the precaution of looking behind him; he had already reached the rock and entered the narrow chasm, believing himself within reach of his happy moments, when the voice of his mother smote upon his ear. "Franz, Franz, Franz!" she called with desperate energy, and as she did so, a rolling noise as of distant thunder was heard overhead, then growing louder and louder still, a tremendous shower of huge stones poured down with terrific violence from the mountain; still her shrieking voice was heard above the din. Stunned, fainting almost, Franz leaned his head against the cold rock, wishing that the stones might engulf him from the outer world for ever, for he was conscious that all his bright dreams lay buried there, and the future presented nought but the blackness of eternal night to his enervated mind. The reiterated calls of his mother, who had heard the noise within the mountain, and believed her son's last hour was come, at length induced him to creep from his hiding place; and on regaining the open air, he found himself face to face with both his parents. Frau Kienz was overjoyed at beholding her son in safety, but Josel enraged at the whole procedure, again broke into imprecations against him. "May the saints forsake thee, boy! Thus the village gossip proves to be true, that thou communest with the mischievous elves of this accursed mountain, and hast sold thine eternal salvation to their fiendish machinations."

Franz, maddened with rage and disappointment, cried with bitterness, "Now am I indeed the property of Satan! A curse on your curiosity! Why should ye both play the spy over me. Yes, I was happy; yes I was favored by the Fairy Sisters—now am I miserable for ever, for the entrance to the mountain is closed, and never, never again shall I find it."

"Blessed be thou, holy Maria!" fervently ejaculated Frau Kienz. Josel was silenced by this outbreak on the part of his son, and with heavy hearts the three returned to their once peaceful and cheerful home. Franz uttered not a word during the whole of that evening and following day; and ere long his health began visibly to decline. The priest was sent for, that Franz might ease his over-burdened mind by confession, and receive absolution for all his past sins at his hands; but Franz had lost all taste for confession, and indeed for everything else. One more ineffectual attempt he made to reach the Morin, and then gave himself up after this

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last failure, to settled melancholy; remaining continually at home, and wasting the best days of his youth in a state of unbroken apathy and inertness. The strange history had spread itself over the whole district; some compassioned his fate, but those were few; by far the greater number judged it as a punishment sent direct from heaven for his daring to aspire after a greater share of happiness than others are permitted to enjoy. So is it with many, to whom the worst transgression of a fellow being is the circumstance of his faring better than themselves.

The time of harvest had ended, when the sennhutte is forsaken, the herds are driven down to the valleys, and occasional storms prepare the mountaineers for the rough approaches of winter; herdsmen, dairy maidens, droves of cattle, Alpine blossoms, and Alpine cheeses, follow each other in gradual succession from the heights; and the huts are only used as receptacles for fire-wood, and rendezvous for the chamois hunters. About this time, there was talk of a grand hunt, and several bold young jagers, who outvied each other in rendering themselves agreeable to Josel's pretty daughter, were talking loudly in the cottage about the preparations that were making, and, also, named the day and hour when the expedition was to take place. Franz slowly quitted the seat where he rested, as usual, unnoticed, took down from the wall his iron scaling spikes, where they had hung neglected since his first ascent of the Morin, began to rub from them the accumulated rust, and mended the leather thongs which bound them. "Will'st join us, Franz?" enquired the astonished youths.

Franz, with a smile, replied, "Yes, if one of you will lend me a gun—for I have lost my own—I'd willingly go with you."

All were rejoiced to hear his voice again; the gun was gladly promised, and the family hoped yet for better days. And the day, or rather night, arrived, when the youthful and light-hearted band of jagers set forth. As he crossed the threshold, Franz extended his hand to his parents and sisters, and warmly pressing theirs within his, said:—"Forgive me all the pain I have caused you; henceforth you shall not complain of me."

Frau Kienz was very anxious about her son, and thought his weakened frame could no longer endure the fatigues of the chace, and she besought his companions to watch over his safety, which they willingly promised to do; and, at parting, old Josel vociferated the customary "*Zeit lassen*," of the Tyrolese; and they departed.

The mountain sides were clothed with a pale mist, but the jagers soon penetrated it, and emerged beneath a clear blue sky, amongst dazzling snow and glowing pinacles, leaving the vales beneath enwrapped in the sickly winding sheet. Franz stood still for a few moments, and turned his melancholy gaze towards Lengenfeld, until it was gradually shut out by the dense mists from his view; he then rejoined his comrades, who took the same route which he had himself selected on another—and, for him, more memorable occasion; his companions were all practised, hardy, mountaineers, and would set death itself at defiance for the sake of a chamois.

They halted at a forsaken sennhutte, to take their morning repast, and then again set forward, their ardor by no means abated by the recent fall of snow, which, though impeding their progress, exhibited plainer traces of their game. Higher and higher they ascended, when they assembled, forming a line along the ridges; Franz was the foremost; he heeded not the repeated calls of his comrades, "*Zeit, lassen! Franz! Stay here! Thou'lt scare the game!*" The sound was echoed back unanswered, and Franz hurried rashly on. His ear caught a shrill sound, and, perceived a flying chamois behind a lofty cliff. Franz quickly started in pursuit, and scaling the rock discovered an entire herd of terrified animals, who dispersed with customary swiftness at his approach; the animal pursued swiftly climbed a rugged rock, and Franz, in whom the long dormant passion now broke forth with fervor, forgot the dangers of his path—forgot himself, his doom; and, spurning all dangers, followed his game over chasm and ravine, through rocky wild, and narrow pass; gaining considerably on the flying chamois. At last the poor animal was forced to yield; and stopping short, faced her relentless pursuer, uplifting her mild eye to his face, as if to implore compassion. But Franz, excited by the chace, had eyes only

for his game, and marked not that he stood at an extreme verge of a yawning precipice; he pointed his gun, and instantly a wild human shriek resounded through the rocks, dying away amid the solitary waste.

He, however, heeded it not—his hand was on the trigger, he fired—when a terrific flash of lightning almost blinded him! thunder shook the ground, rolling and reverberating, in awful majesty, from rock to rock. The shot had missed the chamois, which was unhurt and still stationary. In front, with open arms, the trio sisters, beautiful even in anger, like avenging goddesses of northern mythology, were advancing menacingly and slowly towards their victim. Franz made an involuntary step backwards—the faithless footing instantly gave way beneath his weight, and he fell headlong down the dark abyss, and as quickly a tremendous shower of stones entombed him as he lay, lifeless, at its base.

The jagers returned home, but vain were the anxious enquiries of Josel and his wife after their lost Franz; and his companions could give no further account of him than that he was suddenly missed from among them. Long after ineffectual search was made for him, but his fate was never known.

Above the grey-bald summit of the Morin, three eagles are often observed to wing their circling flight; the belief still exists among the mountainers, that the three Fairy Sisters assume that form. And a time-cemented obelisk-shaped pile of stones is to this day pointed out to the venturous traveller as

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER'S GRAVE.

DEFINITION DE L'AMOUR.

Amours est vie délétable
Laquelle certain espoir maine,
Vie courtoise et charitable,
Vie commune, vie humaine;
Amours tous les bons jours amaine,
Amours humain cœurs reconforte,
Amours la carolle demaine
Où ame ne se desconforte.

Amours toute joye nourrit,
Amours ennuy vainit et appaise,
Amours en soupirant soubrit;
Amours n'a riens que lui deplaise,
Amours en attendant est aise;
Amours voit le temps avenir,
Amours se chérit et se baise,
Par ung gracieux souvenir.

Amours est vraie médecine,
Amours est ayde et secours brief,
Amours est de salut racine,
Amours chasse tout péril grief;
Amours est large en son relief,
Amours est basme de confort,
Amours est de richesse fief,
Triacle contre desconfort.

Amours les aveugles voir fait,
Amours les impotens conferme,
Amours les contrefais refait,
Amours les cœurs fermés defferme;
Amours les infirmés referme,
Amours les vivans vivifie,
Amours rend vie sure et ferme,
Sage n'est pas qui ne s'yfie.

Amours les ignorans aprent,
Amours les sages enlumine,
Amours les oultrageux reprent,
Amours les errans achemine.
Amours toute rudesse mine,
Amours tout orgueil amolit,
Amours en tout bien se termine,
Vertu tout péchié abolit.

Amours en pacience danse,
Amours en adversité chante,
Amours en pleurs est à la danse,
Amours en povreté se vante.
Amours solitaire tous hante,
Amours en plus vivant plus vit,
Amours ne fait vie merchante,
Bon espoir ainsi le ravit.

Amours fait avoir preux gloire,
Amours les hardis encourage,
Amours donne aux amans victoire,
Amours auroist noble courage.
Amours bel si se discourage,
Amours qui bien le sert couronne,
Amours en ce mondain orage,
C'est cil qui porte la couronne.

Amours, amours, vraie prudence,
Justice, en bon poids mesurée
Force paissant en excellence,
Attemprance bien modérée,
Espérance très assurée,
Ferme foy ayant certain erre,
En cet vie malheuree,
Seul montes au ciel de grant erre.

Champion des Dames.

[THE COURT MAG.]

DULWICH GALLERY.

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI,

Academician of the Fine Arts in Bologna.

Italian Schools—Letter of Count Algarotti to Thomas Hollis, upon the subject of the Italian Schools in general—Survey of the Eclectic School of Bologna—Description of the Pictures of the several schools referred to in the Collection of Sir F. Bourgeois, &c. &c.

Our readers will have observed that, in former articles on the Fine Arts,* we promised various remarks, touching as well the theory as the philosophy of art in general, or special reflections upon painting; and also upon some splendid specimens in Great Britain, which is not only already rich in such treasures, but continually augmenting their number. To those of our friends who have expressed their urgent, and certainly flattering desire, that we should fully perform our promise, we reply, that in the present article, on the truly glorious collection at Dulwich, opportunities will occur enabling us to accomplish nearly all we have intimated.

The Dulwich Gallery numbers 355 pictures, of which 82 are from the various schools of Italy; and of these, 32 belong to the Bolognese school. We have thought it good, therefore, to prefix to the remarks we shall have to offer upon the separate pictures preserved in this gallery, some general reflections upon the different Italian schools.

The celebrated Count Francis Algarotti, some time after he was admitted a Member of the Royal Academy of London, wrote and dedicated to Thomas Hollis, Member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, an erudite book (printed at Venice, in 1763) upon the French Royal Academy of Painting at Rome. It will not be without advantage, if we dwell a little upon certain passages in this work which may more particularly relate to our present subject—the schools of Italy. Algarotti says—

“It is a very common opinion among the French, that, under their happy sky springs up and flourishes every beautiful thing, and that it is almost useless to seek farther. The English, on the contrary, in order to augment their common patrimony of the arts and sciences, search the most remote corners of the globe. That which the Romans of old did with respect to the modes of fighting, and the nature of their arms, which they frequently changed for those of the nations they conquered, and mingled with their own, so, exactly, the English are wont to do in reference to the arts and sciences of the various nations which they either visit or conquer by arms; or, in a certain measure, acquire by the immense power of their commerce.”

Such are the words with which Algarotti commences his book, whence it would seem both that he was grateful for the honor of being elected Fellow of the Royal Academy, and that even at that period the British nation was renowned for its zeal for the Fine Arts, as demonstrated by its diligent researches, splendid acquisitions, and, indeed, in every other manner.

Algarotti goes on to combat the opinions of certain Frenchmen, who declared that there were pictures enough in the Gallery of France, and that it was useless going into Italy to study or collect the masterpieces there. And we shall cite his ideas, as they are, in many respects, intimately connected with what we have already, and shall have occasion to advance.

“But since, whatever abundance of pictures by Italian masters there may be in the Gallery of France, the number is still greater of those which are not there, it does not seem possible that the young French students could have derived from it the degree of advantage which they would have received from the contemplation of the productions of the same masters in Italy. The best works of a painter are generally those found in his own country, and at his own place of dwelling. The great compositions, the public and established works, done by painters in the vigor of their style, when they most sought to build themselves a reputation in their country, where they had many and worthy rivals, these are the produc-

* See “Court Magazine,” December, 1839, and January, 1840.

tions that should be seen and studied; in like manner as we ought to judge of the merits of architects from their public edifices and temples, in which the excellencies or defects of their works are displayed, says Vitruvius,* eternally."

It is incontestably true, that, in order to educate the eye of the body and the eye of the mind, to judge correctly of a school of painting from its principal masters, and others, excellent, but subordinate in the local subdivisions, it must be useful to visit the cities where such painters lived; and having completed all the studies necessary for the acquisition of good judgment, as we have remarked in a former article in this periodical,† we may then, by the aid of Comparison (which itself is a great master) become good artists, or good connoisseurs in painting. Really it is enough to move to laughter, that one who has never stirred from his own country, perhaps never opened a book on the subject, or, probably, would not understand it if he did, but who has had the luck to learn that there once existed such persons as Raffaele, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, with some others of the first masters; though, at the same time, utterly innocent of any intelligent or solid acquaintance with the arts, should, nevertheless, be styled an "Amateur"—one who, with self-complacent arrogance, views, observes, turns, and turns again, the picture; perhaps admires it, yet wishes, forsooth, to know the master; wishes to be informed of the *subject*; and if the subject, and still more the name of the master, should not happen to be within the little narrow circle of his knowledge, nor even in his pocket-dictionary, all exquisitely compact and microscopic, alas! the profound amateur is quite at a loss, but at once disdains to admit his ignorance, and is filled with fear lest he should commit himself. "Who," he says to himself, "is Passerotti? who is Samacchini, Tiarini? who is Simone (da Pesaro), Solari, Bramantino, or Lomazzo? I have never heard their names; I know nothing of them." And forthwith the painting, praised at first, becomes defective, and the amateur, with peculiar ingenuity, discovers various imperfections in the very parts that he had previously lauded as remarkable for their beauty.

If the amateur be unacquainted with these masters, the fault is not theirs, but his: and to judge of a work, not from its merit, but by the name of the master to whom it is attributed, may, indeed, be the part of a faithful disciple, but it is marvellously like the followers of Aristotle, who were wont blindly to swear *verbo magistri*. One would think that this thing ought not to happen in the present age, in the year of grace, 1840. Nevertheless, so it is. On one occasion of our visiting the Dulwich Gallery, there was present a most elegant dandy, tipped and toed with yellow gloves and patent-leather boots, in fact—as Moore would say, the *Light of the Harem* of the fashionables. He was contemplating the picture (No. 329‡) of *Christ bearing his Cross*. This painting, of which we shall speak again when treating of the Spanish school, is in many respects deserving of much praise, and had attracted the attention of many individuals in the gallery, among whom was our intelligent, fashionable amateur.

He had heard that this was a Spanish picture. Now, for him the whole Spanish school seemed to be included in the word Murillo; probably, because he was fortunately aware of the fact, that there are, both in the Dulwich and National Galleries, beautiful paintings by the hand of that great master; that glorious specimens of Murillo are also to be found in the splendid collection of His Grace the Duke of Sutherland. To him, therefore, Murillo (whom, probably, he was unable to recognise, or certainly whom he would ever be utterly incompetent to recognise artistically)—Murillo was the entire Spanish school. Consequently, "If this picture, *Christ bearing his Cross*, (329) is Spanish (as they say it is), if it is beautiful (as they say it is), why, it must needs be the work of Murillo!" Thus, having accomplished, in the profound recesses of his mind, this powerful effort of logical ratiocination, our erudite dandy, with magisterial self complacence and in an audible tone, thus began—"What freedom of touch! What splendor of coloring! How beautiful

* Igitur cum omnibus operibus ordines tradiderunt (antiqui) id maxime in cædibus Deorum, in quibus laudes et culpæ æternæ solent permanere.

† See "Court Magazine," August, 1839.

‡ These numbers correspond to the present catalogue of the Dulwich Gallery.

the folds of the drapery! What depth of feeling in the expression! &c. &c." With all the habitual, stupid series of those everlastingly-recurring conventional phrases that are perpetually falling from the lips of people, who, knowing absolutely nothing, yet believe that as *Amateurs* they are obliged in honor and-conscience to speak—and in praise—of a celebrated picture, notwithstanding that it produces no effect on them, and that it is wholly and equally unintelligible to their eye and to their mind. Thus, like a good and clever parrot, our learned exquisite, echoing what he had on other occasions heard in similarly lofty and arduous pictorial circumstances, sounded the praises of the above-mentioned painting (329), concluding with these words—"None but a Murillo could paint thus; I should know it *with my eyes shut*,"* and could tell it was a Murillo!"

An old gentleman standing near, replied to him—"I would counsel you always to open your eyes when you look at pictures; and, in the present case, if you open them, you will see that the master before you is Morales, and not Murillo; and if your eyes, when open, do not apprehend the different manners of the two painters, open them, I pray, upon the fifteenth page of the catalogue, where you will find, after the number 329, the name Morales correctly printed." Everybody laughed, and the dandy withdrew, or, as the French say, *s'éclipse*.

Hearing the gentleman speak with much authority and spirit of the Fine Arts, we sought to enter into conversation with him, and were much delighted at finding him equally learned and polite. Sir B—— had been an extensive traveller, and had passed a considerable portion of his life in visiting, with artistic views, various parts of Europe, and unites in himself, in a supereminent degree, practical experience with the theory and high philosophy of painting. Our conversation happened to turn upon the above-mentioned letter and book written by Algarotti. "I know that work by heart," said Sir B——, "it is a complete *multum in parvo*, and I agree entirely in what he says upon the various Italian schools. In order to obtain a thorough knowledge of them, I have followed out Algarotti's advice. I have gone to the cities where those great masters lived and painted. Tintoretto, for example, as he remarks, should be seen in the School of St. Mark, in the public library of Venice, in the so much admired Contarini Chapel at Cortona, in the Palazzo Toffetti; and there it will be plainly seen that he had no cause to fear comparison with Paolo, or any other of the great men of his time, and that he had really succeeded in combining the coloring of Titian with the design of Michael Angelo. Titian should be seen in the School of La Carita ai Frari, and at St. Paolo of Venice, in the renowned painting of St. Peter the Martyr, which, more than any other of his productions, proved him the great master he is. Bassano should be studied in the Nativity, which he painted for his native city. Paolo Veronese at St. Zaccaria; St. Giorgio, Venice, in the refectory of the brotherhood of La Madonna del Monte, at Vicenza, where is, perhaps, the most beautiful "Supper" of all that he has produced. Urbino and Pesaro are the places where we must seek Baroccio; and the power of Correggio will be seen at its achme in the cupola of St. Jerome, in Parma. The Farnese Gallery at Rome, affords the best evidence of the genius of Annibale Caracci; and the Cloister of St. Michele in Bosco, at Bologna, shows the splendor of Ludovico Caracci, master of every style, but, sometimes, deemed inferior to Annibale by foreigners, who, having before their eyes a mediocre specimen of that great master (or, possibly, not an original at all), form a false judgment, which they will not abandon. The Gallery of Bologna, and the churches of Rome, must be visited in order to see the great Domenichino; and for Raffaello and Michael Angelo, we must go to the Vatican, where these two sovereign poets in color, contended against each other to obtain the crown in the capitol.

It is certain that if any one were to hazard an opinion of the merit of Le Brun, from some inferior picture of his seen in Italy, he would be—and justly so—immediately checked by the French, and referred to the Gallery of the Louvre, or Lam-

* He must have been a goose, indeed—he meant to have said, "I could have told it with half an eye—at the slightest glance." But thus, oftentimes, even sensible persons use common expressions which are equally absurd.—Ed.

bert, or to Versailles, where he competed with Le Sueur, or contended for the palm with a Mignard.

"It must be admitted, however," continued Sir B——, "that the galleries of Europe are not so poor as in the time of Algarotti; that all of them, indeed, are now truly splendid, and rich in Italian pictures of every school. I should say that a complete gallery of every species of painting, might be formed with pictures of the Italian schools only; but that it would not be possible to form a complete gallery, without some painting from each of the Italian schools. This Dulwich Gallery presents an excellent example. In France, at the time of Algarotti, the enemies of the Italian school said, that, when they wanted paintings, they supplied the deficiency with engravings, and that was sufficient. But this absurdity was immediately and completely exploded.

The Italian masters, to say the truth, were not very fortunate in having worthy engravers of their productions, such, for example, as Edelinck or Audran, to whose gravers several transalpine painters were in a great measure indebted for their fame. Very small indeed is the number of the works of Bairoccio, Correggio, Tintoretto, or Paolo, that were executed in engraving by the skilful hand of Agostino Caracci; very few also are those of Titian, cut on wood, of which he is said to have drawn the outlines himself. And passing over some little things that were done for mere pastime, by Parmigianino, Annibale, Guido Reni, Simone Contarini, called, from Pesaro, *Il Pesarese*, Carlo Maratti, and other painters, there are not many of the grander works of Raffaëlle that were engraved by Ugo da Carpi, or Mercantonio Raimondi, whose engravings are not much inferior to the designs of that divine master. Sisto Badolocchi, on the contrary, and Lampaneo have but miserably treated the subject of the apartments of the Vatican, although the publication was dedicated to Annibale! And what numbers of volumes of engravings are there in circulation that are not a whit more deserving of praise, than is the wretched prose into which Frate Catron and the Abate di Marolles reduced—or rather massacred—the verses of Virgil!

ROMAN SCHOOL.

But let us pause a little to consider a few pictures of the Roman school, which is much celebrated for its invention, and for its nobleness of design. The Dulwich Gallery contains three admirable specimens (87, 313, 346) of Andrea Sacchi (born 1594, died 1668), concerning whom we had occasion to speak in a former article. Nevertheless, we must here point out how this master, who was of the school of Albani; and, subsequently, by copying and studying Raffaëlle and the ancient statues, formed for himself a peculiar purity of style, remarkable for its exquisite design and extreme elegance, displayed his high talent in the picture of "*The Entombment of Christ*" (313). The composition is striking, the perspective fine, the poetical part beautiful, and the design most elegant. We take this to be the *chef d'œuvre* of this master, in the gallery; for we do not equally admire the *Mater Dolorosa* (346), although it must be acknowledged to be beautiful in many respects. Nor do we very much admire the specimen (87) of this same Andrea Sacchi; indeed, we are inclined to suspect its originality, for we have little doubt that, instead of its present title, *The Portrait of a Lady*, it ought to be named *La Madonna della Concezione*.

And here we will take the opportunity of observing, that we frequently discover in catalogues mistakes in the names of the masters, as well as in the exact definition of the subjects. For example, in the catalogue of the exhibition for 1839, we read Frabriano instead of Fabriano, Orbet instead of Orbetto, Borgiguone instead of Borgognone, Carlo Marat for Maratti, &c. Errors of much consequence might result from this inattention to the correct spelling of names; as, for instance, when Sanuti is put for Canuti, Cesi for Gessi. In the catalogue of the Dulwich Gallery there are not many instances of negligence, but still it might be more accurate; in proof of which, we will just point out that Parmigiano is substituted for Parmigianino; that the compiler has put A. Caracci, without showing whether he means Annibale, or Agostino, or Antonio Caracci. Parmigiano was a painter, called Fabrizio, who

died in the Pontificate of Clement VIII. (see Baglioni and Lanzi), and very different from the graceful Francesco Mazzuoli, styled Il Parmigianino. So, also, among the many painters of the name of Crespi, of whom there were eight, Giuseppe Maria was called Lo Spagnuolo; while Ribera was named Lo Spagnuololetto. But we will not pursue these exemplifications, although we might. We wish, however, to repeat, that always to write correctly the names of the masters, and to give an exact definition of the subject of the pictures, are things of much importance, and far too often disregarded in the preparation of catalogues.

Some other paintings of the Roman school demand our attention. Numbers 306 and 307, representing Saints, are attributed to Pietro Perugino, the master of Raffaele. In the general style, certainly, there is the manner of the epoch, and the folds of the drapery, the tints, and the design bring to mind some of the characteristics of Perugino; but the touch of the pencil, the type of the physiognomies, the manner of painting the hands, all lead us to doubt. For similar reasons, we are inclined to believe that numbers 306 and 307 are the work of Marco Zoppo, or Bacio Ubertini, the brother of Francesco Ubertini, surnamed Bacchiacca. Another picture we saw, by M. A. Caravaggio, *A Locksmith*, (299). Truly, there are present here the characteristics of the painter, who was, as Lanzi says, "memorable for having recalled the art from mannerism to truth, as well in his forms, which he always drew from nature, as in his colors after the manner of Giorgione." Annibale Caracci extolling him, declared "that he did not paint but grind flesh;" and both Guercino and Guido highly admired him, and profited from his example. We must not look in him for correct design, or elegant proportions, as he ridiculed all artists who attempted a noble expression of countenance or graceful foldings of drapery; or who imitated the forms of the antique, as exhibited in sculpture: his sense of the beautiful being all derived from visible nature. There is to be seen, by him, in the Spado Palace, a St. Anne with the Virgin at her side, occupied in female work. Their features are remarkable only for their vulgarity, and they are both attired in the common dress of Rome, and are, doubtless, portraits, taken from the first elderly and young women that offered themselves to his observation. That was his usual manner, and he appeared most highly pleased when he could load his pictures with rusty armour, broken vessels, shreds of old garments and attenuated and wasted bodies. Some of his paintings, in Rome, form an admirable contrast, when placed by the side of the very graceful F. Baroccio, and the all-fascinating Guido Reni.

The master of whom we are now speaking, M. A. Caravaggio, generally painted for collections. He began with painting, at Rome, flowers and fruit, and subsequently executed many pictures of half-figures, which, after his time, became a practice much in vogue. "In these he represented subjects sacred and profane, and particularly the manners of the lower classes, drinking parties, conjurors, and feasts. He was successful in representing quarrels and night broils, to which he was himself no stranger, and, by which, too, he rendered his own life scandalous." Lanzi's observations, in which we entirely coincide, with respect to this strange, but powerful master, will aptly illustrate the character of the picture we are now discussing—*The Locksmith*.

The two pictures, 342, 354, each representing the Holy Family, are attributed, the one to Carlo Maratti, and the other to Raffaele. The former (342) is decidedly the work of the justly celebrated artist to whom it is attributed, who was so highly honored in life, being saluted by the title of "A new Raffaele," and in death had the honor of being entombed by his side. But although we yield due praise to his style of composition, dress, and a series of other excellencies, nevertheless, we think the present age will not assent to this comparison. We admire No. 354, but still more No. 342, for a certain mystic purity belonging to the Prince of Painters; yet we dare not swear that this production really came from the hands of that Angel of Art—Raffaele Tanzio. We will turn now to the

FLORENTINE SCHOOL.

Algarotti, whom we shall, throughout this article, cite as our guide to the Italian schools, thus expresses himself:—

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"It is not possible to exceed the limits of justice, in exalting Florence as the earliest cradle, in modern times, of every species of Art and Science; for she furnished both Venice and Rome with excellent masters, to whom those two rival cities are indebted for much ornament and beauty. In every part she displays some ingenious and extraordinary work; and, putting aside the statues of Donatello, of Buonarroti, Benvenuto Cellini, and Gian Bologna, with which it is be-gemmed; putting aside the Gallery, a treasury of all things beautiful, nevertheless, all artists should perform a pilgrimage to Florence, were there nothing else there to study, but the gate of the Batisterio, which, in the opinion of Michael Angelo, that supreme judge, is worthy to be the gate of Paradise! Add to this, the Church di Santo Spirito, the Chapel of the Pazzi family, and other beautiful structures of Brunelleschi, the frescos of Giovanni da S. Giovanni, and the pictures of Fra Bartolomeo, which with the elegance of Raffaele, combines the grandeur of Giorgione and Michael Angelo."

The Florentine school, then, to which the Arts are so greatly indebted, contributes to the Bourgeois Gallery, at Dulwich, fourteen pictures, painted by seven masters. Let us observe them. The chief of the Tuscan school, the encyclopedic artist, that extraordinary man, Leonardo da Vinci (born 1445, died 1520), whose name cannot be uttered without the deepest veneration, has his name three times in the catalogue; but can we truly aver that he has three pictures in the gallery? To give an answer in the affirmative, would, perhaps, be difficult for us who have had the opportunity of studying and comparing the different works of Leonardo, in all the four periods of his life, according with the division established by Lanzi, and all other writers on the subject. *The Portrait of a Man* (133) seems to us the work of one of his numberless imitators; and, perhaps, of Andrea Salai, or Salaino, a Milanese, who copied so many of his master's productions. No. 277—*Salvator Mundi*—possesses many points that merit infinite attention, but, altogether, it rather impresses us with the belief that, instead of Leonardo da Vinci, it is by Gaudenzio da Vinci, another diligent copyist and imitator of Leonardo. The beautiful picture of *The Virgin and Infant Saviour* (287), is full of beauties of the great master; but did not Timoteo Vite put his hand to it? We will not speak positively, but leave it to some critic to decide.

Pietro Berettini, called di Cortona, is the painter of No. 164: *Sir Thomas Lawrence*, of the *Fall of Angels* (177), and of *The Triumph of Religion* (318). This master was the pupil of Comodi in Tuscany, and of Ciarpi at Rome; and ranks also among the writers on the Art. He acquired his skill in design, by copying the bas reliefs of Polidoro da Caravaggio, a man who appeared to be inspired with the spirit of ancient times. Pietro selected Trajan's Pillar for his favorite study; and, hence, perhaps, derived the heaviness of his manner of design, and that appearance of robustness and strength which is seen in the forms and proportions of, even, his women and children. In their eyes, noses, and lips, he oversteps the medium standard; and the hands and feet certainly cannot be termed elegant. But, on the other hand, in the art of contrasting group with group, figure with figure, and one part with another, he is eminently distinguished. He appears to have followed Lanfranco, and, in part, to have studied him in the Vasi Baccanali, mentioned principally by Lanzi and Passeri, whose opinions we repeat here. Of these critical opinions, if it is felt that illustrations are needed, we refer to the pictures above mentioned, and it will be easy for any one to make the appropriate applications.

Another master of the Tuscan school, who, for a peculiar sweetness in his style of painting, merits peculiar praise, is Carlo Dolci (born 1616, died 1686). In the pictures *Saint Veronica* (217), *Christ bearing his Cross* (288), *Mater Dolorosa* (337), he displays the distinctive characters which obtained him his celebrity. It has been observed by many, that Carlo Dolci holds, in the Florentine school, the rank which Sassoferrato obtains in the Roman. They are not remarkable for great power of invention, or for grandeur of composition, but for graceful expression of the tender passions; and are celebrated for such subjects, principally in small dimensions, as *Mater Dolorosa*, *Ecce Homo*, and the like, displaying the patient suffering of Christ, &c. There is scarcely a noble house in Italy, which has not some picture by Carlo Dolci (the best pupil of Vignali); and the same subject as *Mater Dolorosa* (337), was repeated by him, even to the number of six times, and, after that, by his daughter Agnese Dolci. Carlo Dolci, as may be seen in the specimen of which we are speak-

ing, is not distinguished for ideal beauty, he being a mere *Naturalist*, but in everything is exquisite for the delicacy of his pathetic coloring, which is always in harmony with the idea of the passion: nothing is excessive or turgid: all is peace, repose, or mournful harmony.

The head of Saint Veronica (217) reminds us much of a beautiful Madonna, by the same *caro e dolce* master, which is in the cabinet of the Duke of Tuscany.

About the time of Carlo Dolci, lived at Firenze, G. B. Paggi* (born 1554, died 1626), a noble patrician of Genoa, who dwelt twenty years in the capital of Tuscany, whence some place him in this school. This painter, who unites the grace of Correggio and Baroccio, with the force of Cambiaso, in the year 1606, painted *The Slaughter of the Innocents*, a magnificent picture, in competition with Vandyke and Rubens, in the Doria Palace. His *Venus and Cupid* here, is a beautiful specimen.

Cristoforo Allori, called Bronzino (born 1557, died 1621), is celebrated for his famous picture—so often engraved by the most eminent engravers, among whom was the well-known Mauro Gaudolfo—representing Judith with the head of Holofernes. The little picture, 343, of very small dimensions, is a well-finished study of this *chef d'œuvre*.† It remains to be ascertained whether this little painting be the work of the same hand that painted the great picture, or a beautiful copy of it, made under the eyes of Allori. In any case, however, it merits much attention from students; and we, with great pleasure, observed an interesting young lady, who was copying, with much fidelity, the beautiful Hebrew widow, triumphantly clad, and resplendent with the light of beauty and victory; and who presents so strong a contrast with the wasted physiognomy of the old servant, and the severed head, which, even in death, by the harshness of its lineaments, displays the ferocity of his mind.

We saw many young lady-students occupied in copying pictures, and we shall have occasion to point out the pictures to which their attention was directed.

The graceful and charming Andrea del Sarto (born 1488, died 1530), who made so grand an approach to Raffaele's purity of composition, although he still blended with it the mixed element of Leonardo and Michael Angelo, has two pictures in the Gallery, Nos. 326, 327, representing, one, *The Virgin, Infant Christ, and St. John*, the other, *The Holy Family*. Whoever examines the beauty of some of his forms, the extremities of the figures, the attitudes, and the drapery, all so elegant, will perceive how just the renown he obtained, and still obtains, among all connoisseurs of the Fine Arts. But we have already‡ made some reflections upon his character and qualities as an artist; we shall here, therefore, merely add, that we think No. 326 the more beautiful, because the more pure of the two.

We shall conclude our remarks upon those pictures in the Dulwich Gallery which belong to the Florentine school, with observations upon some rural scenes of the elegant, easy, and always delightful, Zucchevelli, and not Zucchavelli (born 1702, died 1788). In his landscapes (see 231, 232, 251, 290, 321), in his bacchanalian pieces, in all his pictures, we are charmed with the ease, elegance, and fertility of style for which he was so much admired throughout Europe. It is not difficult to imagine how dear to his heart was the flattering reception he met with in England, in the year 1752, and the honor done him in his nomination as Member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, then just established in London.

VENETIAN SCHOOL.

We shall now proceed to another Italian school, which, certainly, well merits the terms in which Algarotti speaks of it, in the letter already mentioned. We refer to

* We have remarked above, that the catalogue of the Dulwich Gallery is not altogether free from errors. There is an instance, see p. 12, and there will be seen—"247. Venus and Cupid—Du Paggi," instead of G. B. Paggi. Then turn to p. 17, and in the List of the Names of the Artists, &c., the name of Paggi is not to be found.

† C. Bronzino also furnishes another example of the incorrectness of the catalogue. In p. 15, the reader will find, at the number 343, &c. simply *Bronzino*, while there were three of the same name, Angelo, Alessandro, and Cristoforo. But the List of Names of Artists (p. 17), makes, as in the former case, no mention of any Bronzino.

‡ See "Court Magazine," November, 1839.

the Venetian school; and since, we repeat it, we entirely coincide in the opinions of the learned Italian, Academician of London, we transcribe them for our readers almost literally.

"What shall we now say of Venice, whither went, as to the very chief of the schools of painting, the Caracci themselves? Here, besides the works of those masters whose names bear universal renown, young travellers, who are truly lovers of the Fine Arts, may see, with considerable advantage, pictures by Pordenone, the rival of Titian, by the Cavalier Morone, so highly commended by Titian himself,* by Zelotto, that mighty Fresco painter, who, in some points, is superior to Paolo Veronese: they may find paintings of the soft Maffei, the facile Corpioni, of the tasteful *Prete* Genovese, of Sebastiano, Ricci, and of numerous others, who, in their various styles, have endeavoured to represent and express the natural. There exists, perhaps, no school equally distinguished for diversity of style with that of Venice. So different are the paths pursued by Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo,—the one imitating the true, in effects the most natural, the other in effects the most extraordinary, and the third enriching it from the magnificent stores of his imagination,—so that each would be said to have been born and lived beneath a different sky. From that period, this school had constantly maintained the same freedom of genius, fostered, perhaps, by the liberty which reigned in that country; and at one time there flourished AMICONE, a painter, in the broad open manner of Cignani; Piazzetta, of a style severe, and sometimes harsh, who endeavoured to concentrate his lights after the manner of Caravaggio; and Tiepolo, a universal painter, and one of most fertile imagination, who has succeeded in uniting the Paolesque with the manner of Castiglione; of Salvator Rosa with that of painters the most grotesque; but all blended with an indescribable softness of tint, and freedom of pencil. Amid so great a variety of style, the student may select that to which the bent of his own powers most inclines him, or form one new and tasteful of his own—itsself one day, perhaps, to become a model in the beautiful world of painting. But from studying one painter only, whatever his excellence, there necessarily results the same inconvenience, neither more nor less, as from confining one's reading to one only book, the imagination is restricted within too narrow limits; and probably from the imitation of the Raffaele school, and from studying—as is the practice with the French—only at Rome, may be derived the uniformity which appears in most of their painters, although born in different and distant provinces of that extensive kingdom, together with a certain coldness in composition, so contrary to the genius and character of the nation.†

Although the reflections of Algarotti are not entirely applicable, at the present time, either to the French or any other school, yet there is much profundity in his advice, and in his observations, which may apply to many modern artists who visit Italy. He was particularly partial to the Venetian school, and remarks, that the painters who have passed some portion of their time at Venice, are generally those who have risen above the common herd. He observes, also, with much justice, that design should be studied at Rome, and coloring at Venice. Jacopo Bassano, in fine, Tintoretto, Andrea Schiavone, Palm Vecchio, and the great Titian, were the masters of the greatest colorists, and of the best of the Flemish painters, who, says Belloni, "dipped their brush in good Venetian colors."‡

Algarotti then resumes his praises of the school of painting, but does not speak in similar terms of sculpture, which, in the time of our author, presented no indications of the glory to be afterwards acquired for it by the Venetian, Canova, to whom the Art is so deeply indebted, not only for his divine works, but for the new impulse given to sculpture, the splendor of which is now co-extensive with the world. He observes that, in this school, the student's most diligent attention should be directed to its true embodiment of flesh, its warmth and raciness of tint, which parts of painting are equally essential and intrinsic; that, on the other hand, he would act ill-advisedly who should seek, in this school, for precepts and examples in sculpture, whose very essence is profound design. The Venetians, indeed, must admit their poverty in this particular; for Alessandro Vittoria, the best pupil of Sansovino, and

* Titian was accustomed to observe to the governors appointed by the Republic to the city of Bergamo, that they ought to have their portraits taken by Morone, whose style was truly natural.

† One character runs through all their works (speaking of the French school), a close imitation of the antique, unassisted by coloring. Almost all of them have studied at Rome.—(*Ædes Walpoleanæ*.—Introduction.)

‡ "From Rome he went to Venice, which one may call the metropolis of the Flemish painters," &c.—*Anecdotes of Painting in England*—Vandyck.

the aged Marcinalli—and none others can be named—are assuredly, neither of them, to be put in comparison with an Algardi, or a Bottino. Rome is the only place of improvement for sculptors, where they may study the Torso di Belvedere, that grand inspirer of Michael Angelo, where they may study the *Pasquino*, by Michel Angelo, extolled above the Torso. And hence also it comes that the French, who principally resort to the school of Rome, have reached a higher degree of eminence in sculpture than in painting.

The remarks thus suggested by the contemplation of the paintings of the Venetian school in the Dulwich Gallery, will be found, we trust, a useful preliminary comment; while we now continue our description.

The sketches (58, 233, 236) by Piepolo (born 1627, died 1770) display his simple masterly ease and freedom of manner, in the preparation of his works, as well as evidence of the facility which enabled him to complete so great a number. In another picture, *Joseph receiving Pharaoh's Ring*, may be plainly perceived the grounds of the praise he received from Algarotti and Lauzi for the force of his coloring, although his composition has something of mannerism. We remember, with admiration, the superb painting, by this master, in *fresco*, in the church of the Nuns of St. Theresa, at Venice, and his famous *Martyrdom of St. Agatha*, a work which received the honor of eulogium from the celebrated poet, Bettinelli, and which led to his being appointed Painter to the Court of Madrid, where he ended his days.

Two other painters—styled *universal*—and claimed by various schools, but by Lauzi assigned to the Venetian—Sebastiano Ricci (born 1660, died 1734) and his nephew and pupil, Marco Ricci (born 1673, died 1729), have, it appears, two pictures in the Gallery. Sebastiano, having studied at Venice and Bologna, made the tour of Europe, copying every style, and executing many grand works, which without any material plagiarism remind us of the productions of the various great masters; and amongst these works *The Madonna*, in the Royal Gallery of Dresden, will always be famous, having been taken by many for one of Correggio's. Sebastiano Ricci, notwithstanding his slight degree of mannerism, formed for himself a style at once beautiful and peculiar. No. 161, *Vespasian rewarding his Soldiers*, is a specimen exhibiting the vivacity and movement his composition possessed. In the *Resurrection of Christ* (188) we seem to perceive the style of Marco Ricci, and are reminded of the paintings by him in the Gallery of Prince Ercolani, at Bologna. But the styles of the uncle and nephew sometimes bore much resemblance to each other, and might easily be mistaken. The Dulwich Catalogue in this instance, also, leaves the spectator in uncertainty.* We give Lauzi's opinion of the character of Sebastiano Ricci, which may, in certain respects be applied also to his nephew, Marco, particularly in those works which he did under his uncle's direction, and before he occupied himself exclusively with perspective and landscapes. "The forms of his figures are composed with beauty, dignity, and grace, like those of Paul Veronese: the attitudes are more than usually natural, prompt, and varied, and the composition appears to have been managed with truth and with good sense. He did not early acquire a good knowledge of design, but he afterwards succeeded in this object, which he cultivated with extreme assiduity in the academies, even in the mature age."

But in England there are many mediocre pictures which bear the name of *Ricci*, without it being understood that there are seven ancient masters of the same family name, and that it is always necessary to put the Christian name of the artist. The original works of Sebastiano Ricci are not, however, all good, especially those which he executed (which is confirmed by Lauzi) after his studies, when, "Lastly he made the tour of all Italy, employing his pencil wherever he received commissions, at every price."

* In page 9 will be found No. 161, *S. Ricci*. In page 10 also, the reader will find the same *S. Ricci*, under No. 187. These are the two only pictures marked in the catalogue with this family name. But in the List of the Names of Artists in the Gallery, page 19, are mentioned two distinct Riccis, viz., Marco and Sebastiano, added to which, is an error as to the periods of their respective births. Accuracy is indispensable in catalogues.

Who does not know the mighty colorist, Titian (born 1450, died 1567), and Paolo Caliari, called Paolo Veronese (born 1530, died 1588), and Giorgio Barbarelli, called Giorgione (born 1487, died 1511)? Every one familiar with the mere name of painting, is acquainted with their wonders, and after what we have cited from Alzarotti, we have occasion to dilate on his merits. We must, however, point out for admiration his *Jupiter and Europa* (230) and the *Venus and Adonis* (263), in which is manifested the masterly style of coloring peculiar to this great man; as we may also remark of *The Infant Jesus* (81), although we have seen better specimens of this master, and particularly of his infants, which have served as objects of admiration and study to Rubens, Guido, Albani, and many other painters who desired to excel in painting children.

With regard to the *Venus* (304), although we admire some parts of this picture, yet having seen in different parts of the world examples of this same *Venus* to the number of thirteen, we dare not positively affirm, whether this be a veritable replica by the hand of the great master himself, or a copy made in the school, or later by some one of those exact imitators, among whom were Francesco Titian, his brother, and Marco Titian, his nephew. Nor should it be forgotten that Alessandro Varotari, called *Il Padovanino*, has made very many exact copies of Titian's paintings, especially the Venuses, and to say the truth, they seem really to have issued from the hands of the prince of the Venetian masters.

There is one young Venetian demands our notice, who with a few years labor rendered himself immortal by his originality, which, although founded upon Titian, is yet peculiar and beautiful. We refer to Giorgio Barbarelli, named Giorgione. In No. 128, *A Musical Party*, although he does not there shine in all his grandeur, we nevertheless behold in it a page of his life, and a specimen worthy of his pencil.*

Paolo Cagliari, called Il Veronese, concludes the list of Venetian painters, who have pictures in the Dulwich Gallery. He has No. 203, *Portrait of a Lady*, a picture remarkable for its beauty of touch; No. 345, *Adoration of the Magi*, full of that nobleness of style for which Paolo was distinguished; but for grandeur, for masterly, heroic painting, we are enchanted with that grand picture which the Catalogue describes as, *A Cardinal blessing a Priest* (333), and of which we believe we know the real subject, as we will explain at the first opportunity. All who contemplate the specimens of Paolo which are in England, honor him, but those who see his works in Venice, adore him!

It is time we should speak of the School of Bologna, to which belong the majority of the paintings of the Italian schools seen in the Dulwich Gallery. We shall, as we promised, give a brief historic sketch of that school, from which, as Lauzi says, issued legions of formidable painters, as from the Trojan Horse legions of formidable soldiers.

We shall not dwell on the warmly contested point whether art sprung originally from a Grecian seed, fostered and matured by the peculiar soil of Bologna, or whether its first inspirations were drawn from Florence as the Florentines would fain pretend. We incline to the first opinion for various reasons; amongst others, that there are peculiarities in the older paintings of Bolognese artists not to be found elsewhere. There are paintings at Bologna of as old a date as 1248. Lauzi considers a specimen preserved in St. Pietro as one of the oldest works of art in Italy. The Oderigi, called d'Agubbio, mentioned by Dante, was a Bolognese. He was the master of Franco, the first real founder of a school at Bologna. One of Franco's most undoubted works is in the Malsezzi Museum, a virgin seated on a throne, bearing date 1300. His pupils are numbered among the Bolognese "*trecentisti*," to whom belong Jacopo Avanzi and Lippo Dalmasio. Art declined for a time, supposed to be caused by the imitations of certain works brought from Constantinople, full of dark shadows and hard lines. Some artists came from Ferrara and Modena

* N.B. Another omission in the Catalogue, see p. 8, where will be found 128, "*A Musical Party*," by *Giorgione*. See p. 17, and fol. and the name of Giorgione is banished from the List of Artists. Really this is a serious defect.

to adorn the Bentivoglio palace. Their works improved the taste of the native artists, and Francia began to paint, the next great leader of the Bolognese school. He lived to the time of Raffaele, who so much esteemed him, that when he sent his St. Cecilia to Bologna, he intreated Francia to correct any errors he might discover in it. At Bologna, Francia was greatly revered. Among his many distinguished pupils, we may name Innocenzo da Imola, Bagna Cavallo, Pellegrino Tibaldi, Nicolo del'Abate and Primaticcio; of the two latter, who went to France, Felibien says:—"Ce que je vous puis dire, c'est, que nous sommes redevables au Primatice et à Meior Niccolo de plusieurs beaux ouvrages, et l'on peut dire qu'ils ont été les premiers qui ont apporté en France la belle idée de la peinture et de la sculpture antique." Fontana, also, was the pupil of Francia, the father of the celebrated Lavinia, and himself an artist of much merit; but in his time we date the introduction of a fanciful and easy style of coloring, and an exaggerated imitation of the ideal style of the Roman school. From these errors it was the glory of the Caracci to recal the artists not only of Bologna, but of all Italy. Ludovico Caracci, a youth of profound and penetrating genius, saw the faults of the prevailing taste, and in his own studies strove to avoid them by combining truth and nature with ideal beauty, and the study of great works. Unassisted, he found himself unable to compete with the existing school; but he discerned in the sons of his uncle, a tailor, talent worthy to become his coadjutors, and by his judicious training, Agostino and Annibal were fitted to join him in the great enterprize which they so nobly achieved to reform art, and become the great teachers of their age. And never have there existed three artists more devoted to their calling—more worthy to be the high priests of the temple of the muses. For art they sacrificed fortune, family ties, pleasures, all that other men employ art as the means to procure—we say fortune, because they regarded the prices of their pictures as a secondary consideration, they received but little for them, and all died poor. In this gallery we have four pictures by Ludovico Caracci, the head of their school (b. 1555, d. 1619), (No. 165) "*Two Saints*" is an example of his powers in his first style. (No. 293) "*St. Frances*" and (296) "*Death of St. Frances*" are both specimens of his style after his travels through Lombardy; and in admiring (No. 344) "*The entombment of Christ*," you have a glorious example of his manner of mixing different styles. We have beautiful specimens by Agostino Caracci (b. 1558, d. 1602), (No. 67), "*A Portrait of a Lady*;" (No. 211) "*The dead Christ*." In the first may be observed the correctness of his style, in the second the greatness of his anatomical knowledge, and the purity of his drawing. By Annibale Caracci (b. 1560, d. 1609) we have (No. 322) "*St. Frances*," which is greatly to be admired. (334) "*St. Cecilia*". (No. 335) "*The Virgin, Christ, and St. John*," and as a masterpiece, we point out (349) "*The adoration of the Shepherds*" in which all is incomparably splendid. Also in mentioning (No. 274) "*The Magdalen*" as a beautiful work, we give our opinion that it is not by Annibale, but by Francisco, Caracci, his brother called Francheschino, (b. 1594, d. 1622), a youth of very superior talent. Many were the great artists who issued from the school of the Caracci, and spread their fame over Europe. Dominichino, Guido, Albano; Lanfrance, and Gueroino. The first named, and perhaps, the greatest of the five, like his masters, gave up every thing for art, lived in great retirement, and had few scholars—he was born 1581, died 1614. There is but one specimen of Dominichino in the Gallery, and that is of small dimensions, but worthy the attention of the real amateur and connoisseur of the fine arts. The invention, the composition, the drawing, may really be pronounced perfect. How charming is the little Cupid, looking anxiously, with his dress prepared to receive the apples, which a beautiful Venus is taking from the tree to give him, and how may we wonder at the versatility of mind that is capable of producing the grandest works in the most solemn style of Art, such as the communion of St. Jerome, and is equally perfect in a lovely little work like this (No. 226), "*Venus gathering apples in the Gardens of the Hesperides*." Guido, the painter of beauty, whose heads are said to be drawn from Paradise, had many pupils; of these, he himself, most highly esteemed Giacomo Lemenza, and Francesco Gessè. The latter so well imitated his manner that the true connoisseur will often recognize, in the so called Guido's of

the galleries of this and other countries, the hand of Gessè, rather than that of his master. Canute, another pupil, celebrated for his copies of Guido's works, was distinguished also for original works. Lauzi mentions those in the Colonna Palace at Rome, and town hall of the Pepoli palace at Bologna. Guido born 1574, died 1642. In former numbers of this work, in speaking of the Fine Arts, we have had occasion to name this great master, and to make observations on his style, which may easily be applied to the works before us (No. 246), *St. Jerome*. This appears to us painted in Guido's second manner, and is inferior to the one in the same style in the Borghese palace at Rome (No. 259), "*Jupiter and Europa*" (No. 280), "*Death of Lucretia*," both of these are in Guido's first manner—but are not very fine examples of it. (No. 259), another "*St. Jerome*" has many of the fine qualities which mark the pictures of Guido, but it appears to us much damaged by restorers. (No. 331), "*St. John preaching in the Wilderness*" is a picture full of masterly power, (No. 322), "*The Madonna*" has also many of the peculiar characteristics of Guido, but we are inclined to doubt its being an original work by his hand, it appears to us rather a copy of the Madonna by Guido, in the palace of the Prince Ercolane, at Bologna, done by his celebrated pupil Gessè.

(No. 339.) "*The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*," we should pronounce second to no work from the pencil of Guido, with one exception only, the picture on the same subject, in the Gallery at Bologna. As displaying a perfect knowledge of the human frame, beautiful feeling, and an admirable touch, with great excellence of coloring—this work alone would entitle its author to be called a sublime artist. Albano has been sometimes called the Anacreon of painting—but he possessed also the stronger qualities and fine invention of a great artist. He taught long at Bologna; among his pupils were Simone de Pisara, Cignani, Sacchi, Frascisco, and Gio. Batesta Mola. Perhaps, the great beauty of the female and infant forms of Albano may be traced to the beauty and grace of his wife and children, who were called a family of human angels. He was born 1578, died 1660. Of his talents we have two proofs in the Gallery. (No. 80.) "*Salamis and Hermaphrodites*;" and (165), "*The Holy Family*." In these may be seen the peculiar grace which he studied to give to his compositions; also the variety of subjects which he selected; he was particularly fond of mythological ones and the manner in which he disposed of his figures. His most celebrated work is the Dance of Boxers at the Rape of Proserpine, painted for the Marquis Sampierè, and now in the imperial gallery at Milan. Of Cignani, his pupil, born 1628, died 1719, we have (No. 360) "*a Magdalen*," in which we find many of the beauties of Albano, and much resemblance to the style of Simone da Pesano, the rival of Cignani. Of Pier Francisco Mola, another pupil of Albano, born 1612, died 1668, we have, (No. 195), "*Hagar and Ishmael*." This picture shows how F. Mola sought to combine the sweetness of Albano with the force of Guercino; he has succeeded in doing so in this work—the subject of which is the same as that of the famous picture of Guercino in the Royal Gallery at Milan. (No. 284) "*The Rape of Proserpine*." Here F. Mola seems to have studied the celebrated work of Albano, mentioned above; and in (No. 271) "*St. Sebastian*," to have had in view the great work of Guido, the *St. Sebastian* of the Gallery of the Academy at Bologna. Lauzi is of our opinion as to this artist, for he says, "From Albano, too, and from Guercino, Pier Francesco, Mola di Como, derived that charming style which partook of the excellencies of both these artists." Guercino born 1590 died 1666, had three styles. In the first, without being an imitator, he was a follower of Caravaggio. He softened his style in his second manner, by the sweetness and forms of Guido. His last, and most powerful style, we may pronounce, original and wholly his own. He was called the Proteus of art, from the variety of his manners, and his excellence in all. In examining the three pictures (No. 324) "*St. Cecilia*;" (No. 328) "*Salvator Mundi*;" (No. 348) "*The Woman taken in Adultery*;" the reader will find visible and perfect illustrations of our remarks. Guercino, to his other great qualities, added an almost incredible rapidity of hand—hence the immense number of pictures by this master. He came to reside at Bologna, after Guido's decease, as he could then be at the head of the world of artists.

His principal pupils at Bologna were the two Genari, the sons of his sister. Gio.

Lanfranco, painted in a fine and elevated style, grand alike in composition, and in the arrangement of his lights and shadows. This is seen in the beautiful Cupola of St. Andrea della valle, where a celestial glory opens as it were into heaven.

Passierotti, Lucio, Massari, Passinelli, Felice, Toulli, are all distinguished names of the school of Bologna. Passierotti belongs to an earlier date, he was one of the masters of the Carracci. Bologna is adorned by many female artists of great genius—Lasinea Fontana, whose works might sometimes rival those of Paul Veronese. The gifted Properzia de' Rossè, and Elisabetta Lisani, both early withdrawn from an admiring world, by unhappy fates. The first distinguished in sculpture, the second in painting. Our limits compel us merely to name Franceschino, Burreni, Gio. Gueseppe del Sole, Bibiana and Tesè, and the various members of Gandolfè family, especially Gaetano, whose talents are attested by many fine works. We ought also to cite in landscape Paolo Albani, of whom Lauzi says, "*That those of his works which are seen in the Pepoli Palaces, and the Marchese Fabri's, and in other noble galleries might be mistaken according to Crespi for the productions of Holland and Flanders.*" Antonio Calza ought to be mentioned as an admirable painter of battle pieces, and Santino dai Ritratti as an excellent portrait painter. This finishes our brief sketch of the school of Bologna, famous by the testimony of all writers on the fine arts, especially by that of Algarotti whom we have already quoted, and may frequently again have occasion to cite.* It is of this school that Lauzi says, it is considered that "if Rome was made to rule, Bologna was made to teach." We must add here the name of Schedoni, as Modena can only be regarded as an appendage to the school of Bologna, he is a painter of much merit and talent, but somewhat dry in his style, (No. 298) "*Cupid Sleeping*," (302) "*The Holy Family*" are rather good specimens of his powers.

Closely related to the school of Bologna, is that of Parma, whose greatest masters are certainly Correggio and Parmegianino. They both chose to express their ideas

* These are the words of Algarotti, an excellent criticism on art, upon the school of which we are speaking. Bologna has received the title of "Mother of Learning," on account of the sciences which have there taken root, nor is it less worthy of so honorable a name, as regards the art of painting. That part of it which is comprised under the denomination "ornamental," was particularly cultivated in Bologna; its principal masters were Dentone, Colonna, Metelli, from whose time, however, it rapidly declined, until the magnitude of the evil effected its own remedy. But the painters in this style, will hardly bear comparison with those who made it their chief study to represent the figure, movements, and passions of man. Among these stands distinguished Tiarini who surmounted, and with complete success, the greatest difficulties of the art, expression, and foreshortening. Bologna contains many works of this master, as also of the graceful Lucio Massari, the exact Brizio, whose most beautiful Gloria, in San Michele in Bosco, Andrea Sacchi was desirous of copying. There also may be seen works of the powerful Garbieri, and of the great colorist, Cavedone painters of less universal fame than Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranco, and Albani, solely in consequence of their paintings being chiefly confined to their own country. Much benefit must also be derived from a view of the productions of the most ancient masters, by whom the city has been rendered illustrious. F. Francia, who in his pictures entitles himself L'Orefice, in some instances approaches very near Raffaele, who was his intimate friend. The Carracci, besides others, went to copy his S. Sebastiano, as an example of the symmetry of the human form. Francia was the head of the second school of Bologna, the principal masters of which were Innocenzo de' Smolo, distinguished for the correctness of his design, and Bagnacavallo, from whose pictures Albani and Guido learned to render their figures of Children so morbid and flesh-like. The learned Primmaticcio, who commenced his studies under such masters, left in his country scarcely any indication of his talent, but this deficiency is amply compensated in his pupil the never-to-be-sufficiently admired Nicolino, in whom alone, according to an eminent master, may be found assembled all that constitutes the perfect painter. Lorenzo Sabbatini, one of whose pictures was worthy to be engraved by Agostino Carracci, and Pellegrino Tibaldi, who having painted the Salotto d'Ulisse, received the title of Michelangelo Bolognese, were pupils of the same master. And afterwards, the Passerotti, Cesi, and some others, contracted a mannerism, and were for the most part indistinct in their tints, and heavy in their outlines, yet the three luminaries of painting, the Carracci, soon arose to restore the art. These three excelled, in the opinion of many, all their compatriot painters, who had to their time borne the palm, for they had engrafted upon the depth of the Florentine school, the noble chasteness of the Roman, at the same time not omitting the beautiful naturalness, and admirable coloring of the Venetian, and Lombard schools. But it does not follow that even before the Carracci, the school of Bologna was destitute of eminent masters, worthy the consideration of those who seek after the beautiful.

of beauty by conventional forms; but in Correggio, especially accompanied by a power of *Chiaro Scuro* and a magical grace, it is easy to feel but almost impossible to define. But the specimen of Parmegianino (not Parmegiano), as in the catalogue, b. 1503, d. 1540, (No. 40) *St. Barbara*, is a picture so little fitted to convey an idea of the powers of this master, that we shall pass it over without further remarks.

We may, perhaps, be thought severe in our judgment, if we also add that we consider the picture (No. 255) "*The Virgin and Child*" attributed to Correggio (b. 1494, d. 1534) is not a worthy representation of the powers of this great man, it is much damaged, and though a good picture, it appears to us to be rather the work of Rondani, a very good imitator of Correggio than of Correggio himself, (No. 281) "*Venus and Cupid*." The other picture attributed to this father of pictorial harmony has many beauties and charms; but how great was Correggio, the painter of the "*Marriage of St. Catharine*," and of the *Capolo* in Parma. In him was the full expression of that harmony, without which neither material beauty, rational beauty, nor rational truth can be transmitted by painting. On this subject it was our intention to have said much as announced in the beginning of this article; but our limits warn us that we had better defer it to a future article. We shall only add, that the difference between a picture possessed of this quality, and one without it, is as great as between noise and music.

[The admission to the Dulwich Gallery is by tickets. They cannot, however, be obtained on the spot, but must be, previously, at Messrs. Ackerman's, or some other repository. It closes at 5 o'clock.]

APHORISMS, &c., FROM THE GERMAN.

The more our present moments are influenced by the sunshine of hope, the more are our after hours chilled and saddened by the conviction of disappointment.—*Julie v. Grossman*.

Often in the very moment when man finds his every wish fulfilled, he sinks back into the vacuity of utter hopelessness.—*Ibid*.

Few men are contented with their earthly lot; still fewer discontented with themselves.—*Carl Helden*.

Repose, without ennui, is the aliment of mental power; repose, with ennui, is the enervation of it.—*Julie v. Grossman*.

He who carries a fair face to all, and has honied words alike for all, may be attractive to the many, though unesteemed by the few—may possess many friends, without one in the true acceptance of the word.—*Ibid*.

A limited understanding will sometimes form a more correct judgment than a highly cultivated mind, and from this reason, that it is easier to decide from the little than from the mass.—*Carl Helden*.

It not unfrequently happens that by procrastinating the exercise of fixed principles, notwithstanding our conviction of their importance, we thereby procrastinate the happiness of an entire life.—*Julie v. Grossman*.

Real love may be compared to the apparition of departed spirits—with all a common topic, but experienced by few.—*Henrich Dorn*.

It was with Goethe, as with all revolutionists, having obtained power, he became a despot.

The Chinese have a particular regard for the number *five*. According to their mode of thinking, there are five elements, namely, water—fire—the metals—wood—earth; five cardinal virtues, kindness—justice—honesty—conscientiousness—truth; five tastes, sour—sweet—bitter—pungent—astrigent; five colours, azure—blue—yellow—flesh-color—white—black; and five organs of sense, viz., the ears—the eyes—the mouth—the nose, and the *eyebrows*.

Among the household regulations of the German Emperors, during the twelfth century, we find the following:—"For the nightly anodyne of H. M. the widowed Empress, twelve measures of Hungarian wine; for the admixture of proper moisture to the bread of the imperial parrots, two casks of Tokay yearly; for the use of the bath, 15 eimers of wine; and among the culinary regulations of the same period we read "four thousand florins for an annual supply of parsley!"

FREDERICK III., KING OF PRUSSIA,

Feeling the approach of death, expressed a wish once more to see his army defile before him. His couch was accordingly removed to an open window, and a large mirror being placed opposite, the king, for the last time reviewed his troops.

"Go tell my warriors, brave and true,
To pass once more before my view,"
The dying monarch cried;
"Ere death these drooping lids shall close,
My languid eyes would fain repose
On what was once their pride."

As lightning, quick the order flew,
Then burst like magic on the view
The bright and warlike band:
Oh! 'twas a glorious sight to see
The flower of Prussia's chivalry
Obey their king's command.

No trumpets sound—no war-steeds champ—
Each soldier knows life's dying lamp
Is fading fast away;
And one might think a funeral train
Passed sad and slowly o'er the plain,
But for their bright array.

Where is the warrior's step of pride!
His blade hangs listless by his side:
His soul, that knows no fear,
Is now subdued with sudden grief;
The heaving breast shows struggle brief
To check the rising tear.

It was not thus when, by their side,
Their soldier king, with voice of pride,
Would cheer his warriors on;
Then would each heart for vict'ry burn,
And happy he who could return
With laurels to the throne.

The monarch saw their alter'd mien,
A shadow crossed that brow serene,
Where death had set his seal.
"What ails my warriors, stern and bold?
Oh! quickly speak—the tale unfold—
How fares my country's weal?"

Or is it that my dying breath
The glass obscures? and tyrant Death,
Thus jealous of his power,
Forbids my closing eyes to gaze
On comrades of my youthful days,
At this, my parting hour."

The monarch ceased, nor strained his eye,
But oft would lift his hand on high,
As if some boon to crave:
And now the mournful pageant past,
He heaved a sigh—it was the last
That he to sorrow gave.

Oh, what to him that glorious sight!
He soon must tread, in darkest night,
The passage of the tomb;
But Faith, around that dying bed,
A stream of heavenly light can shed
To chase the soul's dark gloom.

E. E. E.

PARIS FASHIONS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, August 26th, 1840.

Are you not alarmed, chère amie, lest these rumours of war should really end in hostilities between the two nations? Only think what an injury it would be to both, et surtout à nous autres pauvres femmes, in depriving us of the pleasure of wearing your English materials, and you of that of receiving details of our fashions the moment they appear. But let us hope for better things. An entire change is about to take place in our toilettes; cloth dresses, it is said, will be in next winter, made up to the throat, with three rows of buttons down the front, and the sleeves cut like those of a man's coat. A small round cambric collar *double*, I do not mean two collars, but the two sides of the one stitched together and made very stiff, with or without a narrow Valenciennes round, will be worn with those dresses; but let us talk of present, not future fashions. The drawn corsages are very much worn, *corsages à coulisses*; they are made quite high, and the drawings go across, of course not lengthways, they go down as far as the waist, and preclude the necessity of wearing a ceinture (waist band), with them; the sleeves generally adapted to these corsages are also drawn at short distances, as à la François 1st. or only in three places, à la Gabrielle,* but in general ladies inclined to en bon point prefer the sleeve *Amadis*, which is that with two seams like a coat sleeve. Points are still fashionable, but for morning dress the corsage made about two inches longer at front than at back, answers the purpose of a point, and, many think looks better. We have got a new sleeve, or rather an old one revived. You recollect what was called some years ago the *manchè à gigot*, et bien! ma chère! the pretty Duchesse de Nemours has adopted this sleeve, which is called after her. It is cut on the cross way of the material, full from the elbow up, and in small gathers at top; from the bend of the arm down they are quite tight, buttoning on the outside of the wrist; formerly a stiff sleeve was worn underneath the full top, to give it the appearance of a balloon. which, we must admit, was not very graceful; the sleeve now is without support at top, and it hangs down simply, shading the elbow completely, which is far more elegant, and giving the appearance of a short Chinese or Pagoda sleeve over a tight one. The *manche à la Duchesse de Nemours* need not be restricted to any particular material, but looks well in silk as well as muslin; and now, ma belle, perhaps a few *ensembles de toilette* may be accept-

able, so let us commence by *négligées* du matin, and go through the day, ending with *grande toilettes* du soir.

Négligé.—Peignoir of white muslin, trimmed all round with a narrow Valenciennes, or a double frill of itself. Sleeves rather full cut on the straight way of the material, and put in with four large flat plaits, like a shirt, sleeve. A cap of India muslin, à *coulisses*, (with drawings like a baby's cap), the borders, muslin edged with narrow Valenciennes; apron of plaid silk; plain flat cuffs, without lace. Red or green morocco slippers.

A similar *négligé* to the above, made of colored *jaconot*, is equally elegant.

Another.—Redingote of *toile de Smyrne*, a material composed of cashmere wool and raw silk, the colors red and green, brown and blue, &c.; the corsage made nearly high, with *revers* turned back in front; small cambric collar, quite round, and fastening at the throat, double and stitched. and made very stiff; the front of the habit-shirt to have flat hems, and some have a small jubot or frill; plain cambric cuffs, likewise stitched and double. Small morning cap, very simple, with *barbes*, (*lappets*); puce color kid slippers, with embroidered fronts. Scotch thread mittens.

Morning Walking Dresses.—Redingote of Scotch plaid, mousseline de laine, the colors as brilliant as possible; falling collar of cambric, single, the hem stitched and trimmed with a small plaited frill, or Valenciennes lace. Scarf to match the dress. Straw bonnet, trimmed with green or violet velvet: a deep flat band round the edge of the front, inside and out; the remainder formed into a small half handkerchief, trimmed all round with narrow black lace: this is simply brought over the bonnet, and tied under the chin. Half-boots of nut-brown, satin turc, brown gloves, green or brown parasols.

Another.—Dress of colored muslin, corsage high, à *coulisses*, sleeves à la *Gabrielle*, black silk scarf, without lace, or black shawl, lined with colored taffetas, which is turned over about an inch all round; embroidered collar, trimmed with lace, cuffs to match. Straw bonnet, trimmed with wide plaid ribbon, and a bunch of daisies at the side. Coffee color boots; straw color gloves, parasol *glacé* (shot silk).

Carriage Costume and Visiting Dress.—Dress of striped *Barège*, à corsage *coulisses* and *decoupé en cœur*, sleeves à la *duchesse de nemours*, skirt of the dress ornamented with three tucks cut in the cross way, and put on with a small, *liseré*, lace collar and cuffs, scarf of embroidered muslin. Pink white or paille crape lisse hat, ornamented with lilly of the valley or roses, black satin

* Gabrielle d'Estrees. See Court Magazine of Dec. 1835, for Portrait of this lady.

shoes, straw color kid gloves, parasol of shot silk.

Another.—Dress of *Armure*, a rich soft silk, brown striped with pink, or lilac striped with green, &c., or a dress of taffetas *chiné* fire color and violet, corsage tight à *revers*, sleeves à la *Duchesse de Nemours*, rich lace collar and cuffs, shawl of embroidered India muslin, trimmed all round with lace, drawn capotte of white *poux de soie*, with a couronne of provence roses, half boots of *écru* color gros de Naples with morocco fronts, white kid gloves.

Dinner Dress.—Dress of Indian muslin over white satin, corsage *décolleté* and crossing in front, short plain tight sleeves with engageantes, the skirt ornamented with three flounces, black silk mittens half long, of *filet Egyptien*, ceinture of wide pink or blue ribbon tied in front with long flowing ends, light gauze scarf to match, black satin shoes.

Another.—Dress of plaid *poux de soie*, corsage *décolleté*, long plain sleeves with two seams, skirt of the dress with two flounces, canizou of white lace or blonde, trimmed with lace, the canezou with short sleeves with full trimmings of lace, coral ornaments, black open mittens, black satin shoes.

Evening or Ball Dress.—Dress of pink or blue *barège*, corsage à *pointe*, short tight sleeves with dress ruffles of *point d'Alençon*, the skirt looped up on one side with a bouquet, and bows of watered ribbon, (*ruban moire*) coiffure of *point d'Alençon*, intermixed with pink flowers, half long white kid gloves, bouquet, or large fan, white satin shoes.

Another.—Dress of white or colored crape, corsage à *cœur* with draperies, tight short sleeves with triple *engageantes*, falling very low at the elbow, and looped up very high at the inner part of the arm. Hair in ringlets with a bouquet of natural flowers (carnations) falling over the left ear. White kid gloves, white satin shoes, feather fan.

Hats.—A slight change has taken place in the hats; they are perfectly flat upon the top of the head, and sit much closer to the sides of the face, consequently they do not rub the hair off the top of the head as much as they have been doing lately. You must be aware, chère, of this very unpleasant result of wearing the late fashionable hats; some ladies even complain of having bald patches on the crown of the head from the continual friction. Let us hope that this disagreeable will be completely obviated by a change in the winter hats. Flowers are very generally worn, and feathers on the increase. Lancer feathers are becoming very fashionable; they are *nuancées*.

Scarfs and shawls of every description are fashionable.

Spencers are also much worn with white or coloured skirts: black, green and violet are the shades preferred for spencers.

T—SEPTEMBER, 1840.

The flounces of the mousseline de laine dresses are embroidered in floss silks. Those of book muslins (Organdi) are done in coloured worsteds. Coral ornaments supersede all others. Cornelian, it is said, will be in favor next.

The hems on muslin collars are *stitched* instead of being hemmed; cuffs the same. Double collars and double cuffs very stiffly starched, are those worn in morning dress. The hems on collars are not those very deep ones worn a year or two ago, and on frills, &c. the hems are flat like mourning hems.

Bouillon trimmings are fashionable. The most distingué trimming for a book muslin dress is two tucks simply run in the muslin; the tucks must be the precise depth of the hem; and a narrow lace is sewed at the edges of the tucks, and a coloured ribbon run into them and the hem: of course the hem is to have a lace also.

Colours.—I cannot tell you, *ma belle*, that any one colour prevails over another just now, *Chinés*, shot silks, and plaids being so fashionable in every kind of material, precludes the single colors. White and pink, mauve and paille for bonnets, is all I can say.

Adieu! chère toute à toi.

L. de F—.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES IN THE PRESENT NUMBER.

(Subscribers Copies.)

(THESE ARE OF DATE PARIS, SEPTEMBER 1.

No. 868.—*Toilettes de Promenade*—Walking Dresses. 1st. Figure.—Dress of pale lavender satin, corsage *demi-décolletée* (half high) made *en cœur*, with plaits or folds from the shoulder to the centre of the waist (see plate): The corsage is made without a point, but being cut full two inches longer in the centre of the front, than at the sides or back, it has the appearance of a slight one. The sleeves are plain at the top of the shoulder, with three *bouillons*, the remainder tolerably full, but much sloped away towards the wrist, where they are finished by a small *poignet*. The skirt is trimmed with two flounces *découpé* (cut out) at the edges in *scollops*, several small ones forming each large one (see plate). A small *rouleau* forms a heading to the upper flounce. Straw bonnet trimmed with black lace and velvet. This bonnet is very small and simple in its form, it will be perceived that it sits more closely to the face, particularly at the sides, than the bonnets have done for some time; and the crown, it may be observed, sits rather lower than on a level with the front, and is also small at top. A broad piece of black velvet, trimmed on one side with deep black lace encircles the crown, being fastened at

the left side with a gold buckle (see plate), the ends being spread *en éventail* (like a fan); the bonnet is lined with white *poux de soie*. Hair in long ringlets, intermixed with flowers. *Guipure* cuffs, pale straw-color gloves, green *brodequins*, the fronts kid and the backs satin. The dress is without a *ceinture*, the corsage being finished at the waist by a *lièrè*.

2nd. Figure.—Dress of white India muslin. The corsage of this dress is low, and perfectly tight at back, the fronts are also tight, and made *en Amasone* (like the fronts of a riding habit) that is the points turned back (see plate); the sleeves are perfectly tight to the arm, cut like those of a man's coat, with two seams, and put in without either gathers or plaits. The skirt is open in front, the lower corners rounded, and a light pretty trimming of green leaves stamped out in velvet and the little branch worked in flos silk, goes entirely round; this dress is worn over one of white *gros d'Afrique* (a ribbed silk) with a corsage *à l'enfant* (see plate), the chemisette, as well as the top of the corsage, has a *ruche* of tulle. Hat of *jonquill* *poux de soie*, made to sit as close as possible to the sides of the face, a deep fall of white blonde nearly covers the front of the bonnet, and a full bouquet is placed at one side. Embroidered handkerchief, parasol, gloves, couleur *noisette*, grey *brodequins*.

These dresses worn with light scarfs are admirably calculated for wearing at races, &c.

No. 869.—*Ball and Dinner Dresses.*—White satin corsage and short tight sleeves, the corsage made *à pointe* to fit the bust as

neatly as possible, with a blonde *Berthe* round the bosom and the sleeves finished with blonde *engageantes*. The skirt is of rich blonde worn over white satin, with a deep blonde flounce headed by a *bouillon*; two long ends of pink satin ribbon fastened at the very point of the corsage, are carried down to the heading of the flounce in the form of a V reversed (Δ) where they are finished at each side by a bouquet consisting of one large full blown rose in the centre surrounded by small roses and buds, these ribbons are formed into small bows, at half their length (see plate), a *lièrè* goes round the waist instead of a *ceinture*. A full blown rose surrounded by buds is placed in the centre of the *berthe*, and a little wreath of small roses runs up the front of the corsage as if forming a stalk to it; the tops of the white kid gloves are also trimmed with roses, and one on each sleeve loops up the *engageantes* (ruffles) at the inner part of the arm. Hair in smooth bands, the ends braided and turned up, the flowers placed quite low at the sides of the head, concealing the ears totally. Antique feather fan, with a small mirror set in the centre; white silk stockings, and satin shoes.

Sitting Figure.—The dress of blue satin with a deep flounce of white blonde with a heading, the make of the dress is precisely that of the one just described. Coiffure similar to that of the other figure, the back braids twisted into a double figure of 8. White kid gloves, the tops trimmed with wreaths of small roses; large fan.

The minor cares of life destroy the unison of those finely strung chords which constitute the human mind; great afflictions make them vibrate to their extremities, and then gradually restore their wonted harmony.—*Julie v. Grossman*.

Praise ye silence, O mortals! yea, I commend it to all whose hearts are governed by weakness, and whose souls are ruled by apathy.—*Heinrich Dorn*.

The mountain Gallinaro, in Lapland, is formed entirely of iron, and is of itself sufficient to supply the whole earth's population with that useful metal.—*German Scraps*.

The largest organ ever yet made is that of St. Peter's, at Rome, which has 100 stops; next in succession is that of St. Peter's, at Gortitz, containing 3270 pipes, and 57 stops; that of St. Mary Magdalen, at Breslaw, with 3242 pipes, and 66 stops; and lastly, that belonging to the Strasburg Minster, wherein are 2136 pipes, the largest of which can contain 14 eimers and some odd measures of water; these may be classed as the finest in the world.—*Ibid*.

It is a fact, scarcely to be credited in the present era of musical patronage, that Mozart received but one hundred ducats for his masterpiece, the opera of Don Juan.—*German Scraps*.

In contradistinction to the above, as a matter of taste, be it recorded that Kant's old wig was purchased by an amateur for the sum of fifty florins; and a walking-stick of Voltaire's became the property of a physician for the grand consideration of 500 francs.—*Ibid*.

In France, where the population consists of 32 millions, there are 322 circulating libraries in Prussia, on the contrary, where the number of inhabitants only amounts to 13 millions, there are 388.—*Ibid*.

After a battle in which the Portuguese were defeated with great loss, no less than 14,000 guitars were found upon the field.—*Ibid*.

"Is it justifiable for a king to have a favourite?" was a question once asked at an assemblage of literati. "O yes!" replied Voltaire, "his people!"—*Ibid*.

THE CREOLE'S LOVE.

(See this Magazine for July and August.)

"Look on that picture and on this;" and give—we pray you, fair readers—your utmost support to put an end to this most horrible and degrading of all speculation and traffic, the commerce in human beings.

TRIAL FOR SLAVE DEALING.

(Abridged from the *Times'* abridged account from the *Barbadian*.)

BARBADOES, June 26.

COURT OF VICE-ADMIRALTY.

Mr. John Taylor, a young man of highly respectable connexions in the island, whose father for many years held a responsible situation under the Colonial Government, was charged before the Court with having taken certain negroes, apprenticed labourers at the time, to Texas, in America, and having sold them there into slavery.

The Court, which was held under a special Vice-Admiralty Commission, was presided over by the Hon. President Beckles, with Captain Leith, senior naval officer on the station, Captain Ramsey, R. N., the Hon. E. H. Senhouse, the Hon. J. Braithwaite, the Hon. T. J. Cummings, and Messrs. J. W. Orderson, B. C. Howell, D. Martindale, H. Crichlow, and J. Holligan.

When the grand jury and petit jury had been empanelled *pro forma*,

The Chief Judge, having stated the nature of the accusation against the prisoner, proceeded to charge the grand jury, and laid down the law of the case. He said—"By the 9th clause of the act 6 George IV., cap. 113, it is enacted,—

"That if any British subject shall knowingly and wilfully convey, carry away, or remove, or aid or assist in conveying, carrying away, or removing, any person or persons, as a slave or slaves into any island, colony, country, territory, or place whatsoever, or for the purpose of his, her, or their being sold, transferred, used, or dealt with as slaves," and so on, "in every such case the person or persons so offending shall be deemed and adjudged guilty of piracy, felony, and robbery."

"And by this act the punishment for such offence was death, without benefit of clergy, and forfeiture of all lands, goods, or chattels, &c. But, merciful considerations interposing, it is now enacted by the 1st of Victoria, chapter 91, section 1, after reciting the above-named clause of 6th George IV., chapter 113,—

"That if any person shall, after the commencement of this act (namely, the 1st of Victoria, chapter 91, which passed the 1st of October, 1837) be convicted of the offence above-mentioned such person shall not suffer death, but shall be liable, at the discretion of the Court, to be transported for life, or for not less a term than 15 years, or three years' imprisonment with hard labour."

"Again, by the 10th section of the 5th of George IV., chapter 113, it is also enacted,

"That if any person shall deal, or trade in, purchase, sell, barter, or transfer, or contract for the dealing, trading in, purchase, sale, barter, or transfer of slaves, or persons intended to be dealt with as slaves, &c., in every such case the person or persons offending, and all accessories are declared to be felons, and liable to transportation for fourteen years, or imprisonment and hard labour for 6 years, nor less than 3 years."

Under these clauses of the 5th of George IV., chapter 113, the indictment is framed, containing many and various counts to meet the case; and on this indictment, which will be given to you by the acting Attorney-General, you will have to decide.

The grand jury having returned a true bill against the prisoner,

The Hon. Sir R. B. Clarke, acting Attorney-General, stated the case for the prosecution, and in support of it called several witnesses.

Rachael Taylor examined.—Recollected her son, April Lashley, going away with Mr. John Taylor, who returned without him, and went away again. Whenever she inquired after him, he said he was very well. In answer to her inquiry how long he intended to keep April away, he said it was according to behaviour; if he behaved well, he would "cut him off some of the time." Mr. Taylor returned a second time, and soon after her son came back. This was some months ago. Witness saw her son and Mr. Taylor talking—went to the door to hear. Heard April say, "Massa John, how much allowance were they to give me, for they didn't give me any thing?" Mr. Taylor replied, that when he returned he would ascertain that, and if it was so, he should have something. April then asked him, "Massa John, what did you sell me for?" Taylor replied, "Could not do better, April. I had the schooner's expenses to pay, besides other expenses."

By Mr. Sealey, for the prisoner. There was something said about April eating his Christmas dinner with me."

William Gunsell examined.—Knows the prisoner; saw him, for the first time, a few days before they left the island, down at Speights's; witness had been sent for by him, and on his coming, the prisoner said it was rather late for what he wanted to see him about; however, he must settle it. Prisoner told him that things would be in a bad state after the emancipation; that the people would be knocking about in the islands; that he was going to America, and wished to take several mechanics with him, to whom he would give 40 dollars a-year, for four years, which proposal the

witness was disposed to accept. That on the next day, Taylor made out the agreement, which they both signed, in the presence of Taylor's brother. Prisoner told him he intended to set up business. Witness wished afterwards to decline the agreement. Taylor, however, gave him a dollar to get his passport at the Secretary's office, and told him to tell Mr. King that he was going to leeward, for if he did not, he would not get his passport. Witness did this, and got Mr. Codd (Panama, hat cleaner), and a Mr. Porter, to stand his security. At the time of the contract, he was 19 years old. The agreement was in writing. Taylor kept one copy, and he another, which he lost in Texas. They sailed in November (1835), stepped at Grenada, where they took in provisions, and having done so, went into the port (St. George's) of that island, when all the coloured passengers were ordered into the hold, where they remained for a day and a night. None of them were landed there. They went then to Jamaica, and put into Anotto bay, in that island, where they were boarded by a custom-house officer, who was informed, in answer to his inquiries, that the passengers were free people. He told them that they must be kept on board, because if they went on shore and remained there any time, they would be seized. They took in water there, however, and then went to Montego Bay, which they left again for Texas, but put back for want of hands; they could only get one man, and proceeded on their course. When off Havannah, they met an American sloop of war, and they were all ordered below. The man of war hailed them, and they replied, and then went to Texas. They reached the mouth of the Saline river, and then went on to Galveston. In their way they went ashore at Red Fish Bar, and landed in a boat belonging to a gentleman of Point Bolivar. Here they got waggons, and proceeding, they came to Straughan's Bluff, where they encamped. They went thence to a place called the High Islands, and, in their way thence to the Sabine Pass, were met by a Mr. Gurney and his son, who asked if they had any fine negroes for sale, to which Taylor replied, "Oh, no! they are not for sale," and they went their way to the Sabine Pass. Here, witness said, they were boarded by a custom-house officer, named Captain Rogers, who, after making many inquiries, detained them; on his going to the Texan army, to see the governor about it, Taylor meantime escaped; and, as many of the Americans were at that time flying from their homes' he joined in the flight. After this, Taylor sold him (witness) to Mr. W. Moore, by whom he was sold to a Mr. M'Kennie. Witness says, he was then sent to the Brassos, to work for Mr. M'Kennie in various ways, which he enumerated; that on New Year's-day, he, with several others, went on the spree; M'Kennie sent to call him; witness told him, "No, he would not work on a holiday."

Mr. M'Kennie then took him, tied him to a tree, took a bowie knife, and split his coat down the back, and gave him (he supposed), 500 lashes, saying, "G—d—n you, I'll make you work," &c.; he was then tied down to a chair, and blindfolded by a handkerchief; in this state he remained, growling for pain, when M'Kennie said, "G—d—n you, you had better say your prayers, for if you go on growling you won't be alive to-morrow morning."

After this he was sent to chop cord-wood; then he waited on the family in Galveston, next was working on board a steamer, where he was when he saw the British brig of war arrive, and heard it had come to get back the people. Witness said to the superintendent of the steam-boat, that he would like to go down and see about it, to which the superintendent replied, "No, he could not afford to let him run ashore in that way; he had paid his money for him, and would make him work; if any gentleman wanted him, he must come for him himself; he didn't care if it was Captain Devil."

Soon after, some persons came on shore, from Her Majesty's brig Pilot; he then told the captain he must go on shore, and he no longer refused; he did go on shore then, and had his interview with Captain Hamilton. Taylor had whipped him once or twice; had never given him a farthing of wages, nor had he ever received any from the people he was afterwards with, who made no difference between him and the other slaves; they all worked from 3 or 4 in the morning, till 11 or 12 at night, and were barely clothed and fed. Witness had never agreed to serve Mr. Moore or any other person; he received the same clothes as the other slaves, and was treated in the same manner as they were.

The witness was severely cross-examined, but his evidence was in no material point shaken though he showed much levity.

Edward Whittaker, sworn.—Was an apprenticed labourer some time ago, last to Colonel Bush, who told him that if he would bring eight dollars he could have his freedom. Mr. Taylor lent him the money; he afterwards agreed to go to leeward for four years, at 40 dollars a-year, and told him, when he went to take out his ticket, to say he was going to leeward. He delayed doing so, and Taylor, in the meantime, took it out for him. They sailed for Grenada, and the passengers were, one M'Intosh, Thomasin Ann, and two children, Alfred Taylor, &c. They went to Jamaica, and put in at Montego Bay. Witness did not know then they were going to Texas. In the passage they met a man of war, by which they were boarded. The passengers were hid in the hold of the vessel. They stopped at the Brassos, Point Bolivar, and High Islands. At this place they were sent to pick up wood. A man by the name of Coult, then took them in waggons to the pass. They then crossed the Sabine, and encamped at Straughan's Bluff; a man named Gurney met them in a pirogue, and said, "I understand you have some fine foreign Barbadian negroes to sell," to which Taylor replied, "No, they are not for sale." However, he came on board, and he and Taylor had some conversation in the cabin.

Well, they landed at Straughn's Bluff, and here a custom-house officer named Captain Rogers boarded them, and said, that if they were free men they must go back; Taylor then asked them to sign as slaves, telling them they would still be free; they all refused to do so; before it was settled Captain Rogers went away to the army, and in the mean time Taylor took them back across Sabine. In setting off the boat happened to capsize, when Taylor took witness, cuffed him, and after giving him several blows, told him: "God d—n you, Colonel Bush is not here now—you had better

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set off and go to him, go." Taylor then went on in the boat. Witness set off on foot, and walked a long way. When he found Taylor wouldn't come, he would not go to him, and he walked on. At last he came to a small house, and stopped there to get something to eat. A man there told him that Taylor had been looking for him; then pointing to a small building told him he would get something to eat there. When witness came up, two men, one calling himself a Colonel, and the other a Major, witness didn't know whether they were or no, laid hold of him and put him in irons, and afterwards sent him to the Columbia steamer. This was about four days after he and Taylor were parted. Mr. Moore then asked him on board if he would come into his employ?—Witness couldn't do better, and said "Yea." A man then came and told him that Taylor had some. Witness wouldn't then attempt to go to him, or Moore would have blown his brains out. Taylor then asked him to go with him, but witness wouldn't, *whereupon Moore bought him from Taylor for five hundred dollars, and called upon him to sign a paper which he refused to do. Moore gave him fifty lashes, and after that he signed it.*

The agreement was, that he should give him fifty dollars a year, but for the time he was with him, he never gave him a copper. One evening Mr. Moore gave him some timber to cut down, next day, which was work enough for two men, and if he didn't do it, Mr. Smith, the overseer would talk with him. Well, he did the work as he was told, all except one tree; and Mr. Smith came up to "talk to him." He had with him a pair of pistols, a rope, a bowie knife, and a hatchet. He ordered witness to cut down the tree; witness said it was now dark, and he would not. Smith then ordered a man named Ben. to hold him, and tie his hands across; witness fought him, and got cut in his head; his hands were tied, and he was whipped for some hours. He never received any wages, and the day before Captain Hamilton arrived, he received fifty lashes. Witness saw Taylor twice after being with Moore; the first time, prisoner asked him "How it was;" he said, "Very well." The second time nothing passed between them. Mr. Moore gave him no wages, and scarcely clothes, having frequently to walk on the ice bare-footed. At first there were only two other servants with Mr. Moore; when he left there were twenty-five; witness was never used to cutting down trees; venison was the common food; all the servants had the same.

By Mr. Sealy,—Was sure he was sold by Taylor to Moore. Recollected seeing Mr. Walcott, but that person did not inquire into his condition at Moores: neither did he tell him, whatever Mr. Walcott might choose to say.

Henry Small, a lad, followed in examination.—After detailing the points made in the passage alluded to in former examinations, he said—When in Texas witness told Mr. Taylor he wanted to go back to Barbadoes, for he didn't like the place. When with Mr. Griggsby he was whipped several times. He would hoe, plough, chop wood, and do anything they put him to do. Taylor came back in about nine or twelve months, and witness asked him to take him back to Barbadoes. He didn't say he would, but told him his sister had sent something for him, which he never got. The second time witness saw prisoner was when he was crossing the river; two bitts was all witness ever got from him, although it was agreed in writing, he should give him three dollars a month. He was left with Mr. Griggsby without his own consent.

By Mr. Sealy.—Knew he was sold, because he saw the money pass. Knew the money was for selling him, because he was present, and he was afterwards told by Mr. Griggsby's son and daughter that he was sold. Mr. Taylor never told him he was trying to get him away, but said he had left him with a good old man.

April Ashley corroborated the other witnesses. When they refused to sign as slaves at Straughan's Bluff, Taylor swore they were slaves. He was sold, with others to Griggsby and Moore. Having once got out to a ball, he was caught, brought back and whipped. Mr. Griggsby's brother told him:—"My brother bought you, and if you do not work, *he'll shoot you.*" He ran away, but was again caught, and sold by Griggsby to one Miller. After some difficulty he saw the British Consul at New Orleans, who promised to send him back to Barbadoes; he did so.

By Mr. Sealy.—Knew they were sold, because Taylor asked a thousand dollars each, but said he would take something less if they all went together. They were all sold on the Bluff. He would swear they were all sold there. He never agreed to serve Mr. Moore, and never saw the schooner afterwards. Neither did he agree to serve Judge Harding, into whose hands he last got, who, when he, witness, said he was a free man, said he did not care a d—; if he was free before, he was not free now, for he had paid his money for him.

As this witness contradicted himself on several points, the Attorney-General admitted he could not place much reliance on his evidence.

William Redman, a boy, and William Thomas, corroborated, in the general points, the evidence before stated. In the latter's cross-examination by Mr. Sealy he said, when Captain Hamilton claimed him, Griggsby then offered him five dollars per month, but not before, and was transferred without his own consent.

Captain Hamilton, the last witness for the Crown, deposed that he was employed to go to Texas to inquire into the condition of certain British subjects, said to be detained there in a state of slavery; that he arrived there in January last, and proceeding immediately to the seat of Government, delivered the Governor's despatch to the proper authority in Texas, from whom he received every facility, and with whose assistance he recovered five of the persons. A variety of depositions for the prisoner and against him, were then read, as taken by consent, during the inquiry in Texas, and among them appeared the following copy of the contract of one of the men:—

"CONTRACT OF EDWARD WHITTAKER,

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Edward Whittaker, free man of colour, do of my own free will and consent, hereby bind myself, for the time of four years, to the service of John

Taylor, and Thomas G. Ames, in this and other places, to serve them for that time, to the best of my ability, and to serve no one else without their consent; and do acknowledge myself, to all intents and purposes, to be fully and fairly bound by this agreement, under a forfeiture of forty dollars for the non-fulfilment of this engagement.

EDWARD WHITTAKER,
his X mark."

"Witnesses—WILLIAM BUSH, Lieutenant-Colonel.
and WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS.
November 22nd. 1835."

On the back of this there was an endorsement, transferring the title of the contract to William Moor, of the state of Georgia, for one hundred and sixty-six dollars and a half, signed—"Taylor and Ames, per John Taylor."

Mr. Sealy addressed the Court in defence. He contended, with ability, that the prisoner was innocent of the charge imputed to him, that he was a speculating character, but as free from the charge of *bartering in human flesh* as any of the jury; and indeed, this had been proved by the anxiety which he had shown in the affair, as supported by the correspondence that had passed between him and the Home-Colonial Governments.

The prisoner when he got to Texas, found the place in a disturbance, and being through the failure of his speculation, denuded of property and means to support those men who had, by contract, entered into his service for a period of years, he had, to alleviate their distress, consequent upon his reduced means, and to better their condition in every possible way, transferred the contracts to other and good masters. Could this be called selling the freedom of man? No. it was no more than the carrying out through other means the contracts which they had entered into with him, and which could not be deemed an illicit speculation. But how had the Government treated this individual, who had from the first opening of the business, evinced a *laudable* anxiety to rescue these persons from what was termed slavery, and who had actually offered his individual services as the most ready way to procure their release? Why, had they not placed him at the bar for trial, which, had it taken place at the early period of the proceedings, would have been for life or death!

The correspondence here alluded to was read; the substance was, that his Excellency, on receiving this letter from the prisoner, sent for him and had an interview with him, recommending him to lay a statement of the Home Government in the form of a petition, with an intimation that he, the Governor, would forward it. He did so, and some time afterwards he received a letter from the Government-house, stating that Her Majesty's Government wished to know on what grounds he claimed the reimbursement of five thousand dollars. To this Mr. Taylor forwarded an answer, saying, that in applying to the Solicitor-General for advice as to where he should seek for indemnification for his losses, he had said that, of course application should be made to the British Government. His client also here said that the people deserted from him in Texas, and from refusing to enter them as slaves he had been put in constant fear of his life; he was even kept under an arrest, and by contending for their rights, his property and life were both endangered. His principal object was to obtain the liberation of these people, and if the Governor thought that an application for reimbursement was objectionable, he requested the Secretary to say to the Governor that he would relinquish his claim to remuneration; that his object being to rebut calumny, he would be satisfied to lose everything if he could obtain the release of the people, and he was ready to go in person and assist in their recovery. In answer to this letter the Governor's private secretary stated, that his Excellency did not think there was any necessity to make alterations respecting the claim for reimbursement. Another memorial was then forwarded to the Executive, to be sent to Her Majesty's Government, entering further into particulars, and urging measures for the rescue of the unfortunates. In his letter to the Governor's secretary, enclosing this memorial, Mr. Taylor said, that he was about leaving the island, and requested that, if during his absence, a reply to his memorial should arrive, the Governor would forward it to his father at the Commissariat-office.

After this he went to Texas and made efforts to obtain their liberation, but without British protection he was unable to bring them back.

On his return in November, 1838, he found that an answer to his last memorial was arrived, and had been here for some time. On opening the letter of the Governor's secretary, he found it enclosed an extract from a despatch from Lord Glenelg, who had referred the affair to Lord Palmerston, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Minister thought "that the statements of Taylor were far from being satisfactory, and was of opinion that the Government could not, as yet take any further steps in the matter: that Taylor appeared to have been engaged in illegal speculations," &c. The learned counsel concluded by calling on the jury to deliberately consider the question at issue, and proposed to establish his case by the examination of witnesses.

Mr. H. Crichlow, who sat on the bench, was asked by the counsel for the defence, whether any application had been made to him by Mr. Taylor, relative to any consignments which he proposed sending to this island, and what were the arrangements agreed on between them? To which questions he replied that Mr. Taylor had called on him a long time ago, (he could not recollect how long, but it was a very long time ago,) and proposed to him that he should send here cargoes of mules, cattle, or whatever speculations he might make, for he was going to Texas to settle, and he would be glad to make some such arrangement. He consented to this.

Mr. E. B. Walcott knew Taylor, and knew he had made exertions to get back the men. Heard Whittaker say that he knew he was not a slave, and that he Taylor, could not sell him.

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By the Attorney-General.—This took place in 1837. Knew nothing of the transaction of 1836. The Attorney-General having replied.

The jury retired to consider their verdict. On their return they gave it in Guilty.

The Chief-judge said—John Taylor, feeling a sincere regard for your aged and respectable parents, it gives me great pain that I should be placed in a situation where it is my duty to pronounce the sentence of this court, after the verdict of the jury. You are sentenced to transportation for the term of fourteen years.

WRECK OF THE LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

(From the *Bombay Times*, June 18.)

ONE of the most melancholy and heart-rending shipwrecks ever recorded, occurred on this coast, June 17.—The *Lord William Bentinck*, Capt. Ord, with 150 troops and passengers on board, had been beating off the mouth of the harbour for the last two or three days, but was prevented entering by the violence of the weather. On the afternoon of the 17th she was seen standing across the opening of Back Bay in gallant style, and every hope was entertained, if she could stand on five minutes longer, of her weathering the South-west prong of the light-house. Unhappily, an immense sea forged over her poop, and she struck heavily on the rocks at ten minutes past four P.M. Previously, Captain Hayman had fired two guns from the light-house to warn her of her danger, and before a third could be discharged, she was on the rocks. Heavy squalls of wind and rain soon drove her masts over her side, and a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the occurrence, she was a complete unmanageable wreck. The crew and passengers were seen to crowd forward on the fore-castle. Three ladies were on board, Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Eckford, and Miss Robertson; also a maid servant and some soldier's wives and children. Captain C. Benbow was in command of the troops, and Dr. Fraser, Mr. Manson, a cadet, and several other passengers, whose names we are not able yet to learn, were on board. She kept firing guns and showing signals of distress, but alas! little aid could be afforded; the surf was too violent for a boat to live in, and the most dismal apprehensions were entertained. She first hoisted out her gig, which rode gallantly for a while, but was soon engulfed. Her launch was then got along-side, and some men were seen to enter her. One gentleman was observed, before he descended the ship's side, to elevate his hands to Heaven, as if in prayer; he then went into her, but in a moment she shared the fate of the other boats. Having nothing to hoist her out by, the long-boat was pushed over the side by main force. She also sunk, never to rise. The cries of the unfortunates were distinctly audible in the lulls of the wind, and filled every spectator on the shore with horror and distress. No hand could be held out to save. After much delay, boats were brought from the dock-yard by coolies, and we observed the very great exertions made by the captains belonging to this port, in endeavouring to bring them up and launch them. As boats were brought down (of course, after great delay,) from the distance from the fort, every means was tried to float and steer them to the wreck. Captains Saunders and Hayman, of the Indian navy, were especially conspicuous in their exertions, leaving no means untried; while Captains M'Gregor, Baxter, and many others, attempted in vain to steer to the ill-fated craft. She tried to fire a rope from a gun after Captain Manby's principle, but failed. In the mean time, the superintendent of the Indian navy had ordered the *Victoria* steamer to proceed as near as she could to the spot, but it was evening before she got her steam sufficiently up to move, and even then, she could not approach the wreck with the smallest chance of success. Thousands of anxious spectators were assembled at the light-house during the evening, and perhaps a more painful and intense interest was never excited in the society of Bombay. Night, dark and lowering, fell, and we believe, many a heart-felt prayer was offered up to the Throne of Grace for those who were so near the brink of eternity. The moon rose about nine o'clock, and hopes were entertained that the vessel might hold together till morning, but the gale still continued violent. By twelve o'clock at night a raft, with ten men, had, with great exertion, reached the shore; but at half-past three, the vessel finally went to pieces. Another raft had been prepared, on which the ladies, seven children, and the passengers were placed. Hopes, however faint, were breathed that she might bring her precious cargo safe to land, but alas! a lofty wave struck her, and when she rose from the shock, neither the ladies, children, nor sixteen of their companions, could be described by the survivors. Those, who remained, reached land, naked, cold, and shivering. Captain Benbow, Dr. Fraser, and Mr. Manson were among the survivors; also, two of the officers of the vessel.

Another raft, with seventeen men on it, was carried into Back Bay, and getting entangled among the rocks, remained until the morning, and fifteen of them (two of them having died during the night), were saved by the exertions of Capt. Saunders. But, as if misfortunes were never to come single, the *Castlereagh*, Capt. Tonks, from Kanack, with one hundred and fifty troops on board, about twelve o'clock at night, having, it is said, seen the

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"lights in the wreck, and mistaking her for a vessel at anchor, bore up, and also went on shore, within a few yards distance of her. This morning, the 18th, before daylight, as active means as could be taken, considering the scarcity of boats and men, were set on foot to bring off the crew and passengers, and the same parties still exerted themselves, and by ten, A.M. about one hundred and fifty Sepoys, of the twenty-fourth, N. I., were got on shore; four were unfortunately drowned in the surf, getting out of the boats, and Captain Saunders, with one European seaman, belonging to the *Clive*, who tried to swim from a part of the wreck of the *Lord William Bentinck*, were lost in the attempt. The *Castlereagh*, had commenced cutting away her masts, and this afternoon, it is hoped, that every soul on board, will be safely landed. The officers, in her, are Captain Earle, 24th. regt., Ensign Grant, 1st. European regiment, Lieutenant Walker, engineers, and Mr. Davis. We believe, though of course can only guess, from a rough calculation, that from fifty to seventy persons have been saved from the *Lord William Bentinck*, out of between two and three hundred souls. There were one hundred and fifty recruits on board, many of whom are saved, but an account has not yet been obtained. The crew and officers, consisted of thirty-nine persons; thus, twenty-one of the latter have perished, and of the passengers, seven, out of eleven, making a total of twenty-eight persons. We have been favored with the following authentic list of the passengers, officers, and crew of the late unfortunate vessel:—Passengers saved—Captain Benbow, Lieut. Coombe, Dr. Fraser, and Mr. Manson, cadet. Ship's officer, and crew, saved—Mr. Pennington, second officer; Kingcome, third ditto; Bush, fourth ditto Campbell, midshipman; carpenter, John Lothian; sail-maker, James Crosbie; seamen; S. Coombs, W. Anderson, D. Law, J. King, J. O'Connor, J. Humbertson, H. MacCallar, G. Brown, J. Pritchard, J. Araton, Kelby, Sweetman. Missing: passengers, Mrs. Eckford, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Robertson, — Jones, servant, and Messrs. Whitehorn, Day, and Mapherson, cadets; crew, captain Ord, his son, Mr. Kempthorne, first officer, Villiers, midshipman, Dr. Stockley, surgeon.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT—*Letters from Bombay, June 20.*—On June 12, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the *Lord William Bentinck*, from London, with troops and passengers, ran ashore close to the light-house at Colabah. I was down there about two hours afterwards, and her masts had then gone, her bow was broken off, and the sea was breaking over her. Some boats were carried out from the dockyard, but no man were sent to man them, and little could be done. A raft was constructed upon which a few people clung; and about two in the morning the wreck parted, and went to pieces immediately. The ladies and women were all drowned; the captain, his son, and the doctor, also the first officer, three cadets, and eighty of ninety of the troops and crew. The rest were picked up, some so severely injured that they died of their wounds. But this is not the worst. In the night the wreck hoisted a light, misled by which, the *Castlereagh* ran ashore within 150 yards of the *Bentinck*. She had on board about 300 native troops, with four officers from Karrack. I saw her, her masts all standing at about ten in the morning of the 18th, and at two o'clock she parted, and in a few minutes was completely destroyed. By the exertions of different gentlemen, and the captains of ships in the harbour, a considerable number of the troops were landed safely in the morning—but when she broke up the loss of life was fearful. Captain Eale, of the 24th, Dr. Davis, Lieutenant Walker, engineers, and a great number of the crew, and about sixty of the Sepoys were drowned. The whole shore has since been strewn with dead bodies, barrels, boxes, and all sorts of things. But what did government do? About one o'clock they sent a circular to the mercantile houses for volunteers from the ships "to save their fellow creatures." Very humane was it not? After allowing the *Bentinck* to go to pieces without sending one seamen to aid, though there were three steamers in the harbour, they gave the ships ample time for complete destruction, and then sent to others for volunteers to save their own troops. I have been told by three or four captains, who themselves took an oar the whole morning of the 18th, that had there been twenty stout men to man the boats, every man from the *Castlereagh*, would, without doubt, have been saved. G—— went to the Superintendent's office directly the *Bentinck* struck, to know what was to be done, and was informed by some subordinate "that he didn't know, they were fools to get into such places." Pray if you can, do not let the disgraceful conduct of the government pass unnoticed. Many officers of government were individually active, but by government nothing was done, except the sending down empty boats, and leaving them to be manned by providence.

June 19.—At three o'clock, P.M., about ebb tide, the *Castlereagh* went to pieces, and the crew and passengers were drifting on shore on pieces of the wreck. In attempting to save them, Mr. Atkinson, second master, nearly lost his life by the upsetting of his boat. Captain M'Gregor, Mr. Webster, of the American press, and some others, at considerable personal risk, picked up the commander, Captain Toaks, clinging to a small plank, and in a sinking state. Out of two hundred souls it is feared that not more than seventy are saved! Zutign Grant, one of the passengers, was a survivor, but of the rest we have no certain accounts. Mrs. Eckford's body was found in Upper Colaba the evening before, and buried in Bombay churchyard.

ATTEMPTED REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, AUG. 6.—This morning one of those mad attempts at revolution which have characterised the French since the first remarkable days of July, disturbed the inhabitants of this peaceful town from their slumbers. The *City of Edinburgh* steamer, belonging to the Commercial Steam Navigation Company, was hired by Prince Louis Napoleon, ostensibly for an excursion of pleasure along the British coast, for fourteen days. In this he embarked with fifty-six followers, eight horses, and two carriages, on the Thames, on Wednesday the 5th; this morning, about two o'clock, they reached the coast of France, off Wimereux, about three miles from Boulogne. The surprise of the captain and crew may be imagined on seeing the whole of his passengers come on deck, not in the peaceful garb of citizens, but *en militaire*, some as lancers, some as general officers, some as private soldiers with the number 40 painted in front, that being the regiment which, at Strasburg, had formerly identified itself so seriously with the cause of Louis Napoleon.

Their object was soon made evident: the ship's boat was lowered, and the whole company landed in three trips. Before the Prince left the vessel he ordered the captain to cruise off the coast, but to keep close in to Boulogne, and have a boat ready manned to come off for them, should they make signals to that effect. Among those landed were General Montholon, Colonel Vaudrey, Colonel Parquin, and Colonel Delaborde.

When all had landed, they marched into the town by the Place Navarin, Rue des Carreaux, Rue Simoneau, into the Grande Rue, shouting, "Vive L'Empereur," the Prince carrying his hat on the point of his sword and waving it in the air; from the Grande Rue they made their way to the Caserne, and roused the small body of troops of the line that perform duty here. The soldiers awakened, and seeing themselves surrounded by general officers, knew not what to make of the scene. They were, however, soon made to comprehend that a revolution was on foot; that Louis Philippe was dethroned; that all France was roused in favor of their Emperor, Louis Napoleon, and that they must arm to march forthwith upon Paris. As some were preparing to obey, their captain, who had been awakened by the noise, rushed in among them and restored their wavering loyalty by shouting, "Vive le Roi." High words and a scuffle ensued between him and Prince Louis, when the latter drew a pistol and fired; unfortunately, the ball shattered the under-jaw of a poor soldier who was endeavoring to separate them; and the whole party, finding that the soldiers were lukewarm, that the officers were faithful, and that nothing was to be done there, precipitately quitted the Caserne and retired to the port. By this time the town was roused, the authorities were on foot, the drums were beating to arms, and the National Guards pouring out in all directions. Proclamations had been lavishly distributed along every street through which they passed, and money given to those who had followed them. These soon declared what their object was, and the necessary directions were given by the Sous-Prefet to attack the disturbers of the peace. Within two hours the greater part were either prisoners in the citadel, shot, or dispersed. They made no stand after leaving the Caserne. Some made their way, with the Eagle, to the Napoleon column; some, with the Prince, hastened to the seaside, and signaled for a boat from the steamer. Unfortunately for them, too many got into it, and it upset; the Prince, with three or four others, swam for the steamer, and had a narrow escape of being drowned. During their absence, however, affairs had changed on board the steamer. M. Pollet, the harbour-master, by order of the mayor, had proceeded, with a dozen custom-house officers, in a boat, and taken possession of it; it was fortunate for the Prince they did so, for in returning into the harbour they found him almost exhausted, clinging to the buoy about the eighth of a mile from the shore. He was taken on board, and with him Colonel Vaudrey. In escaping from the shore they had narrowly avoided being shot; several balls passed close to the Prince, and several of his followers were wounded, and sank to rise no more. The report is, that six have been found; one poor doctor, who surrendered, was shot by a National Guard.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—The steam-boat, *Edinburgh Castle*, has been seized by the captain of the port and is now in the harbour. Louis Bonaparte was well nigh drowned. A French general, who was captured, is said to have just died of his wounds. The town authorities are liberal enough to give out that the English are at the bottom of this insurrectionary movement.

AUG. 7.—A Boulogne journal estimates, as the result of the tumult, one superior officer drowned, a sergeant-major killed, and fifty-four individuals arrested. In a letter from Boulogne, it is said, "Proclamations rain on us from the mayor, provost, &c., conceived in the worst possible taste, and the prowess of the National Guard is vaunted to the skies, for having fired on defenceless, unresisting men in the water. Absurd rumours implicating the English in this attempt have had their effect. A vast number of them left yesterday for Dover. One of the leaders of the conspiracy escaped in a curious manner. Having reached

the upper town in safety, he met an Englishman well mounted. Presenting a pistol to his head, he called on John Bull to surrender his horse, which he mounted and rode off. The captain of the English steamer, *Edinburgh Castle*, his crew, and the English grooms who were aboard, have all been imprisoned after undergoing interrogatories.

Thirty-nine more of the prisoners in the affair of Boulogne have arrived at the Conciergerie in cellular carriages, escorted by detachments of Gendarmerie. Prince Louis, who occupies the chamber the most distant from that of Count Montholon, on hearing the noise occasioned by the arrival of these prisoners, and suspecting what it was, entreated that his valet-de-chambre, Bellier, might be confined with him, or at least allowed to wait upon him. The director of the prison replied that it was out of his power to permit this while the order for solitary confinement was in force. The Prince was much affected at the refusal. He has, however, all the liberty compatible with his position, and passes nearly the whole of his time in smoking and reading books, which he is allowed to receive according to his own choice. The prisoners who were wounded, and who could not therefore be at once removed from Boulogne, are expected very shortly.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

General Monthly Register of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, at Home and Abroad.

BIRTHS.

- Bagge, Lady of William —, Esq., M. P., of a son and heir; Stradsett Hall, Norfolk, Aug. 9.
 Barnett, Lady of Henry —, Esq., of a dau.; Halkin-st. West, Belgrave-square, Aug. 1.
 Blunt, lady of Francis, —, Esq., of Crabbett, of a son; Petworth, Sussex, Aug. 17.
 Boodle, lady of Henry —, Esq., of a dau.; York-place, Portman-square, Aug. 16.
 Bosanquet, lady of Augustus —, Esq., of a son; Osidge, Southgate, Aug. 18.
 Buchanan, lady of Andrew —, Esq., first Attaché to Her Majesty's Embassy at St. Petersburg, of a son; Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, Aug. 7.
 Bullar, lady of John —, Esq., Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn, of a dau.; Manor-house, Paddington, Aug. 8.
 Rurges, the lady Caroline, of a son; Parkanour, county of Tyrone, Aug. 16.
 Chalon, lady of Capt., Officiating Judge Advocate Gen. of the Army, of a son; Bangalore, June 2d.
 Clements, lady of the Hon. and Rev. Francis, of a dau.; at the Glebe, Tartaraghan, Aug. 5.
 Dumaine, lady of C. F. —, Esq., of a son; Circular-road, June 8th.
 Fawcett, lady of Major Lynar —, H. M. 55th Regt., of a son; Fort George, June 3d.
 Fawcett, lady of E. G. —, Esq., C. S., of a son; Belgaum, May 95.
 Gibson, lady of Major Edgar —, of a dau.; Wateringbury-place, Kent, Aug. 6.
 Goring, lady of the Rev. Charles —, of a dau.; Guernsey, Aug. 2.
 Hankey, lady of Thomas —, Esq., of a son; Wimbledon Common, Aug. 16.
 Hoare, Lady Mary, of a son; at Staplehurst, Aug. 13.
 Humphrey, lady of L. C. —, Esq., of a son; St. Peter's, Ramsgate, Aug. 15.
 Huth, lady of Chas. Fred. —, Esq., of a son; Brighton, Aug. 10.
 Kemp, lady of A. W. —, Esq. of a son; Calcutta, May 10.
 Kerr, Lady Henry, of a son; Dittisham, Aug. 10.
 King, lady of William, J. —, Esq., of a dau.; Southwood-house, near Eltham, Kent, Aug. 14.
 Laidlaw, lady of James —, Esq., Colonial Secretary in Dominica, of a son; Wall-house June 11.
 Laurie, lady of W. —, Esq., M. D., of a son; Norwood, Surrey, Aug. 11.
 Law, lady of the Rev. R. V. —, of a son; Bath, Aug. 16.
 M'Donald, lady of Allan —, Esq., of a son; Dawlish, Devonshire, Aug. 2.
 Malet, lady of Major Charles —, 8th Regt., of a dau., Aug. 11.
 Malcolmson, lady of Jas. —, Esq. of a son; Wilton-crescent, Aug. 11.
 Moberly, lady of the Rev. Dr. —, of a son; Winchester, Aug. 16.
 Monteith, lady of Capt. S. —, V. B., of a dau.; Fort William, May 18.
 Mordaunt, lady, of a dau.; Meriden, Aug. 13.
 Peel, lady of Jonathan —, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of a dau.; Oxford-square, Aug. 14.
 Pott, lady of John F. —, Esq., of Elmstead, of a son, Aug. 18.
 Robinson, lady of Sir George —, Bart., of a dau.; Crauford-hall, Northamptonshire, July 22.

Rooke, lady of William —, Esq., of Woodside, Lymington, Hants., of a dau., Aug. 13.
 Sivewright, lady of James —, Esq., of a dau.; Tyfield-house, Berkshire, July 30.
 Snell, lady of Maj. Charles —, 30th Regt. of a dau.; Trinchinopoly, May 10.
 Strahan, lady of Lieut. Col. W. —, Quarter-Master-General of the Army, of a dau.; Madras, May 27.
 Streatfield, lady of Capt. —, Royal Engineers, of a dau.; Brighton, Aug. 2.
 Streatfield, lady of H. S. —, Esq., of a dau.; the Rocks, Uckfield, Aug. 4.
 Tattersall, lady of George —, Esq., of a dau.; Cadogan-place, Aug. 18.
 Thomas, lady of L. M. —, Esq., of a dau.; Aug. 13.
 Trevor, lady of G. T. —, Esq., of a dau.; Poorec, May 3.
 Trotter, lady of Alexander J. —, Esq., of a dau.; Montagu-square, Aug. 16.
 Underwood, lady of Maj. J. J. —, Super. Eng. Presidency, of a dau.; Adyar, May 18.
 White, lady of Edward G. —, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of a dau.; Bedford-square, Aug. 18.
 Wintle, lady of Capt. —, Major of Brigade, of a dau.; Neemuch, April 28.
 Wyld, lady of Thomas —, Esq., of Antigua, of a dau.; Guatemala, April 13.
 Young, lady of Sir George —, Bart., of a son; Fermosa-cottage, Aug. 15.

MARRIAGES.

Baker, Charlotte Leathes, only dau. of William —, Esq., to William Green Willes, Esq., of Hans-place; *St. Mary's Lambeth*, Aug. 1.
 Barday, Anne Auber, only dau. of Maj. J. — late of the 4th. B. C., to Lieut. Harris, 27th N. I.; Mussoree, May 22.
 Bowman, Ellen Anne, eld. dau. of the late P. —, Esq., of Arundel, Sussex, to H. A. Carne, Esq.; Agra, April 28.
 Brown, Emma Louisa, sister to Major C. A. —, Deputy Adjutant Gen., to Capt. S. Auchinleck Grant, Asst. Adjt. Gen. of the Hydrabad Subsidiary Forces; Madras, June 11.
 Caffin, Ellen Mary, ygst. dau. of C. B. — Esq., late of North-street, Chichester, to the Rev. George B. Caffin, vicar of Brimpton, Berks; August 11.
 Campbell, Maria Ferriera, dau. of the late J. —, Esq., of Kinloch, Perthshire, to W. R. White, Esq., 16th Lancers; Delhi, May 11.
 Clerk, Cecilia Augusta, dau. of the late Walter —, Esq., of East Bergholt-house, Suffolk, to Charles Brooke, Esq., of Woodbridge; *Marglebone Church*, August 11.
 Clerk, Harriett, 3rd. dau. of the late Walter —, Esq., of East Bergholt-house, Suffolk, to John Randolph Rose, Esq., of Penkhull, Staffordshire; *St. Helen's*, August 6.
 Darcy, Eliza Caroline, 3rd. dau. of Antony Byrne —, Esq., to Randal Plunkett, Esq.; *Dublin*, August 17.
 Dickson, Mary, dau. of the late Stephen —, Esq., of Limerick, to Richard Russel, Esq., of the same county; *St. John's, Paddington* August 4.
 Gideon, Julia Helena, 2nd. dau. of Lewis —, Esq., to J. W. Bovell, Esq., Acting Commissary; the Island of St. Helena, May 6.
 Gordon, Elizabeth, eld. dau. of Lieut.-Col. —, Royal Artillery, to Franklin Dunlop, Esq., R.A.; *St. Alpage, Greenwich*, Aug. 12.
 Grey, Charlotte, 2nd. dau. of the late Hon. Edward —, Bishop of Hereford, to Andrew Wilson, Esq., B. Med. Serv.; *Berhampore*, May 9.
 Grogan, Anna Maria, dau. of Col. —, of Seafield, Ireland, to J. C. Freebairn, Esq., of Byfleet, Surrey; *Canayr Inverness-shire*, August 6.
 Harrison, Elizabeth, ygst. dau. of Benjamin —, Esq., of Clapham Common, to John Curtis Hayward, Esq., of Quedgeley-house, Gloucestershire; *Streatham Church*, Aug. 18.
 Heath, Anna, ygst. dau. of William —, Esq., to the Rev. Edward Pryce, B. A., of Abingdon, Berks; *Bampton, Oxon*, August 11.
 Herbert, Mary Ann, eld. dau. of Daniel —, Esq., to William Armstrong Fallon, eld. son of the late Lieut.-Col., of the Bombay army; *St. Giles' in the Fields*, August 14.
 Horne, Cecilia, 2nd. dau. of the Rev. Thomas —, B.D., of Chiswick Mall, and rector of St. Catherine, Colman, London, to Philip Griffith, Esq., of Lambeth; August 18.
 Hughes, Emily Rose, ygst. dau. of the late Michael —, Esq., of Sherdley-house, Lancashire, to Joseph Whittuck, Esq., ygst. son of Samuel —, Esq., of Hanham-hall, Gloucestershire; August 6.
 Johnson, Anne, eld. dau. of Jonathan J. —, Esq., of Bathwick, Bath, to Capt. William Rind, 7th. Regt. Bengal Army; *Bathwick Church*, August 8.
 Johnson, Anne, dau. of A. —, Esq., of Highgate-hill, to Philip Hurd, Esq., barrister-at-law; *St. Pancras*, August 12.
 Johnes, Mary Anne, eld. dau. of the late T. —, Esq., of Lower Garthmyl, Montgomeryshire, to J. M. Herbert, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, and late Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge; *Christ Church, Marglebone*, Aug. 13.
 Keane, the Hon. Georgiana Isabella, 2nd. dau. of the Right Hon. Lord —, of Ghuznee, to W. H. Penrose, Esq., of Lahane, Co. Cork; *St. James's Church*, July 21.
 Lamb, Eusebia, only dau. of the late Thomas —, of Bath, to Octavius Hayward, Esq., of Streatham; *Kennington Church*, Aug. 6.
 Lord, Cecilia, only dau. of S. H. —, Esq., of Longbay Castle, Barbadoes, and of Chepstow, to James Haywood, Esq.; *Edgebaston, Warwickshire*, Aug. 12.
 Lowe, Louisa Mary, ygst. dau. of the late Joseph —, Esq., of Forfarshire, to Lieut. R. Cooper, 45th N. I.; *Cochin*, May 9.
 Martin, Charlotte Isabella, 2nd. daughter of Major —, to S. S. Coffin, Esq., son of Admiral —; *Boulogne sur Mer*, July 16.
 MacKenzie, Caroline, 5th dau. of Charles —, to A. W. Plowden, Esq.; *Kurnaul*, May 7.
 Mules, Eliza Louisa, dau. of William —, Esq., and Lady Pilkington, of the Grove, Dedham, to the Rev. Henry A. Loveday, Chaplain on the Bengal establishment; *Aug. 3*.

Mures, Miss Elizabeth Sarah, of Lower Belgrave-street, to Lieut.-Col. Leonard Cooper, Hon. C. S.; *Marylebone Church*, Aug. 13.

Murray, Mary Ann, widow of the late R. —, Esq., of the Island of Jamaica, to George Nugent, Esq., late Major in the Queen's Bays; *Marylebone Church*, August 6.

Nash, Louisa, eld. dau. of J. —, Esq., of High Wycombe, to Francis A. Bulley, Esq., of Reading; *High Wycombe*, Aug. 12.

Noyes, Sarah, 2nd. dau. of Harry —, Esq., of Thrupton, to Geo. A. F. Wilks, Esq., M.D., Hart-street, Bloomsbury; August 6.

Oke, Susan, 2nd. dau. of William —, Esq., M.D., of Southampton, to the Rev. George Townsend Warner, of Trinity College, Cambridge; *All Saints, Southampton*, Aug. 5.

Pasmore, Mary Angora, only dau. of the late Col. —, to J. Faulkner, Esq., son of the late J. —, Esq., Prospect-hall, Co. Tipperary; Calcutta, May 28.

Pembroke, Georgiana, 5th. dau. of the late Right Hon. the Earl of, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Shelburne —, son of the Marquis of Lansdowne, K.G.; *Wilton Church*, Aug. 18.

Playfair, Jessie Macdonald, 2nd. dau. of George —, Esq., to Major Weston, 31st N. I.; Meerut, April 29.

Pycroft, Henrietta, 3rd. dau. of Thomas —, of Bath, to J. C. Rowlett, Esq., of the same place; Aug. 11.

Raven, Emma, 2nd. dau. of the late Henry —, Esq., to the Rev. G. T. Wilmer Gossip, ygst. son of the late Lieut.-Col. —, of Thorp Arch-hall, Yorkshire; Croydon, Aug. 4.

Read, Elizabeth-Margaret, eld. dau. of the late Col. —, to Lieut.-Col. S. W. Steel, C. B., Secretary to Gov. Military Depart.; Fort George, May 9.

Repton, Eliz. Catherine, third dau. of the Rev. Edward —, prebendary of Westminster, to Robt. Knox Sconce, Esq., son of R. S. —, Esq., of Malta; *Strathfieldsaye*, Aug. 11.

Sayres, only dau. of the late John —, Esq., to Edward Carleton, eld. son of William Holmes, Esq., of Brookfield; Leominster, Sussex, August 11.

Sharples, Mary-Ann, eld. dau. of T. —, Esq., of Islington, to George Louis Bekenn, Esq., of Bremen; *Trinity Church, Islington*, Aug. 1.

Simpson, Marian, ygst. dau. of the late William —, Esq., to Hugh B. Mackay, Esq., of Coleraine, Ireland; Southwell, Notts, Aug. 11.

Sladen, Hannah, dau. of John B —, Esq., of Ripple-court, Kent, to the Rev. Edward Sladen, of Lec, in the same county; *Ripple Church*, August 4.

Smith, Emma, only dau. of Capt. —, 2nd. Life Guards, to Henry Blake, Esq., of Birchfield, Newport, Isle of Wight; Guildford, August 4.

Smyth, Cicely Abigail, eld. dau. of Sir Edward Bowyer —, Bart., of Hill Hall, and Horsham Hall, Essex, to Henry Bullock, Esq., eld. son of J. B. —, Esq., of Faulkbourne Hall, in the same county; Aug. 18.

Styleman, Armine Le Strange, ygst. dau. of the late Henry —, Esq., of Snettisham, to Capt. W. C. Campbell, 3rd. Drag. Guards; Hunstanton, Norfolk, July 28.

Sullivan, Mary Eliza, 2nd. dau. of George J. —, Esq., of Wilbury, Wilts, to Thomas

Brown, Esq., son of J. —, Esq., of Salperton House, Gloucestershire; Aug. 12.

Swayne, Harriette, 2nd. dau. of Major S. —, 5th. N. I., to R. Marshal, M.D., 56th N. I.; Cawnpore, May 6.

Wheaton, Elizabeth Caroline, only dau. of the late Richard —, Esq., to T. W. Reeve, Esq.; Abridge, Essex, July 29.

Whish, Eliza, dau. of Brigadier W. F. —, Commandant of Artillery, to Lieut. Scott, son of the late John —, Esq., and Lady Arabella; Dum Dum, May 11.

Wilson, Fanny, 2nd. dau. of the late J. —, Esq., Brigham-hill, Cumberland, to G. M. Gray, Esq., of Torrington-square, London; *St. Margaret's Durham*, August.

Wombwell, Louisa, eld. dau. of Sir George and Lady —, to Henry Beauclerk, Esq., *St. Georges, Hanover-square*, August 11.

Wright, Harriet Eliza, eld. dau. of John —, Esq., to Wilson Yeates, of York-street, Portman-square *St. James's Church*, August 8.

DEATHS.

Addison, Ralph, Esq., of Temple Bar, and of Esher Lodge, Surrey; Ryde, Isle of Wight, Aug. 6.

Alington, Marmaduke, for 50 years an active magistrate of Lincoln, and rector of Walsoken, Norfolk; Swinhope House, Aug. 3.

Arnott, Mary, wife of Charles —, Esq., formerly of Rushington, Hants; West End-hill, near Southampton, July 28.

Atkinson, Matilda, dau. of Sir Edward —, Brixton Terrace: died July 24, aged 14 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Barry, Thomas, Esq., late of Demerara; Chester-square, Aug. 2.

Barry, Thomas, Esq., formerly of the West Indies, and late of Wimpole-street; Brighton, Aug. 9.

Billamore, Major T. R., 1st Gren. N. I.; Kurachee, April 27.

Brady, Charles Holman, son of Charles —, Esq., Blackfriars-road; died July 28, aged 11 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Brissett, Mary, daughter of Joseph —, Esq., late of Jamaica, and grand-niece of the Hon. Lord Abinger; at Brighton.

Busk, Maria, the beloved wife of Hans —, Esq.; Great Cumberland-place, Aug. 18.

Capel, Henry, Esq.; at Feltham Hill, after a short illness; Aug. 14.

Campbell, Duncan, Esq., of Inverniet and Ross, Argyshire, N. B.; Gloucester-place, Portman-Square, Aug. 19.

Cartwright, Major John, Bengal Artillery; Dum, near Calcutta; June 9.

Chichester, Maria, wife of Capt. George —; Leghorn, July 14.

Collier, Sarah Eliza, ygst daughter of the late Richard —, Esq., superintendent of the Philanthropic Society; Nelson-square, Aug. 3.

Colville, Henry Chandos, son of F. —, Esq.; Barton House, Warwickshire, Aug. 10.

Colquhoun, Robt. Esq., late quarter-master and pay-master of the Gren. Guards, in which regiment he served for nearly 50 years; Vincent-square, Westminster, Aug. 1.

- Cook, Mr. Thomas**, Grange-road, Kent-road; died July 25, aged 23 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- Cooper, Beale, Esq.**; Midnapore, June 6.
- Corbed, Major Patrick**, 12th. N. I.; Madras June 3.
- Crauford, Lieut. Peter**, Royal Scots Fusileers; Fort William, May 30.
- Doyle, Mr. William**, late a superannuated boatswain of Her Majesty's Navy, died at Stoke, Aug. —, aged 84. This "ancient mariner" is stated to be the last who sailed round the world with Capt. Cooke. He entered the navy when very young, and in 1766, sailed from Plymouth, with the famed navigator, in the *Resolution*; and was cockswain of the boat at Owyhee, Sandwich Islands, when Capt. Cooke was killed, Feb. 14. 1776, and has often detailed that lamentable affray with the natives. He was boatswain in the *Blanche*, in that desperate fight with the *Pique*, in the West Indies, when her gallant commander, Capt. Faulkner, lost his life, and his brave First-Lieutenant, now Admiral Watkins, swam, with his sword in his mouth, to board the enemy. He also served in the *Atlas*, in which ship he lost his right eye, and afterwards in the *Magnificent*, where the other was injured. He was wrecked in the *Crocodile*, and, by his exertions, saved the lives of several persons, at Salcombe Sands, where he was eight hours in the water, and succeeded in rescuing Lady Berkeley and her three children. He subsequently sailed in the *Bien-faisant*, and was pensioned from that ship in 1800, on account of his blindness. After using every effort to regain his sight, he was advised to try the air of the west; and accordingly went to Stoke, where he remained till his death.
- Drake, Mary**, the wife of John —, Esq.; Pelham Crescent, Brompton, July 30.
- Dumergue, Henry Francis**, of the Madras Civil Service, eld. son of C. —, Esq., of Albe-marle-street; on board the *Reliance*, from Bombay; April 8.
- Duppa, the Rev. John Wood**, rector of Pudleston, Herefordshire, and many years an active magistrate; Pudleston Court, Aug. 10.
- Earle, Capt. E. M.**, 24th Regt., B. N. I., in the wreck of the *Lord Castlereagh*, off Bombay; June 18.
- Edwards, William, Esq.**, late of Buxar; Calcutta, May 25.
- Fyvie, Rev. A.**, of the London Missionary Society, of fever; Surat, June 10.
- Green, William, Esq.**, of Stanway Hall, Essex; Aug. 11.
- Hamilton, Robert, Esq.**, late of Kingston, Jamaica, aged 52, at his residence in Bond-street; Aug. 15.
- Haskey, Mr. Matthew**, of Norwood; died Aug. 6, aged 20 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- Henry, Constance**, the beloved child of James —, Esq.; Derwent Island, Cumberland, July 29.
- Hogg, John, Esq.**; an artist of acknowledged ability; at his residence, Westbourne-place, Eaton-square, Aug. 14.
- Ince, the Rev. Edward**, vicar of Wigtoft, Lincolnshire; Aug. 6.
- Keith, Margaret**, widow of Major-General Alexander —, aged 85; Gloucester-place, New-road, Aug. 5.
- Kemphorne, Henry P.**, third son of James —, Esq., Bodmin; wrecked in the *Lord William Bentinck*, off Bombay, June 17.
- Key, William, Esq.**, of St. James-street, Hay-market; Aug. 10.
- Lambirth, Isabella**, relict of H. —, Esq., of Writtle, Essex; Cheltenham, July 31.
- Lewis, Dr. R. G.**, son of Dr. —, of Dinham-hall, Ludlow, of spasmodic-cholera, May 11.
- McNight, Lieut.**, 21st Fusileers, of cholera; Calcutta, May 6.
- Marsh, the Rev. M.**, Canon of Salisbury Cathedral, and Chancellor of the Diocese; July, 30.
- Martin, Peter Patrick, Esq.**, many years a surgeon at Pulborough, Sussex; Paris, Aug. 4.
- M'Nair, Lieut.-Gen. C. B.**, —, was one of the general officers receiving reward pensions for distinguished services, and for many years commanded the 90th Light Infantry; at his residence near Southampton, Aug. 14.
- Moore, Mrs. Henrietta**, widow of Colonel Lorenzo —, of Dublin, and only child of Sir Stephen Theodore Jansen —, Bart., in her 88th year; Twickenham, July 29.
- Morgan, Alex, Esq.**, of Batavia, on board the *Christino*, on the voyage from Java to England; May 28.
- Mostyn, Capt. Henry Meredith, R. N.**, of Seg-voy and Denbigh, North Wales; Trevallyn, Cheshire, July 29.
- Needham, Matthew, Esq.**, of Lenton, Notts; Aug. 1.
- Ord, the Rev. Henry Craven, M. A.** vicar of Stratfield Mortimer, Berks, and prebend of Gretteon, Northamptonshire; Brighton, Aug. the first.
- Packman, Isaac T. Esq.**, late of Gushmere, near Feversham, Kent; London, Aug. 10.
- Parker, Colonel**; Great Malvern, Aug. 1.
- Pettigrew, Lady of Dr. William —**, of Saville-row, aged 20; Kilburn, Aug. 8.
- Phillips, William, Esq.**, of Upper Bedford-place; Hastings, July 30.
- Powell, James, Esq.**, of Carey-street, aged 65; Clapton, Aug. 5.
- Pulsford, Mary**, eld. dau. of the late Robert —, Esq., of Great St. Helens, London; Stamford Hill, Aug. 7.
- Rasking, Harriet Eliz.** third dau. of Henry —, Esq.; Blackheath-park, Aug. 12.
- Reid, Anne Sophia**, eld. dau. of P. B. —, Esq.; Agra, April 28.
- Ribton, Jane**, relict of Henry —, Esq., of Dublin; Castledargan, Co. Sligo, Aug. 3.
- Rickman, John, Esq.**, F. R. S., Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons; Duke-street, Westminster, Aug. 11.
- Scott, John, Esq.**, of Gala; at Edinburgh, Aug. 9.
- Simson, George son of Mr. George —**; died Aug. 16, aged 23 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- Smith, Percy Stanfield**, son of Mr. —, of Camberwell-green; died Aug. 16, aged 2 years 6 months; South Metropolitan Cemetery.
- St. Croix, Catherine**, eld. dau. of William de —, Esq.; Windsor, Aug. 15.

Stockley, Charles Peter, Esq., surgeon, ygst. son of William —, Esq., Royal Artillery, lost in the wreck of the Lord William Bentinck, off Bombay, June 17.

Strombon, Emma, only dau. of Peter H. —, Esq., third Circuit Judge, Northern Division of the Presidency of Madras; July 26.

Summer, W., Esq., Brixton, died Aug. 7, aged 36 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Sutherland, Capt. H. M., 13th Light Infantry; Cabool, April 21.

Tabor, John Joseph, son of Mr. John S. —, Brixton; died Aug. 13, aged 1 month; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Todd, Tweedy John, M. D., aged 50, one of the leading physicians at Brighton; Hurst, after a lingering illness, Aug. 4.

Tharp, Maria, the beloved wife of John —, Esq.; Chippenham-park, Cambridgeshire, Aug. 16.

Trigge, Lady, widow of the late General Sir Thomas —, G. C. B., aged 81; Lancing, Sussex, Aug. 12.

Turner, William, Esq., at his residence, Carlton-terrace, North Brixton, Aug. 7.

Vallotton, Edward, Esq.; Old Brompton, Aug. 6.

Villiers, Beauchamp, aged 17, fourth son of Geo. W. —, Esq., of Bath and Tours in France. He was wrecked off Bombay, in the ship Lord William Bentinck, his body being washed

ashore shortly after the storm, and buried, with his numerous fellow-sufferers, in Bombay churchyard; June 18.

Voss, Johanna Caroline, relict of D. Voss, of Calcutta; died Aug. 5, aged 42 years; South Metropolitan Cemetery.

Walker, Capt., 1st Light Cavalry; Madras, May 23.

Welbank, Jemima, relict of William —, Esq., in her 87th year; Ramsgate, Aug. 17.

Whale, Major, Sir John, Knight, late of the 1st regt. of Life Guards; at his residence, North Down House, Isle of Thanet, Aug. 2.

White, Isabella, the beloved wife of the Rev. S. —, D. D., incumbent of Hampstead, and rector of Baldwin Brightwell, Oxon; Aug. 5.

Whitmore, Francis, fourth son of Edward —, Esq., of Lombard-street, wrecked in the Lord William Bentinck, off Bombay, June 17.

Wollaston, Anne, relict of the late John —, Esq.; Hampstead, July 22.

Woodcock, the Rev. Henry, D. D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and rector of Michelmersh, Hants; Oxford, Aug. 8.

Yarworth, Mr., from the effects of a wound received so long ago as Jan. 11, last, from a robber on the highway, at Piff's Elm, on the road from Tewkesbury to Cheltenham; Dean Pool, near Coleford; Aug. 7.

TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.

Boston, June 15. — The arrival of the first of the Steam Mail Company's packets produced the greatest excitement in this port. It entered the harbour on the 3rd, having a mail from England, and about 30 passengers from Halifax. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of the reception given to the ship by the citizens of Boston; almost the whole population hurried down to the wharfs on each side of the harbour; salutes were fired from guns placed on the shore, and from the revenue cutter lying here. Bands of music in that vessel, and in the United States line-of-battle ship, Columbus, played at intervals "God save the Queen;" and on these, as well as on all other vessels in the harbour, and on the various public buildings and signal posts, the English flag was hoisted jointly with the American colors. The city authorities went on board to welcome Mr. Cunard, and Captain Douglas the commander of the Unicorn. On the following days many thousand people from the city and neighbourhood crossed the harbour to East Boston, where the Unicorn lay moored aside the wharf, built expressly for the accommodation of the Company's vessels at the expense of the East Boston Company, which, in common with the citizens at large, have evinced the most liberal disposition towards this enterprize from its commencement. On Friday, the 5th, the Corporation of Boston gave a public dinner at Faneuil Hall, the usual scene of the city festivities,

to Mr. Cunard, Captain Douglas, all the foreign consuls and vice-consuls, and between 400 and 500 of the principal inhabitants. The greatest harmony prevailed on the occasion, and the feeling shown towards Great Britain is in the highest degree cordial. Indeed, in this part of the Union, old recollections are so far reviving, that there is a marked distinction between the British and any other foreign nation, and it only requires prudence in both governments for the New and Old Englishmen to go on together as amicably as their ancestors did, and at present, as far as outward appearances are to be trusted, there is every prospect of their doing so. The increased facility now given to our communication with the mother country, by the establishment of the steamers, will go a great way towards promoting this desirable end. In bringing the two countries together, it leads to the formation of new ties and new interests, which are among the chief incentives of peace.—*American news.*

MADAME MALIBRAN. — The jewels and trinkets belonging to this lamented songstress were sold by auction at Brussels, August 11. Great numbers of persons, especially ladies, were present, and every body who had the means was desirous of obtaining some portion of the ornaments of the modern muse. The articles sold at good prices; the capital lot was a pair of ear-rings, with four large stones, which fetched 3,900 francs. Considerable purchases were made by English ladies and gentlemen.



THE QUEEN'S GAZETTE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

Aug. 1.—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing.

A Cabinet Council was held at the Foreign Office.

The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert honored the Italian opera with their presence.

Aug. 2 (Sunday).—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert attended divine service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

The following bulletin was issued relative to the health of H. R. H. the Princess Augusta: "Her Royal Highness has had a bad night, but there is no material change in the Princess's health.

Aug. 3.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert left Buckingham Palace, to honor the Earl and Countess of Albemarle with their company at the Stud-house, Hampton Court. After partaking of a dejeuner, the royal party drove, in pony phaetons, to Hampton-Court Palace, afterwards returned to the stud-house, and from thence, in the evening to Buckingham Palace.

The Princess Augusta received visits from the Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Sophia Matilda, and the Duke of Cambridge. The following bulletin was issued—"Her Royal Highness has passed a very good night, and is better."

Aug. 5.—H. R. H. the Duchess of Gloucester visited Her Majesty.

The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing.

Her Majesty honored Sir W. J. Newton with a sitting for his coronation picture, on a large surface of ivory. H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge also sat for the same purpose.

The following was the report of the Princess Augusta's health—"Her Royal Highness has not had a good night, and continues much the same."

Aug. 6.—H. R. H. Prince Albert, with the Duke of Cambridge, visited at Kew, the residence of the Royal Duke. Their Royal Highnesses rode on horseback to Richmond, and through the park, re-entering their carriage at Barnes' Common Gate, on their return to town.

Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing.

The Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester visited the Princess Augusta. The following bulletin was issued—"Her Royal Highness passed a disturbed night.

Aug. 7.—The Queen held a court at Buckingham Palace.

Shekib Effendi, the Ottoman Ambassador, had audience of Her Majesty, to deliver a letter from his Sovereign. His Excellency was accompanied by M. Salomé, Her Majesty's Oriental Interpreter.

H. R. H. Prince Albert honored Mr. A. F. Chalon, R. A., with a sitting, for a whole-length portrait.

The following was the report of the Princess Augusta's health—"Her Royal Highness has had a more comfortable night's rest, and is better."

Aug. 8.—Their Majesties, the King and Queen of the Belgians, landed at Woolwich Dockyard, from the Widgeon steamer, from Ostend, and arrived at Buckingham Palace, escorted by a party of the horse artillery. H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent came to the Palace, shortly afterwards, and partook of a dejeuner with the august party.

The Princess Augusta received visits from the Duchess of Kent and the Duke of Cambridge. The following bulletin was issued—"The Princess Augusta has passed the last three days more comfortably, and there is some improvement in Her Royal Highness's health."

Aug. 9 (Sunday).—Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, with H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent.

The Queen of the Belgians attended Divine Service in the Catholic Church, George Street, Portman Square.

Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the King and Queen of the Belgians took an airing.

The following was the bulletin of Her Royal Highness's health—"The Princess Augusta continues better."

Aug. 10.—The Queen held a Court and Privy Council, when Her Majesty's speech on closing the Session of Parliament, was arranged and agreed on.

Her Majesty gave a concert at Buckingham Palace.

Their Majesties, the King and Queen of the Belgians honored the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, with a visit.

Their Majesties lunched with H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Queen afterwards visited the Princess Augusta.

Aug. 11.—The Queen went in state to the House of Peers, to close the Session of Parliament, with a speech from the Throne. The attendance of Peers and Peeresses on this occasion, was much larger than usual; and the Strangers' Gallery was also filled with ladies elegantly attired. The throne, canopy, and foot-stool had been re-gilt, and the railed dais and steps leading to the throne, were covered with a gorgeous chocolate-colored carpet, richly embroidered in gold with the Norman rose. On the left hand of the throne, and one step lower, was placed a magnificent chair of state, for H. R. H. Prince Albert. On the right hand,

in front of the Bishops' bench, and on the floor of the House, were two smaller State chairs, for the King and Queen of the Belgians. Shortly before two o'clock, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent entered the house, the Peers and Peeresses rising to receive her, and took her seat in front of the Throne. Her Royal Highness was followed shortly by the King and Queen of the Belgians. King Leopold was attired in the uniform of an English Field-Marshal, the riband of the garter, and several orders, and looked in excellent health. Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians, whose appearance attracted general admiration, wore a robe of white satin, a plume of ostrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds. At twenty minutes past two, the sound of trumpets and firing of cannon, announced the arrival of Her Majesty, who immediately afterwards, preceded by Heralds, Pursuivants, &c. entered the house. H. R. H. Prince Albert, conducted Her Majesty to the Throne, and took his seat in the chair of state prepared for him. His Royal Highness wore a Field Marshal's uniform, with the order of the garter. Her Majesty, who looked extremely well, wore a robe of white satin, richly trimmed with lace, and fastened in front with gold cord and tassels, a stomacher, necklace, ear-rings, and tiara of brilliants. Her Majesty having read the speech from the Throne, and prorogued Parliament to October 8th, the Royal procession left the house, and the assemblage, one of the most brilliant ever witnessed, separated. Their Majesties, the King and Queen of the Belgians, left the Palace at the same time for the House of Lords. Her Majesty, the Queen of the Belgians, and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing.

The following bulletin was issued relative to the health of the Princess Augusta—"Her Royal Highness has passed an indifferent night, but is not worse than yesterday."

Aug. 12.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert, accompanied by the Queen of the Belgians, left town for Windsor Castle.

His Majesty King Leopold left Buckingham Palace for his seat at Claremont.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent left London, on a visit to the Queen at Windsor Castle.

The Princess Augusta received visits from the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Sussex, and Duchess of Gloucester. The following bulletin was issued,—"The Princess Augusta has passed another restless night, and Her Royal Highness is not quite so well to-day."

Aug. 13.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and Prince Albert drove out in a pony phaeton. H. R. H. Prince Albert, who admires exceedingly our English school of landscape painting, has commissioned Mr. J. W. Allen to paint another picture. His Majesty King Leopold inspected, at Claremont, Mr. Fowler's picture of the Queen, of which he was pleased to express his approbation. His Majesty left Claremont, on a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The following is the account of the Princess Augusta's health, "Her Royal Highness is rather better to-day, having had some refreshing sleep during the night."

On this the Queen Dowager completed her 48th year. Owing to the absence of the Queen Dowager, at Nuneham, the seat of

his Grace the Archbishop of York, there were no festivities at Marlborough-house; but, during the day, nearly all the nobility and gentry remaining in town left cards of congratulation. At Hampton Court, Hampton, and other villages adjacent to Bushy Park, the day was kept almost as a general holiday. In the metropolis Her Majesty's tradespeople illuminated.

Aug. 14.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and the Queen of the Belgians rode out in the park, in a pony phaeton. Prince and Princess Hohenlohe, and three children, arrived, on a visit to Her Majesty, at the Castle.

A deputation, with an address to Her Majesty, signed by nearly 30,000 inhabitants of the borough of the Tower Hamlets, praying for the formation of a park within that district had an interview with the Marquis of Normanby.

The Princess Augusta passed some time yesterday on her sofa. The following was issued:—"Her Royal Highness has passed another quiet night, and is better"

Aug. 15.—Viscount Melbourne left town for Windsor Castle.

The Duke of Wellington arrived at the Castle on a visit to Her Majesty.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, with the Duchess Ida, of Saxe Weimar, left Nuneham, Oxfordshire, the seat of the Archbishop of York, and came by a railway train to Slough, whence Her Majesty proceeded to her residence in Bushy Park.

The following was the account of the Princess Augusta's health:—"Her Royal Highness continues better."

Aug. 16 (Sunday).—Windsor.—Her Majesty, the Princess of Hohenlohe, Prince Albert, and the King of the Belgians, attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. Georges'.

The Queen of the Belgians attended Divine Service, at the Catholic Chapel at Spital.

Aug. 17.—Windsor.—The Duchess of Kent's birth-day, was ushered in by the band of the First Life Guards serenading under the windows of Her Royal Highness, and afterwards playing two or three pieces on the East Terrace, under Her Majesty's window.

The Queen Dowager, accompanied by the Duchess Ida, arrived at the Castle, from Bushy Park, to pay a congratulatory visit to the Duchess of Kent, on the return of Her Royal Highness's birth-day, and to visit Her Majesty and Prince Albert, and the King and Queen of the Belgians. After partaking of a dejeuner, the Queen Dowager and Her Serene Highness returned to Bushy Park.

In the Metropolis, and at Kensington, the usual marks of respect were shown on occasion of Her Royal Highness's birth-day.

The following is the account of the state of the Princess Augusta's health:—"Her Royal Highness's health has improved the last three days, and the last night was passed with much refreshing sleep."

Aug. 18.—Windsor.—The Queen Dowager, before leaving Windsor, visited St. George's Chapel, in company with the Duchess Ida, remaining some time, both in the choir and north aisle, where the Princess Louis was interred.

H. R. H. Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, and Prince Hohenlohe took the diversion of shooting near Virginia Water.

[THE COURT MAG.]

The following was the account issued of the Princess Augusta's health—"Her Royal Highness is much the same as yesterday."

Aug. 19.—Windsor.—Her Majesty and the Queen of the Belgians rode out in a pony phaeton, through the Long Walk into the Great Park. H. R. H. Prince Albert and the King of the Belgians riding out at the same time.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the Princess Augusta, who received her august visitor in her drawing-room.

The following account of Her Royal Highness's health was issued—"The Princess Augusta has had a tolerable night, and is the same as yesterday."

Aug. 20.—Windsor.—Her Majesty, H. R. H. Prince Albert, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and the Duchess of Kent lunched at Adelaide Cottage.

Her Majesty and the Queen of the Belgians rode out in a phaeton, in the Great Park, nearly all the visitors and suite accompanying their Majesties; the ladies in open carriages; while Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, and most of the gentlemen were on horseback.

The following was the account of the Princess Augusta's health—"Her Royal Highness has had some refreshing sleep, and is more comfortable to-day."

Aug. 21.—Windsor.—The Queen and H. R. H. Prince Albert took an airing.

In the evening Her Majesty and the Queen of the Belgians drove out in the Great Park, accompanied in other phaetons, by H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Hohenlohe, and ladies of the Court. A large equestrian party, including H. R. H. Prince Albert, and the King of the Belgians, escorted Her Majesty from the Castle.

The following account was issued relative to the health of the Princess Augusta:—"Her Royal Highness has passed another comfortable night, and continues nearly the same."

Aug. 22.—Windsor.—Mr. Bailey, R. A., was honored with a long sitting, yesterday morning, for the Nuptial Medal. The artist has been most successful in the profile of Her Majesty.

The Royal party rode out in the afternoon.

The King of the Belgians arrived at Buckingham Palace, from Windsor Castle, whither His Majesty returned in the afternoon.

Aug. 23 (Sunday).—Windsor.—The Queen and Prince Albert attended Divine Service at the Chapel Royal, St. George's. Her Majesty was dressed in a splendidly worked muslin robe, white silk shawl, and white silk bonnet.

The Queen of the Belgians attended Divine Service, at the Catholic Chapel, at Spital.

In the afternoon Her Majesty and H. R. H. Prince Albert, the Queen of the Belgians, the Prince and Princess Louise of Hohenlohe, with nearly all the visitors and suite staying at the Castle, came on the terrace, where they promenade for some time, to the great gratification of the spectators by whom it was thronged.

The following is the account of the Princess Augusta's health—"Her Royal Highness has passed a very indifferent night."

Aug. 24.—Windsor.—The King and Queen of the Belgians left the Castle, to embark at Woolwich, on their return to the Continent.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert walked to Adelaide Cottage.

The Royal Party rode out, in phaetons, in the Great Park.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, with the Duchess Ida, of Saxe-Weimar, visited the Princess Augusta.

The following report was issued, relative to Her Royal Highness's health—"The Princess has had another very indifferent night, and is not so well to-day."

Aug. 25.—Windsor.—The Queen, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Hohenlohe, with ladies of the Royal party, drove in the Great Park, accompanied by H. R. H. Prince Albert, with attendant gentlemen on horseback.

Bulletin.—"The Princess Augusta has not had a good night, and there is no improvement in Her Royal Highness's symptoms."

Aug. 26.—Windsor.—This was the birth-day of H. R. H. Prince Albert, in honor of which, a serenade was performed on the south terrace at 7 o'clock in the morning, under His Royal Highness's window.

Her Majesty, Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Princesses Hohenlohe breakfasted at Adelaide Cottage.

The Wardens of the Goldsmiths' Company presented to H. R. H. Prince Albert, the freedom of that ancient corporation, enclosed in a splendid gold box.

Bulletin.—"Her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta has passed another disturbed night, and is not so well to-day."

Aug. 27.—Her Majesty the Queen Dowager visited the Princess Augusta.

Bulletin.—"H. R. H. the Princess Augusta passed the night, with a great deal of refreshing sleep, and is more comfortable."

Aug. 28.—Windsor.—The Queen, with the Princesses Hohenlohe, rode out in the Park.

H. R. H. Prince Albert arrived at Buckingham Palace.

GUESTS AT THE ROYAL TABLE.

The King and Queen of the Belgians, Aug. 8 to 23.

H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent,* 3, 6, 8, 12, 14, to 25.

The Belgian Minister,* 8, 12, 14, 20.

Madame Van de Weyer,* 8, 12.

Earl of Errol,* 3, 6, 8, 12, 25.

Right Hon. F. Raring, 8.

Colonel Wylde, 3.

Hon. W. Cowper,* 20, 23.

Hon. Col. Cavendish, 20, 23.

Lady C. Dundas,* 3, 6, 8, 12, to 25.

Lord G. Lennox, 3, 8, 12, 14.

Madame de Hoogverst, 8 to 23.

Count Aershot, 1 to 23.

M. Van Praed, 8 to 23.

Right Hon. J. B. Macauley, 12.

Right Hon. G. S. Byng, 12, 14, 20.

Duke of Sussex, 12.

Duke of Cambridge, 12.

Earl of Uxbridge, 6, 14, 23.

Duke of Wellington, 12.

Duke and Duchess of Inverness, 12.

Viscount and Viscountess Palmerston, Aug. 20.
 Lady F. Cowper, 6, 12, 20.
 Lord Keane, 12.
 Earl and Countess of Surrey, 3, 7, 8.
 Lady Mary Howard, 3.
 Baroness Letzen,* 12, 20.
 Viscount Torrington, 12, 14.
 Gen. the Hon. Sir W. Lumley, 12, 14.
 Colonel Wemyss, 12.
 Colonel Bouverie, 12, 14.
 Lord Geo. Lennox, 6, 8,
 Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget. 13.
 Prince and Princess Hohenlohe, 14 to 25.
 Princess Louisa, of —, 14 to 25.
 Mr. G. E. Anson, 14, 20, 25
 Duke of Bedford, 7, 12, 20, 25.
 Duchess of Bedford, 7, 14, 20, 23, 25.
 Baroness Speath, Aug. 14, 20 to 25.

Dr. Pretorian, 14.
 Hon. Charles Gore, 7, 20.
 Hon. Frederick Byng, 7.
 Mrs. Bouverie, 6.
 Marquis of Tavistock, 5, 12.
 Lord Lilford, 5.
 Sir J. Hobhouse, 5.
 Hon. Hugh Fortescue, 5.
 Hon. Major Keppel, 20, 23, 25.
 Baron Bulow, Prussian Minister, 20.
 Earl of Liverpool, 20.
 Marquis of Headfort,* 20.
 Mr. Francis Seymour, 20.
 Sir James Clarke, 23.
 Maids of Honor—Hon. Miss Pitt, Hon. Miss
 Spring Rice, Hon. Miss Anson, Hon. Miss
 Paget.

GALLERY OF H. R. H. THE DUKE OF LUCCA,

At the Rooms of the Water-colours' Exhibition, Pall-Mall-East.

We have often on former occasions declared our sentiments respecting the need there is that the National Gallery should comprise in its collection many more classic pictures than it now possesses, to render it truly worthy of the greatness of Great Britain. The exhibition we have now before us, which belongs to H. R. H. the Duke of Lucca, confirms us in our opinion; and we do hope that some few of the pictures will be purchased for the National Gallery. Without entering upon a minute analysis, we will just remark upon the principal of them, that it is impossible to find more beautiful specimens of the three CARACCI, *Agostino*, *Anniball*, and *Ludovico*. The three colossal paintings, representing three miraculous events in the life of Christ, are of unsurpassable beauty. They were painted at the same time by these great masters, for the Palazzo GIUSTINIANI, at Rome; and therefore we may well conclude that these three noble rivals brought into action all their science and skill in this race of emulation. The style is masterly; the composition grand; the design classic; the coloring true. But what is most curious, the styles of the three are blended together, and become only one. There is another magnificent picture, by Domenichino, which is of gigantic proportions, with three male figures representing three saints, who, in a vision, behold the Virgin borne upon clouds over the "*Casa di Loreto*," and holding in her arms the infant Saviour. The whole combination of force and expression which belonged to this classic painter, is displayed in the present picture—one well worthy of the painter of the celebrated "*Communion of St. Jerome*." There are, besides, two remarkable, but not

very extraordinary, pictures by Guercino: but the two rarest paintings of all are *Piety*, and *St. Ann and the Virgin*, by Francesco Francia, founder of the Bolognese school, and the friend of Raffaele. All that can be imagined of sweet painting, or high finish, is in these unique pictures, which have no parallel, except in the picture by the same hand preserved in the gallery of his native city, Bologna. Poussin's *Massacre of the Innocents* is too well known to need description or praise. The *Crucifixion*, by Michael Angelo, is a beautiful little specimen of this tremendous painter. *Repose*, by SIMONE CONTARINI, called *Il Pesarese*, or *Simone da Pesaro*, is not an example of his best coloring. Paolini, Salimbeni, and Furiini, have here three large and very beautiful pictures, which would serve as splendid specimens of these famous masters in England, where the subdivisions of the Italian school are not sufficiently exemplified. The specimen of Pietro Perugino is beautiful, but not one of his best colored. Stupendous, unique, indescribably divine, is Raffaele's painting of *La Madonna dei Candelabri*, which is the rival of the other classic gem, *La Madonna della Segiola*, in the Gallery of Firenze.

These few lines include the names of pictures, some of which (as specimens) surpass in beauty the majority of those at present contained in the National Gallery, or, perhaps, in any other gallery in England.

EPIGRAM.

The reader's verdict is the best,
 Though critic's blame the book;
 If the repeat content my guest,
 What signifies the cook?

K.

[THE COURT

Monthly Critic.

The principal Baths of Germany, by Edwin Lee, Esq., M. R. C. S., &c. Nassau, Baden.

Whether for the working of good or ill, how often are trifling agencies infinitely more effectual than graver instrumentalities. How often has a smile succeeded where an argument has failed; and how frequently has a lampoon left a festering sore where a serious injury would have inflicted a wound easily healed over. Few observations, in short, are hacknied, because few are more just, than that great results grow out of trifling causes; and a striking illustration of this axiom may be found in the mighty influence of a light and amusing work, published some years since, in establishing an *English* reputation for the Mineral Springs of Nassau. Not a thousand scientific treatises on the healing waters, put forth by a thousand learned doctors, and supported by ten thousand well-authenticated cases of cure would have done as much for "the Brunners," as the light rainbow-tinted "Bubbles" of Sir Francis Head. Our author greatly attributing the increased influx of English visitants to this cause, says:—

"When at Wisbaden nine seasons ago, in the month of June, at a table d'hôte, in the Four Seasons Hôtel, of not less than 60 persons, of different nations, I was the only representative of Britain at the table, whereas in the same room, in the same month of the present year, four-fifths of the number who assemble are British."

The humorous pen of the "Old Man" having thus pointed the way to these fountains of health, other writers, of professional gravity, naturally followed, to indicate their adaptation to various disorders, and the best means of rendering their properties available; and the work before us is not the first of Mr. Lee's labours in this useful cause. Inasmuch as this book is more strictly medical, it will be less attractive to the general reader than Dr. Granville's more discursive work, "The Spas of Germany;" but for the invalid, it contains a large

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amount of information, conveyed in a brief and practical style, bespeaking intimate acquaintance with the subject treated on.—Faith, founded on the experienced efficacy of Mineral Springs, in cases where the pharmacopœia had been vainly ransacked to afford relief, is daily gaining ground, and has led those who cannot travel to their sources, to seek a substitute from the hand of art. Vainly, however, is it sought; for in her chemical operations, no less than in all her other handy-works, Dame Nature shews herself inimitable, and proves us but sorry bunglers when attempting to counterfeit her productions. How strangely is this exemplified in the ensuing observations, shewing the inferiority; utter non-resemblance, indeed, of artificial mineral waters to those whose names and properties they assume.

"The therapeutical action of a mineral spring is frequently not of the kind which its chemical composition would lead one, *a priori*, to suppose; of which I have adduced some examples in my other book, showing that some waters but very slightly mineralised, are productive of powerful and marked results. . . . In a chalybeate spring, for instance, the tonic properties of which are extremely marked, and where the presence of iron is evident to the taste and sight, the chemical analysis does not exhibit, in many instances, more than half or three quarters of a grain of this metal to the pint, a quantity which, if exhibited in a pharmaceutical form, would be productive of no effect. A standard French author says, on this point: 'It is evident to us, that the medicinal action of natural mineral waters is not in relation with what we know of their constituent principles; it is not a few grains, more or less, of mineralising salts, which determine the salutary effect of mineral water; but this effect depends rather on the manner in which these salts are combined; on the natural heat of the springs, on the principle, in some measure, *VITAL*, which seems to animate them, and which, till the present time, has been undetected. It is, therefore, with much justice, that Chaptal said, that *chemists could only analyse the corpse of mineral waters.*' . . . Hence we may see the reason of the inferiority of artificial mineral waters, which are also prepared in too small quantities for bathing; whereas it is chiefly by baths that the most

marked effects of warm springs are produced, the drinking of these waters having only come into use within 200 years. . . . De Wands says, in speaking of the artificial Kissingen water, 'The time when it was believed that these products of art might supersede natural mineral waters is already past. . . . As with fibrine, serum, osmazone, oxide of iron, etc., it would be impossible to form blood; or with water, sugar, tartaric acid, and vegetable mucilage, to make Steinburg or Hock wine; so it is equally impossible to make the water of the Hagozzi, or of the Spindel, with the substances of which we find these waters are composed. . . . The principle which the ancients termed the *life* of mineral springs, (*Brunnengeist*) is, that specific imponderable essence which imparts to them their activity and importance, which is not discoverable by chemical means but evidenced by their repeated successful operation.'

Our author seems to have bestowed great pains in studying the adaptation of various springs to different derangements of the system, carefully pointing out the causes likely to modify or counteract their influence; but of all the Hygæen waters of which he makes mention, the Baths of Schlangenbad seem endued with properties the most salutary and inviting to that large portion of the community, who, to use their own expression, are "neither ill nor well." Those who, with freedom from actual disease, find their health disordered, perhaps, from the effect of sedentary habits, exciting pursuits or dissipation—and last, not least, those who are becoming unwilling victims to that disease, most dreaded and disowned, but creeping over all in turn—old age. To these, indeed, a German Doctor, quoted by our author says,—“Go to Schlangenbad, bathe and be well—Go to Schlangenbad, bathe and be young.” Harken, ye fading or faded beauties, hasten to Schlangenbad!

Vous sortez des vœux-jeune comme un phénix; la jeunesse y devient plus belle, plus brillante et l'âge y trouve une nouvelle vigueur."

And in style less flowery adds our countryman:—

"This language is not so figurative as many might suppose, as is testified by the improved appearance of many young per-

sons, and the increased activity of old ones, who have gone through a course of these baths; which, moreover, impart softness to the skin, with a pleasurable sensation while taking them; with a feeling of *bien être* for the remainder of the day."

But, lest the above panegyric on the Baths of Schlangenbad should raise expectations too highly, and lest persons led to seek a miracle should find to their disappointment that the age of miracles is past, we shall take leave of our author, with a short extract from what may be termed his "morals of bathing."

"The very free use which the English are in the habit of making, in chronic diseases, of active medicines, renders many unable to comprehend that the *modus operandi* of mineral waters is different from pharmaceutical preparations, as being more general and alterative; hence, they are with difficulty induced to go through a regular course or *cure*, as the Germans call it; and, finding no alteration in themselves at the end of a few days, not unfrequently abruptly break off, either to return home, or to go to some other place, and report that they used the waters of such or such place, without finding themselves a bit the better; others, though they use the waters for a longer period, yet, acting upon their own responsibility, without being attended by a professional adviser, to superintend their course and make such alterations as circumstances may require, frequently adopt improper methods of employing it, and are disappointed in the results, when the blame rests with themselves. The same may be said of others who, though employing the waters in a proper manner, are yet so much under the influence of habit, that they do not make the requisite alteration in their diet and mode of living, but continue to pursue the same system which, perhaps, tended to produce and keep up their disorder. A high German authority on the subject has said, 'Whoever comes to a bath, and desires to be cured, must will it in earnest.'"

The portrait of Dante, painted by Giotti, has just been discovered at Florence, in the pantry of the prison which was formerly the chapel of the Podesta. This valuable picture was covered with plaster of Paris, but it is in good preservation. The poet is drawn in the flower of his age, and has a fine majestic expression of countenance, free from that caricatured expression for which so many of the portraits of Dante are remarkable.

